JOHN BULL, JULY 21, 1928

Vol. XLIV. No. 1153.

JOHN BULL

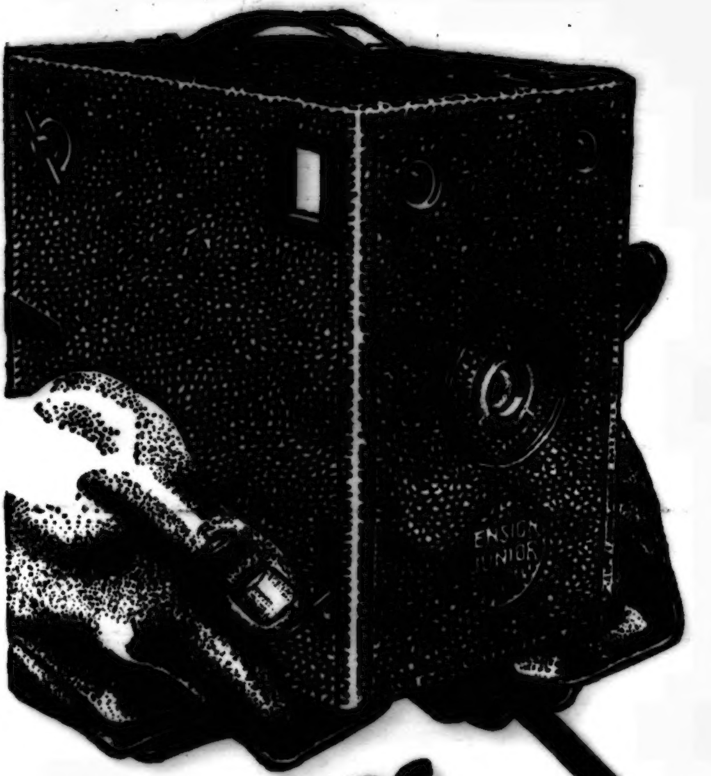
TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

CLICK!

that will be a good one

—then light another Bar One. Ah! That's good, too. It's because of their remarkably pure Virginian quality—no substitutes—that BAR ONE Cigarettes are selling in millions. And then, of course, who could resist the splendid free gifts you get for Bar One coupons? Start now to smoke and enjoy Bar One—they will bring you this daylight loading roll film Ensign Camera FREE, and hundreds of other gifts.



IT'S YOURS FOR 200 COUPONS

This daylight loading roll-film Ensign Camera

FREE!

Bar One

Cigarettes

10 for 4d.

BAR ONE CIGS
BAR ONE

WRITE TO-DAY FOR THE WONDER BOOK OF FREE PROFIT-SHARING GOODS & 5 FREE COUPONS

THE ONLY PURE VIRGINIAS - NO SUBSTITUTES - AT 10 for 4d. THAT BRING YOU FREE GIFTS

STANDARD TOBACCO CO., LTD., 89, TABERNACLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2.

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Thousands and thousands are being passed over the counter in exchange for the "John Bull Holiday Annual"—a wonderful sixpennyworth of fun, frolic and fiction. Artists and authors of renown have put their heads together to make this the summer annual of the year. Take home a copy to-night—take it on your holidays. A sixpence never went further.

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The Finest Bedding Value in the World
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CONTAINS:—

1 pr ALL WOOL Blankets, blue borders, whipped edges, size 60 x 80ins. weight per pair 4lbs.

1 pr White Fleecy Cotton Blankets, 60 x 80ins. weight per pair 3½lbs.

2 White Pillow Cases 30 x 20 ins. Excellent finish.

1 Bolster Case to match, 30 x 60ins. Best quality.

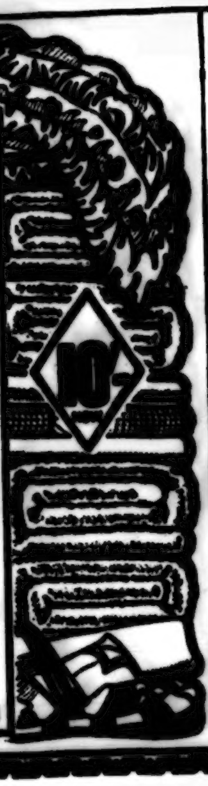
1 pr unbleached 2¼ yd. Bolton hemmed Twill Sheets 70 x 90ins, weight 4lbs.

1 Alhambra Quilt in Red, Sky or Navy, 72 x 90ins weight 3½lbs. Neat design

1 Bed Rug in handsome check design, 60 x 80ins.

1 lovely Wadded Quilt, 6 x 4ft, weight 4lbs. 84/10

TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments 10/- now and 10/- monthly. Full Approval.
Catalogue Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield



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NO DEPOSIT

and we do not ask you to pay one penny until you receive the goods. On these Terms we offer you a well-tailored Suit, cut by experts in the latest style, with our guarantee of satisfaction in wear, made of fine quality material in the latest shades, either Single or Double breasted for 64/-. A very Smart HOLIDAY SUIT. This offer is made to men in regular employment who require a good suit for business or Sunday wear. Simply send your name and address only; no money; give chest and inside leg measure, and say which shade we shall send you—New Plum, Dark Grey or New Brown. Promise to pay 7/6 when you receive the suit, and 7/6 monthly, and you have the Suit to wear while paying for it. Write for one of these smart Suits to-day.

MASTERS, Ltd., 93, Hope Stores, RYE

from 1 to 100

It may be given with absolute safety to a baby a few hours old. It may be taken by the aged. It is valuable for nearly all minor ailments of life and thereby you will frequently ward off more serious attacks. The "Yadil" life is a healthy life. The "Yadil" home is free from sickness. You can verify the value of "Yadil" in your own family. *Obtainable from all leading Chemists in the form of:*—LIQUID, PILLS, OINTMENT, SOAP
Send for the "Yadil" Book of Home Treatment, post free, from:—
YADIL PRODUCTS (1926) LTD., [illegible] House, LONDON, W.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

50 Cheques of £12 TO REGISTERED READERS

£12 AYLESTONE, LEICESTER.—Mrs. L. Park, 66, Burnside Rd.
£12 BELFAST.—Mrs. Mary Conn, 52, Melrose Street.
£12 BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Ebenezer E. Baker, 16, Ashford Street.
£12 BRADFORD.—Mrs. L. Evans, 37, Planetrees Road.
£12 BRADFORD.—Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, 11, Springcliffe Street.
£12 CARDIFF.—Mrs. M. J. Davies, 52, Flora Street, Cathays.
£12 CEFN CORD.—Mr. Wm. Rogers, 193, High Street.
£12 COLEFORD.—Mrs. Bessie Parfitt, Coleford Green.
£12 DAYBROOK, NOTTS.—Mrs. E. M. Redgate, Arnot Hill Cottages.
£12 DONCASTER.—Mrs. I. Sanderson, 6, Myrtle Rd.
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£12 HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK.—Mrs. T. A. Clark, 16, Benton St.
£12 HARROGATE. — Mrs. J. Christelow, 6, Oak Farm Cottages, Woodlands.
£12 HIGHER OPENSHAW—Mr. A. Wilson, 3 Brown Street.
£12 HULL.—Mrs. R. E. Jones, 15, Vancouver Cres.
£12 HUNGERFORD.—Mrs. Kate H. Bull, Charnham Street.
£12 HUNSLET.—Mrs. M. J. Lawes, 68, Prospect Terrace.
£12 N. HYKEHAM, Nr. LINCOLN.—Mrs. A. L. Bainbridge.
£12 IPSWICH.—Mrs. J. F. Ballard 48, Chevallier Street.
£12 IPSWICH.—Mr. Harry A. Laws, Bramford Road.
£12 KEIGHLEY, YORKS.—Mrs. E. A. Clarke, 20, Marley Street.
£12 KIDDERMINSTER.—Mrs. M. Oliver, 3, Lion Square.
£12 KING'S LYNN.—Mrs. J. M. George, 36, Nelson Street.
£12 LEEDS.—Mrs. C. Glazzard, 40, Bath Road, Holbeck.
£12 LEEDS.—Mrs. M. A. Wilson, 17, Vinery View, York Road.
£12 LLANFAIRFECHAN.—Mrs. M. J. Williams, 4, Tudor Terr.
£12 LONDON, W.9.—Mrs. Annie Burton, 30, Woodfield Rd.
£12 MEADOWFIELD. Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. H. Watson, 6, North View.
£12 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. Lott, Dipton.
£12 NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS.—Mrs. Mary Clancy, 73, Mill Lane.
£12 NORWICH.—Mr. Albert E. Daniels, Sunnyside, Acle.
£12 NOTTINGHAM. — Mrs. G. Molloy, 80, Talbot Street.
£12 OLDHAM.—Mr. J. W. Ames, 17, Barthemore Street.
£12 OLDHAM.—Mrs. A. Tennant, 1, Vine Street.
£12 PAISLEY.—Mrs. E. Jackson, 10, New Sneddon Street.
£12 POOLE.—Mrs. L. M. Bowes, 23, Emerson Road.
£12 PORTH.—Mrs. A. Warner, 13, Nyth Bran Tr., Llwyncelyn.
£12 PRESTEIGN, Mr. T. D. Pulleman, Mills.
£12 ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. D. L. Smith, 22, Albion Road, Welgate.
£12 SEA MILLS.—Mr. Wm. G. Bonar, 4, Coombe Dale.
£12 SHELTON.—Mrs. Rose H. Morris, 40, Lower Gill St.
£12 SHERBORNE.—Mr. F. A. Foot, Everitts, Yetminster.
£12 SOUTH WIGSTON.—Mrs. S. Thompson, 4, Glen Gate.
£12 SOUTHAMPTON.—Mr. F. H. Haskell, 25, Heysham Rd.
£12 STOCKPORT.—Mrs. R. J. Collier, Cadster House.
£12 TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. M. A. Lewis, 13, Vivian Street.
£12 UPPER BEEDING.—Mrs. C. Goldsmith, 38, Dacre Gdns.
£12 WANGFORD.—Mrs. M. L. Cunningham, Uggeshall Mills.
£12 WORKINGTON.—Mrs. Janet Wilson, 1, Tam Street.

"John Bull" has also paid this week many cheques on account of Fire, Storm, Sickness, etc.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits offered readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away on holiday, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name in full .... Age
(CAPITAL LETTERS)
Address ....
....
Reader's Signature ....
Name and Address of Newsagent ....
....
Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and verifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

J.B., 21.7.28.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) ....
Address ....
....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature ....
Address ....
Date ....

J.B., 21/7/28.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 14.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE
IN the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery, Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Readymades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME.
By selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List Free.—Clegg, Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. E., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

200 LINES in money-making bargains. Fents, Hosiery, Overalls, etc. No rubbish. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for new price list.—Southwell, Halifax Road, Todmorden.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.8), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 WEEKLY and Bonus. Run Boots and Drapery Clubs amongst friends. No outlay.—Grove Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

BE A SPARE-TIME AGENT and increase your income. Reliable working men wanted by Established Credit Drapery, Footwear and General Merchants. High rate of commission. Liberally supported with samples. No expense. No risk. Ideal Agency for energetic men.—Write Dept. 51, J. E. York, Ltd., 58a, Bayham Street, Camden Town, N.W.1.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time: every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

XMAS CHOC. & CIG. CLUBS. Agents wanted. Spare time. Best known makes only. 10/- in £ comm. No outlay. Partics. free.—Lavell's Popular Club, 131-133, Newington Causeway, Ldn., S.E.

CHOCOLATE CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Good cash commission. Best makes only. 101 Varieties including two lines of Silk Stockings. Write for illustrated catalogue and full particulars to:— Lodge, Dpt. 4, Kirkgate Chambers, Huddersfield.

10/6 IN THE £ Cash Commission. Xmas. Variety Clubs. Astounding Terms. Gold Watches Given. Agents Wanted. — DENNIS & CO. (Dept. J.), COLNE.

XMAS Club Agents wanted. Leading Makes Chocs., Cigs., Toys, Jewellery. Largest cash com. Cat. free.—MORRIS BROS., 42, Clifton St., Bradford. Handsome leather-backed Diary free to all Agents. Britain's Largest Club Specialists.

XMAS Chocolate & Cigarette Clubs. Spare time Agents wanted. Fry's, Rowntree's, Cadbury's, etc. Excellent Com. No outlay. Partics. free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Leeds.

WHISKY XMAS CLUB. Free Catalogue. Chocs. (Terry's, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, etc.). Toys, Cigs. Bottle of Wine to Agents who reply.— Lovell Road Stores, Leeds. Estab. 30 years.

AGENTS! Give your Customers Samples, Our Expense. Chocs. (Terry's, Cadbury's), Cigs., Toys. Astdg. Com. Hoffman 1, Westgate, Bradford.

CASH COMMISSION.—AGENTS required to sell leading makes Chocolates Cigarettes, etc. Excellent Cash Commission.—Write Dept. J., RUSSELL & CO., King Street, Wigan.

XMAS CLUBS. Agents wanted. All pop. Chocs., Fancy Goods, Toys. Every Agent gets splendid FREE GIFT. Big cash commission. Beautiful cat. free.—F. J. Tate, 169, Briggate, Leeds.

PRIVATE Christmas Cards. Agents wanted (either sex). Apply for most up-to-date & magnificent samples album & learn how easily you can earn big money.—Apply (Dept. 25), Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Works, Manchester.

ADDED PLEASURES can be yours—you can even have a business of your own—by a plan we are now operating. Experience is unnecessary and you can work full or part-time. This is a genuine offer from an old-established firm.—Write for particulars to The Manager, Agency Department (No. 83), 39, Pratt Street, London, N.W.1.

£3 WEEKLY easily earned by selling the Renowned "Mascot" Christmas Cards, Calendars & Novelties. Album that positively talks money supplied free. Write to-day.—Thos. Hobkirk & Co., Preston.

CHOCOLATE & CIGARETTE Xmas Clubs. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Agents Wanted. Good terms. Illus. Lists. No Substitutes. —Write Mather's (Dept. J.), 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

XMAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Novelty Clubs. Agents Wanted; cash commission; no outlay. Toys, Jewellery, etc.—Write State Chocolate Co., 27, State Buildings, Gt. Horton Road, Bradford.

AGENTS Wanted, Xmas Chocolate and Cigarette Club. All Best Makes. Highest Cash Commission. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogues Free.—"Chocolate Box," Dept. B., Lands Lane, Leeds.

AGENTS wtd. calling on Provincial Tradesmen. No outlay or selling. 15 per cent. commission.—Imperial Publicity, 46, Lisle Street, London, W.

EMPLOYMENT.

"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN? It's a healthy job—and a well-paid one, with fine prospects." This was the advice given to a man who was dissatisfied with his earnings and could see no future. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, Britain's Greatest Teacher of Salesmanship, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Why not let Mr. Wallace Attwood train you by post in your spare time? Salesmanship is the one job in the world which will help a square peg to leave a round hole and better himself. Salesmanship is the big profession of to-day. A very interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," will be sent to you post free on request. Send for your copy to-day. —The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 192, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

MOTOR DRIVERS WANTED. LET US TRAIN YOU. Smart young men to qualify for well-paid positions (no charge introductions). Over 60 letters of thanks a week from past pupils. Call and read them. The B.S.M. gives the best training and secures the best positions. Special inclusive fees. Call or write for further particulars. Act now!—British School of Motoring, Ltd. (estab. 17 years), Head Offices, 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee retd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 83, New Oxford Street, London.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your Work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, Ldn.

50 BOYS wanted—17-20. Free training on Church Army Farm qualifies for reduced fare to Canada.—Capt. Simpson, 55, Bryanston St., W.1.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS and earn from £5 to £20 per week. Unique offer to those writing for our free book, "Advertising as a Career."—Dixon Institute of Advertising, Dept. 21, 195, Oxford Street, W.1.

BARGAIN SALES.

"THE EXCHANGE AND MART" wants every reader of *John Bull* to send for a free specimen copy. "The Exchange and Mart" contains thousands of wonderful bargains offered for sale privately. 3d. every Thursday at all newsagents! Send p.c. now for your free copy to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free. — West Riding Wallpaper Co., 53, Trinity Street, Leeds.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 22/6. Badged ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Cafes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants Cat. free. Satis guaratd.—Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 8), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

KNITT. WOOLS, Hand or Machine, 1½d. oz. 600 smpls. Mftr's Prices. Post free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. Odd lots. Special value Navy yarn 3/10 lb. post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

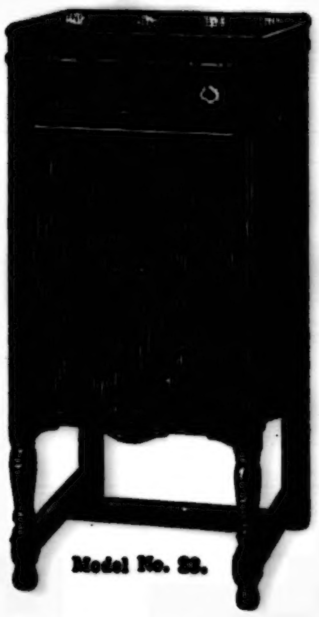
POWERFUL PURITY

4.14.6

Or 15/- down and 11 monthly payments of 8/2. Carriage Paid U.K.

Hear the grand tone of this model—note the enormous volume and its masterly rendering of every description of music. Perfect in balance, every part a production of a master craftsman, and yet brought within the reach of everybody by our sales policy—direct from manufacturer to user. Before you pay three times the price for other models come along and listen to this masterpiece.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES, LTD.
(Dept. J.B. 50), 73, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1
Also 149, HIGH STREET (N.), EAST HAM
561, HIGH ROAD, TOTTENHAM
41, GEORGE STREET, CROYDON, and
312, 314, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW.



Model No. 23.

Entirely new and up-to-date Cabinet Grand, beautifully Oak finished, 38 in. high, complete with "Fullotone" Collaro Motor, "Fullotone" Junior Soundbox and the wonderful new all-metal Sound Chamber.

FULLOTONE REG°

The Gramophone of Amazing Value!

SEND NOW FOR BIG FREE CATALOGUE

IF MR. D. TAYLOR can earn £1,100 p.a., Mr. W. A. J. Dawson £450 plus commission and expenses and Mr. O. Gans is able to double his salary five months after taking the B.S.S. Course of Salesmanship—surely other men can do the same? The Course can be studied in spare time and only takes a few weeks followed by Practical Selling Demonstrations, the backbone of every Sales Representative's training.—Write, 'phone or call for full particulars. British School of Selling (Salesmanship Ltd.), 56, Kingsway, W.C.2. Telephone: Holborn 0904/0905.

MEN.—A few men will be accepted to train for employment as trade and private drivers. Small fee. Licensed L.C.C.—MOTOR DRIVERS' UNION, 39, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

AIRCRAFT APPRENTICES.
600 VACANCIES are now available for boys of good education (between 15 and 17 years of age on January 1, 1929) for training as skilled craftsmen. Good training, pay and prospects. Examination at local centres. Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Aircraft Apprentices' Dept. J.B.), Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10, Welsh 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and List H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

AMAZING OFFER TO CYCLISTS!
BIG 156-page Cat. of Cycles and Accessories ABSOLUTELY FREE. Never such cheap prices. Cycles £3 3/-, Puncture Cure 6d., Tyres 2/3, Cycling Cape 3½d., Electric Lamps 2/4. Thousands of bargains, Half shop prices. EASY PAYMENTS TAKEN. Pounds saved.—Moorhouses (Dpt. 89), Winchester Works, Padiham, Burnley.

FREE TO CYCLISTS. Fitzpatrick's Monster Sales Budget—three wonderful money-saving catalogues. Never such cheap prices in Cycles, Tyres and Accessories. Astounding Clearance Bargains. Easiest EASY PAYMENTS. Shop with Fitzpatrick and keep the difference. My bargain books are FREE. Write NOW.—H. FITZPATRICK (Dept. 52). BURNLEY.

ADANA PRINTING MACHINES. There is a model to suit every demand from 5/6. Send 4d. for a copy of Popular Printing Magazine.— ADANA (Dept. JU/14), CHURCH STREET, TWICKENHAM. Or call at Showroom, 52, High Holborn, W.C.

GENTLEMEN! Always use a "Ke-pa-Krees" all metal trousers creaser and stretcher. Efficient, light and portable, quick and easy to insert. Sample pair 1/3. Three pairs, post free 3/9.— J. Jackson & Co., Ltd. (J.B.), London Works, Rotherham.

COVER YOUR FLOORS WITH CATESBY'S REAL CORK LINO, famous for its durability and appearance. Catesby's genuine cork lino is hygienic, and never needs scrubbing. No other floor covering is so economical. It can be cut to exact size required, with patterns to match at joins. Sold for cash or easy terms. Write now for free samples and designs.—Catesby's, Ltd., Dept. K.19, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

SEE PEACH'S Clearance Bargain Folder, Curtains, Casements, Colour Nets, Bedspreads, Muslins, Cretonnes, Linens. Great Saving.— S. PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

GET YOUR NEW SUIT NOW on the easiest of terms. Send for free patterns offered in Messrs. Wallingford's advertisement in "The Mail Order Market" on page 32.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middleman's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb., 6/6, 10 lb., 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA AT WHOLESALE PRICE DIRECT FROM BLENDERS OF REPUTATION. Strong and flavoury—10 lbs. 15/- carr. pd.—C. W. Penham & Sons, 5, Rangoon St., E.C.3. Est. 1850.

DRESS.

BABY'S Unequalled 55-piece Layette, 29/6. Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Mat. Coats, Shawls, Towels, Napkins. Genuine bargain. First in quality. Send 2/- for pcl. appro. —Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S IDEAL LAYETTE 30/-. 55 Guarntd. garments. Robes, Gowns, Shawls, Mat. Coats, Flnls., Vests, Naps. Send 2/- now for pcl. on app. Mrs. B. Barker, 31a, Brougham Rd., Southsea.

LADIES, let Thorne and Co. make you a smart costume to your own measurements and pay as you wear it. Satisfaction is guaranteed to every customer. Readers interested in this offer should read the full description on page 32. Mention *John Bull* when writing to the firm.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors 9/-; accessories, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d.—How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

UKULELES, Banjos, Drums, Jazz-Sets, Saxophones, Violins, Gramophones, Mandolins. Lists free. Palmer's 136, Linthorpe Rd., Middlesbro'.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GENUINE PARROT in New Brass Bell Top Cage, 27/6 carr. pd. Pretty African Finches, 3/6 pr. De Von, 127, King's Cross Rd., London, W.C.1.

DOES YOUR CANARY FEEL THE HEAT? All summer ailments of feathered pets treated in "CAGE BIRDS," 2d. every Friday. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by entirely destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-35, [illegible], Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! no lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (468), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER WEAKNESS and Kidney Trouble mastered at last. Thousands cured by PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 5/- at Chemists and Stores, or post free from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample [illegible]

DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort. 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

BLUSHING, Shyness, Nervousness, Depression, etc. Don't waste money on quack remedies, but cure yourself secretly, as I did! Get my interesting 32-page pocket-size booklet (recommended by the Editor of "Health & Strength") on genuine cure. Sent privately in plain sealed envelope for only 3d.—Henry Rivers (J.B.45), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

PILES. Why Suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the
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the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Running to Seed.

No new legislation to help the country can be expected from the present Government. It is devoting the whole of its shortening time to back-door business, bolstering up class privileges.

Quackery.

Discontent among Conservatives has become so pronounced that nothing is more certain than loss of peace for the Government's dying moments. Its condition is that of a sick man over whom the physicians are quarrelling.

Sh . . ush!

The Government's last curtain will ring up on plots and counter-plots. Die-hards mean to seize their last chance, tumbling over one another in dark attempts to fix "tariffs on everything."

Giving It Away.

The "safeguarders" are urging the Government to make it unnecessary, when seeking a protective duty, to prove that the home industry is efficient. Protection is often called a premium on inefficiency. But this is giving the show away with a vengeance!

The Sprat.

Mr. Churchill, once more, is "seriously considering" restoration of the penny post. It's the old dodge. Even measures essential to business progress are held up until needed for election window-dressing.

A "Kill" for the Lords.

The House of Lords is still a House of Landlords—ready to pounce when they think it safe. The Rabbits Bill interested only farmers. So out came the teeth and claws, and with a snap the Rabbits Bill was dead.

Ballot Buckshot.

Till farmer and cottager get out their electoral shot-guns, they will always have rooks and vermin among their crops. The nibbling of rabbits is nothing to the way certain big interests prey on agriculture.

A Challenge to Think.

The new Labour programme challenges the Government and its Party to take seriously the whole problem of making this a better land to live in. Good or bad, the Liberal and Labour programmes are answers to questions people are asking.

Scandalous.

The high rate of industrial tuberculosis, cancer and fatal accidents is a scandal shrieking aloud for redress. Lofty indifference may preserve a comfortable atmosphere in Parliament, but it won't wash at the General Election.

Betrayal.

The Lead Paints (Protection against Poisoning) Act of 1926 still awaits amendment. Tinkering "regulations" in place of prohibition have done less than nothing to check the evil.

His Protest.

Courage in peace is little remembered, or Sir Thomas Legge's action would bring better results. He resigned from his position as Senior Medical Inspector of Factories in disgust at Governmental indifference to lead-paint poisoning.

Sensing It.

Twelve nations represented at the National Liberal Conference "called" for world peace. But it's here. What's needed is everybody's unshakable determination to maintain it.

The Cost.

From Great Britain 743,702 men lost their lives and 1,693,262 were wounded in the war. Those who stand for, and against, disarmament will also stand shortly for Parliamentary election. It's for the people to choose the right men.

Exactly.

During the war, 1,045 British people added £393,000,000 to their fortunes, while 340,000 people added £2,846,000,000. There is a reason why some men spent their time bellowing on platforms for other men to be blown up.

Coming Along.

Chinese women have grouped to send a message of peace to the women of the world. The hearts of mothers, of whatever colour, beat as one where the future of their children is concerned.

Silver Wings.

Between August, 1919, and May, 1927, the British Civil Airways carried 85,520 passengers. There is plenty of decent use for sky roads without using them for bombing and poisoning.

Cloudless Record.

Only four fatal accidents involving passengers have occurred in distances flown of five and a quarter million miles, equal to circling the globe 210 times. It is a feather in the cap of civilian flying.

Bit by Bit.

Steel is being drawn into the safeguarding net. Once a tariff is fixed, thousands of sheer necessities, including *houses*, now barely reachable will soar out of sight with a rush.

Orders.

Continental steelworks are placing big orders at Sheffield, one being for an electric furnace larger than any in use. Banging on a tariff at such a moment is to bungle big business from the start.

Protest.

The *Times* has discovered that laws relating to food in this country are less effective in protecting the public from danger and dishonesty than those of neighbouring countries. We have steadily pointed out this fact for years.

* * *

The winner of "Bullets" Record Midsummer Prize is announced on page 35. Don't leave this week's £1,000 and Holiday Prizes for somebody else!

Tinkering Tactics.

The new Food and Drugs Bill perpetuates old evils. It protects manufacture from too close analysis, but not consumers from hurt. "Pure food for health" is a slogan the country must insist on embodying in legislation.

Still Fuming.

Flour millers must hurry up. The Food Council is quiet, but seething. Should details of profit-making not be forthcoming shortly, powers of compulsion will be asked for—and granted.

Daily Death.

Two miners were killed and three injured when gas at Porthenry colliery exploded. The tragedy must speed up the Home Office decision on the new gas-detecting lamp it is "considering."

Safety Obtainable.

The new gas-detecing lamp has proved effective in severe underground tests. To neglect any device calculated to make mining safer is criminal culpability.

Never Ending.

Awful injuries and amputations are the fate of two Borstal boys who stumbled against a live shell during a walk at Lydd. The evil done by war lives both before and after it.

Everywhere Alike.

At Lassowitz, in Poland, eight children have been killed and fourteen injured by the bursting of a hand-grenade they found in a field. In peace or war, armaments are of the devil.

Solution.

By every £1 of armaments reduced by that amount can a reconstructed world begin and profitable work be undertaken. We shall din this elementary truth into the world until it learns.

Leaping.

Unemployment figures are bounding up by thousands weekly. Behind stands the real tragedy. Wives and children are bereft of everything that makes life decent and worth living.

More Muddle!

Two Welsh miners sent to jobs at Birmingham by the employment exchange found them non-existent, and the city with 32,676 workless of its own on its books. Cruel!

Contrast.

A lad fifty years ago had fifty jobs to choose from; to-day, fifty lads scramble for one job, and nobody even tries to tackle the problem.

Query.

Mr. J. R. Bruce by reorganisation has reduced the working costs of London's trams by £300,000 a year. The Chinese puzzle is to know what London ratepayers got for the thousands of pounds wasted previously.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Mean Fraud.

A total deficiency of 80 lb. in seven sacks of coal has cost John Brooks, a Wirksworth dealer, £5, and Ernest Melbourne, in charge of the dray, £1. They were let off lightly for a mean fraud.

Poor Gratitude.

A woman patron of a Manchester café lost a wallet containing £17. When it was restored to her, intact, she rewarded the finder with 2s. Would she have been content, we wonder, had their positions been reversed ?

Swords into Ploughshares.

Motor-bodies, agricultural tractors, automatic looms and engineering side-lines are now being made by Vickers, Ltd., a firm whose name at one time was merely synonymous with guns. It's just another sign of progress towards sanity.

Society Sham.

Of society birth, Mabel Mary McKay, by posing as the Hon. Norah Lascelles, got food and lodging by false pretences at Bristol, for which she is doing six months' hard labour. Perhaps she will now realise that the standard of justice to-day is deeds, not titles.

Another Roundabout Death.

Yet another roundabout fatality is reported, this time at a Whitley fair-ground, on a device known as the "whip," by which a woman of sixty-three had her skull fractured. How many more will it take to jog the Home Office into a proper surveillance of these "amusements"?

Fatal Pastime.

The pastime of revolver-shooting was changed to tragedy when Mrs. Meinert Hagen, working in her Ross-shire garden at the mechanism of her weapon, was killed by its accidental discharge. Could there be a more poignant reason for legal restriction against the use of firearms for pleasure ?

"Hear, Hear!"

"The chief thing to disarm is mutual hatred," says the Montreal *Star*. After that the people's weapons can be taken away a little at a time. That's the soundest sort of sense. Peoples trading together to mutual profit cannot afford to spoil business by anything so idiotic as "mutual hate."

"Prison Pals."

Meeting with old prison acquaintances was the alleged reason why Reginald James Wyatt, with fifteen convictions, stole 10s. by a trick, for which he was sent at Nottingham to a year's imprisonment. The after-care of prisoners should be a thorough-going State-controlled institution.

Poor Mother!

Of too feeble a mentality to plead when charged with the murder of her two illegitimate children, Phyllis Wood, a Bromfield farm-worker, was ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure. What steps are we taking that such tragic parodies of womanhood are prevented ever from becoming mothers ?

Work Worth While.

The Conway Rural Council, grandly maintaining that sea defences are a national problem, is ready to put the onus of repairing a breach in the sea wall at Penrhyn Bay on the owners of abutting property. But what a chance of absorbing unemployed on work that is undoubtedly of more use than the casuals' petty wood-chopping.

Virulent Vicar.

The Rev. Guy H. Barnicoat, vicar of Tywardreath, should think twice before calling every couple married in register offices "worldlings" and every remarriage "legalised adultery." Only those with minds of barnacles will tolerate this sort of vituperation. Others know that the religion Mr. Barnicoat professes has a wider vision than he seems to possess.

Magnificent!

Redcar, the oldest lifeboat station in the country, has a splendid record of 126 years' service and over 200 lives saved. To the plaudits of ten thousand spectators recently assembled on the sands when the National Lifeboat Institution vellum was presented to the mayor we add our own heartfelt "Thank you!"

Not Like Father.

For the son of a late chief inspector of police and a man of good military character consistently to commit crimes, often against poor folk, since 1922, is a terrible falling-off. Three years' penal servitude meted out to George Leslie Owen, of Gloucester, is a reminder that man, whatever his heredity, is arbiter of his destiny.

The Silver Moment.

Silversmiths at Manchester are kept busy day and night engraving silver and gold watches, the first to be presented to employees of firms in Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., who have completed twenty-five years' service and the latter to those with thirty-five years or more to their credit. Such a stimulation of "luxury trades" is one everyone may approve.

'Mid Green Trees.

To start a "peace grove," the Woodcraft League of America has planted a tree at the Buffalo entrance to the great Peace Bridge commemorating a hundred years' peace between the United States and Canada. Those woodmen have vision. The more holiday-making and reunions among the nations the more impossible does it become for the war god to lift his head.

The Human Machine

ACE *HIGH*

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

IF there is one person I dislike more than another it is the man without a sense of humour. I like the man who can laugh, and I like particularly the man who can laugh at himself.

It is good to take things seriously—but it is not good to take everything seriously, nor to take things seriously all the time.

You don't want to be like Hamlet, who moaned that "The time is out of joint, Oh cursed spite that ever I was born to set it right!"

Maybe the times are out of joint—but you will only make yourself miserable if you get it into your head that you are the only person who can mend matters.

You can help, of course, and you ought to help, but you can't do it all. You will be much better off if you can get it into your head that, although the world may be out of joint, you were *not* necessarily born to set it right!

And to do this you must be able to laugh. You must be able to laugh at the world and at yourself. You must have a sense of humour.

THERE is a funny side to most things if you can see it. Lots of people miss the funny side of life because they never look for it. They don't see the silver lining inside the dark cloud because they are too busy "glooming" about the dark cloud.

They are also too busy thinking about themselves. Nobody who thinks about himself all the time can ever have a real sense of humour.

The man who finds life good and who can see the funny side of things is the man who can find his fellows interesting.

You cannot laugh unless you get out of yourself.

And a smile is the ace in the pack of life. It is well worth while, for it is a card that can win nearly every trick.

Plain Statement.

"The more rapid the erection of new houses the more speedily will the slum problem be solved," declares the Scottish Board of Health. Volumes might be written, but they couldn't put the truth more clearly than in that nutshell.

Fine Effort.

One hundred and forty-four blind men and thirty women in Liverpool exist, not by charity, but by crafts, at which they have earned nearly £9,000 in a year. We compliment the Workshops and Home Teaching Society for the Outdoor Blind on a pioneer effort of seventy-one years' standing.

Children on the "Dole."

No more terrible indictment of lax social conditions could be found than in the fact that 2,273 boys and 2,085 girls, aged fourteen to seventeen years, are to be found on "live" registers of London employment exchanges. Drifting into every kind of temptation and evil, since we must keep the children, why not at school ?

Callous Ministry.

On the advice of the Labour Ministry, after ten months' unemployment, a Nantyglo miner came to London and found no interest taken, no lodging provided for him, when he refused to work as a sandwichman. If the Ministry cannot treat able-bodied young men as human beings entitled to respect, it had better shut up shop.

Pen Skunks.

Whoever, skulking behind an anonymous letter, had allegations to make about the death of the nine-year-old son of a Barnsley porter, found drowned in the canal, ought to be ashamed. As the coroner said, in giving notice that the allegations had been disproved, of all forms of making assertions against people this is the meanest.

Easy Theft.

The L.M.S. Railway must tighten up its system of dealing with parcels. By signing a bogus name in a book, Ronald Birch, a clerk, of Derby, was allowed to take away a parcel of clothing addressed to Montague Burton, Ltd. Laxness that undoubtedly helped a youth to be sent to six months' hard labour deserves censure.

Key to Success.

Mr. Robert Dollar, the octogenarian San Francisco millionaire and shipping magnate, who in spite of his name is a native of Falkirk, where he is at present on a visit, tells us that the key to success is work. Also, he is an advocate of high wages. Pay a man what he earns, and allow him to earn as much as he can, is his sensible policy.

Better Borstals.

It is some time since the Home Secretary pleaded for funds for new and better Borstal institutes. When we hear that Ewart William Gladstone Cooksley, of Cardiff, brought up in reformatory schools, but far from emulating his statesmanlike names, has just returned to oft-visited prison for theft, the problem of the child criminal cries out to be tackled.

Be Decent, Do!

The more helpless the child the more is strength bound in honour to respect it. This was evidently the view of Mr. Justice Finlay when he sent to twelve months' hard labour Henry Tyson Birkett, of Brierfield, charged with a grave offence against a young girl. All the same, housing conditions that make such lapses easy are conditions that it is a national duty to alter.

Bungalow Bluff.

We admire a "down and out" who puts a good face on it, but not one who rents a bungalow and acquires food and lodging by cashing cheques on a fictitious banking account. Billy Mitchell, alias Marshall, Sowerby and Scoresby, was well sentenced at Todmorden to twelve months' imprisonment. But we still have to remember that turning a deaf ear to unemployment problems is very apt to breed just this particular type of pest.

ughing at the Law.

We hope that the recent raid upon the cockpit Old Buckenham, Norfolk, as a result of which ny prominent "sportsmen" were summoned, ans that the police are now alive to the impunity h which the law in this respect is being flouted. is cruel sport must be stamped out without pect to persons.

er-recurring Tragedy.

Whilst the miners were engaged upon a rticular run in the Garscube Colliery, near asgow, part of the roof collapsed, burying three, o of whom were killed and the third seriously ured. That men compelled to labour on the n of the grave should also live on the verge of rvation is a shameful tragedy.

ne Work.

A unit of the School World Friendship League s been formed at Brawley, California. Step step the children will be taught the necessity peace for progress, the cause and effect of war d the use of the League of Nations. "The oper place to begin this teaching is the schools," ys Judge Griffin. Every wise man and woman ll agree.

od Fruit.

"One pound for every year of his age" is the inciple of Mr. James Redman, a retired wool erchant, in making birthday gifts to the Bradford ospital and Convalescent Fund. At eighty-two, ving given £1,500 in this way, he declares oney to be the root of all evil. But not when it ars such fruit as this, and we wish Mr. Redman many happy returns."

rner-stones.

That great wealth brings terrific responsi-lity is being more largely recognised. The ockefeller gift of $2,000,000 enables the library Geneva to be furnished without imperilling oney for the new Palace of the Nations. The rner-stone will be laid soon, and will prove the ck against which the god of war will dash, only be broken to pieces. Mark our words!

ck to Source.

A river of gold flowed into the pockets of Mr. aac Wilson, a builder of Mitcham, when Tooting unction and Mitcham were built up, and he now turns £60,000 of it, in the form of a much-needed ttage hospital, to Mitcham. With a further ft of £20,000, thirty-six cottage homes for poor ople will be provided in Milton, Brampton, rlam and Lanercost. Truly princely gifts.

o Many Tramps.

Increasing casuals, many of whom repeatedly turn, and difficulties in finding them work, are ported from the Holgate workhouse, Middles-rough. In Norfolk the increase of casuals is 882 over 1927. Training for war emptied the untry's casual wards. It is disgraceful that e Government can find no peace-time campaign absorb the wretched, underfed half-million of en on the road.

Bad Lot.

The judge who described William Thomas itchings, of Port Talbot, as a "worthless fellow" ally exposed the country that nurtured him. man who is lazy, robs his foster-mother, pawns erything of value in the house and supplies an pudent defence for house-breaking is tardily tered for by a twelve months' prison sentence. he nursery and the school are the chief breeding-ounds of character.

thing Much!

That a boy of ten in the care of the Lewisham uardians should have suffered injury to his jaw-one and two front teeth through a blow alleged have been given by a gymnastic instructor, as regarded in anything but a serious light by the oard, a motion for enquiry by the Ministry of ealth being turned down. Nothing can excuse utality to children, and we hope the lady guardian terested will see the matter through.

Some Very Shady Ink.

A Major Jones, giving his address as 7, Albert Grove, London, E., and representing himself as a salesman of the Assurance Manufacturing Company, has been busily disposing of bottles of "indestructible" ink in North Wales. Customers are now complaining of the quality of the major's wares, but we fear they have little hope of redress, as the company does not exist and no Jones is known at the Albert Grove address!

Beware of the Dogs!

John Ross, of 32, Beatrice Avenue, Wembley, who calls himself the Greyhound Investment Syndicate, claims to have a successful method of greyhound racing. He estimates that a capital of £100 should bring in £22 8s. a week. and he invites people to send him money that can be devoted to his money-spinning scheme. If his system is as good as he says it is, and has brought him nothing but profit in the past, why doesn't he keep on working it for his own personal benefit?

Wise Decision.

Sir Henry Dickens, in changing the sentence passed on Henry Anderson Irving Conray Eustace, for posing as a count to get large sums from benevolent women, from twenty-two months' hard labour to the second division, had the best of all reasons that he did not want the young man to mix with old "lags" and other criminals. How is it that the vital segregation of first from perpetual offenders does not obtain throughout the prison system?

Hampton Court Club Sweepstake.

Evan Williams, whose activities were fully exposed by JOHN BULL, was recently summoned to appear at Bow Street for his impudence in continuing his Hampton Court Club Derby Draw after an undertaking had been given that money would be refunded to subscribers. The hearing was adjourned, however, and Williams excelled himself in impudence by failing to appear! A warrant has now been issued for his arrest, and we trust that he will soon be adequately punished for flouting the law in this flagrant manner.

Another Tea Ramp Verdict.

We are pleased to note that people are following our recent exhortation and seeking the aid of the law in order to secure satisfaction from the bonus tea touts. A widow recently sued the Argyll Tea Stores, of Pitfield Street, Hoxton, and some very strong comments were made by Judge Cluer at Shoreditch County Court. In awarding the widow £3 3s. damages, he declared that there had been "misrepresentation of the grossest kind." We should like to see all these tea rampers shown up in court in the same way.

Advocate in Blue.

Because he had already undergone one trial, when the jury disagreed, was penniless and presumably had been acting under the influence of others, Inspector Lawrence pleaded at the Old Bailey that leniency be shown to Frederick Kirby, convicted of receiving stolen property. The judge paid heed to the intercession of the police, and bound the prisoner over. At a time when the force is being so severely criticised, it is a pleasure to record the kindly attitude of this responsible police official.

Shady Sign.

A Hornsey Road shopkeeper, who was visited by a Mr. Burton, of the Commercial Sign Company, of Barbican Chambers, Barbican, London, paid a deposit of 5s. on the understanding that a daylight sign would be fixed over his door. That was early in May, and nothing has been heard of Mr. Burton since. We are able to state, however, that there have been many callers at Barbican Chambers, who find that the Commercial Sign Company has gone away.

* * *

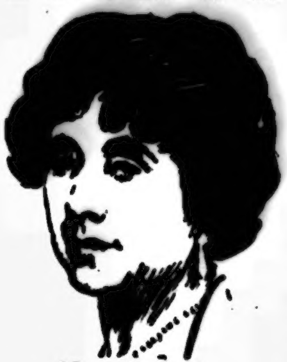
"John Bull" pays fifty more £12 cheques to registered readers under its Great Free Insurance Gift. (See page 2.)

Problems of Life

Let's *Live* Together

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

SOME time ago, Mrs. Baldwin, wife of the Prime Minister, came down to a pretty Sussex village near my home to inaugurate a garden fête or something of the kind.



Mrs. Baldwin

In the course of her opening speech she won the hearts of her audience by saying with unstudied simplicity: Many years ago I walked down this church pathway arm in arm with an unknown man. It was the day of our marriage, for we were quietly married here within the wall of this ancient country church.

The man I took for my partner in life (she continued) that day, and on this ground, is now the Prime Minister of England; and I want to say that I love and honour him to-day as I loved and honoured him then; we have been true life-comrades, he and I.

Never to my knowledge have I seen Mrs. Baldwin, but I know I should like and respect her. The woman who can thus think and speak of her husband, after half a lifetime of married life, is a woman to be trusted. Her very frankness and honesty in making such a statement as the above is attractive.

SHE has said things like this before and since. Some critics blame her for it, but the general public will not blame her. Her pride in her husband and loyalty to him are the fruit of that very companionship which she affirms to have been so perfect; and why should she be debarred from saying so?

Such spiritual intimacy is rare in this world. As Rudyard Kipling says, the human soul is a very lonely thing. However ardently we desire to draw near to one another in spirit, there is always something incommunicable.

In the words of Lord Houghton:

> We live together years and years,
>   And leave unsounded still
> Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
>   Each other's depths of will:
> We live together day by day,
>   And some chance look or tone
> Lights up with instantaneous ray
>   An inner world unknown!

We are islands in a sea of mystery. Only unselfish love can sail that sea and unite heart with heart.

Unselfish love sharpens one's insight, enables us to understand each other, to read each other's needs, to make allowance for each other.

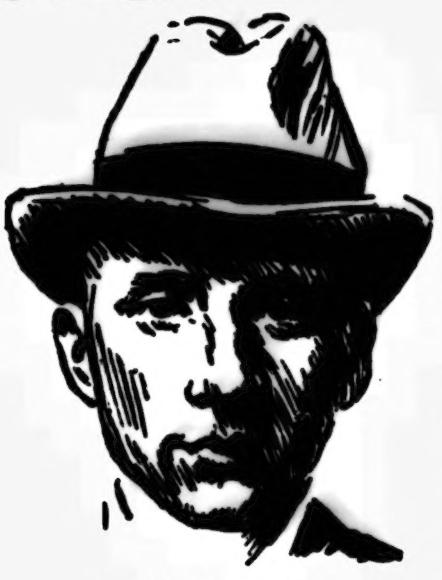
WHAT a beautiful thing it is when we are the possessors of a love we can depend on and that we know will never fail us, come what may. It may be between husband and wife, parent and child, or friend and friend.

Nearly always where such affinity exists the one party to it gives more than the other; but both must give and give ungrudgingly if it is to be maintained at its best.

He or she who would know it in its depth and fulness must be as generous in giving as in taking. There is nothing more blessed in life.

BANKRUPT CROOK'S *Astounding HISTORY*

A Shark with a Golden Tale



Jack Pearlzweig

WE are here enabled to reveal the inside story of one of the most callous swindles of modern times, which, apart from the elements of fraud involved, presents certain aspects of a serious character regarding the administration of our criminal law.

The chief figure in this story is a cunning, polished rogue named Jack Pearlzweig; yet the lamentable fact remains that he has so far been permitted to escape unpunished.

Until recently Mr. Pearlzweig lived in great style and affluence at the Bungalow, Lancaster Place, Belsize Park, N.W., and on occasion he might be seen driving about London and the provinces in a luxurious Chrysler car, which he had purchased with his ill-gotten gains.

Lately, however, he has thought fit to absent himself from his usual haunts, the reason for which will be made manifest later.

The story opened in August, 1927, when a Mrs. Heath, of Mortimore, near Reading, was one day visited by a polite, well-dressed stranger.

Well-laid scheme

The dapper young visitor was a touring share-pusher, conducting a campaign in selling worthless shares.

The outcome of his interview with Mrs. Heath was that he induced her to invest £30 in a ramp called the Constantine Oil Company, Ltd.

This visit was only the initial step in a well-laid scheme formulated by the sharepusher and his associates.

A persuasive young gentleman named Mr. Beaumont next called upon Mrs. Heath.

It appeared that he was a more important representative of a concern called the Investors' Co-operative Company, of London Wall, and that the object of his visit was to hand the lady the share certificate relating to her £30 investment.

Mrs. Heath was a little surprised at the accuracy with which Mr. Beaumont discussed her financial position, for he seemed to know as much about her business affairs as she did herself.

But the poor woman, falling slowly into a cunningly spread net, did not know that she had been specially singled out as a likely victim, and that all her various holdings had been subjected to careful enquiry.

Mrs. Heath was, therefore, at a great disadvantage, and was no match for the cunning forces that were marshalled against her.

The aged widow of an Army officer, she lived upon a small military pension and upon the proceeds of some gilt-edged securities.

The securities, carefully purchased on her behalf by a financial expert at the time of her husband's death, were made up as follows: Toronto Railway Bonds, £750; Madras Railway Stock, £5,700, and Great Western Railway Stock, £170.

So, after he had delivered the worthless scrip in respect of her new £30 investment, Mr. Beaumont spoke of a pending boom in certain South African shares and bemoaned the fact that railway stock was in for a bad time.

Coming slump

There was fast coming, he prophesied, a titanic slump in railway shares, particularly in those of the Madras concern in which the bulk of Mrs. Heath's small fortune was invested.

Under the influence of Mr. Beaumont's pessimistic prophecy, the unsuspecting widow naturally began to feel some anxiety.

In short, Mr. Beaumont used his wily arts so well that, when he took his departure, he also took the widow's Toronto bonds for £750.

And, swayed by his "advice," Mrs. Heath had agreed to "reinvest" part of the money in the South African Land and Produce, Ltd., a concern as worthless as the Constantine Oil Company.

The victim's Toronto bonds were speedily negotiated by the Investors' Co-operative Company, of London Wall, and it was only then that Mr. Pearlzweig came out into the open.

Adopting for the occasion the name of Watkyns, he travelled down to Mortimore in his luxurious Chrysler and told Mrs. Heath that he had come to hand her the shares she had "so wisely" secured in the South African Company, together with a cheque for £534, representing the change due to her over the transaction.

He explained Beaumont's absence by lying to the effect that he had sent him to South Africa on important business.

Fear of delay

Then he stated that he was a member of the Stock Exchange and, displaying all the cunning of an accomplished financial salesman, pressed the widow to "reinvest" *everything she possessed* in other securities before the railway slump came.

Amongst the various unimpeachable stocks airily recommended by Pearlzweig, alias Watkyns, were Carreras and War Loans.

Fearing that if she did not act quickly all might be lost, Mrs. Heath eventually handed over all her valuable holdings, while Mr. Pearlzweig took back his cheque for £534 on the understanding that that would be "reinvested" also.

A few days later Pearlzweig returned and, congratulating Mrs. Heath upon her wisdom, handed over her new securities.

Worthless scrip

When these precious papers were closely examined they were found to include worthless debentures in the Consolidated Brick and Coal Company, Ltd.

There were also equally valueless holdings in other ramps, such as British and Foreign Proprietors, Ltd., and Cotton Crop, Ltd.

Thus, in the space of six short weeks, this wretched woman had been swindled out of every penny she possessed, a matter of nearly £7,000.

She went to Scotland Yard and enquiries were set afoot. Beaumont turned out to be a fellow named Baumgart, who had worked with Pearlzweig for some time.

For some reason the police thought it wise to interview Pearlzweig before arresting him, with the result that Pearlzweig saw the impending trouble and disappeared, leaving Baumgart to face the music alone.

Being only a pawn in the game, the latter is not a very great "catch" for the police.

Amongst other victims of Pearlzweig and his associates is a Grantham lady who, fleeced of everything she possessed, is now reduced to living in two rooms, having had to sell her home in order to live.

Another in the background

Apart from the scandal of Pearlzweig's disappearance, the matter should be further investigated in view of the fact that he has been aided in defeating the ends of justice by another man who remains still further in the background, and who is believed to be financing Pearlzweig.

He has good reason for not wishing to see Pearlzweig in the witness-box, as he himself would undoubtedly be incriminated.

Pearlzweig, who is an undischarged bankrupt, must be found without delay.

The mystery might also be probed by the Public Prosecutor calling for the worthless stock that was foisted upon Mrs. Heath and setting enquiries afoot to discover how it originally came into the possession of Pearlzweig.

It might also be asked who, apart from Pearlzweig, benefited by its sale.

If this is done, Pearlzweig should soon be run to earth, and the identity of the man at present shielding him will then be revealed.

Cheating a Clown

Davis *Dodges* his Duty

A TITLED gentleman rece referred us to a testimo fund in which donations w being called for by a Mr. H. Da of 26, Brailsford Road, Tulse H in aid of the veteran clown "Wh sical Walker," who, in his seventy eighth year, is in reduced circu stances and indifferent health.

Mr. H. Davis, it appeared, w a waiter in a West End hotel.

The famous old clown met hi casually some thirty years ago i his capacity as waiter, at a ti when "Whimsical Walker" w captivating the hearts of little ch dren the world over with his perform ing pigs and donkeys.

Their next encounter was in a Leicester Square lounge, last Dece ber. There Davis expressed sy pathy on learning that the vete had been ordered by his doct never to perform again and that h was in impoverished retirement.

The waiter put forward the pr posal that he should solicit t well-to-do on Walker's behalf, a this proposal he has carried int effect with some measure of succes

Absurd idea

One of the foremost British sta promoters responded to the appe by sending a cheque for £5 5s. a long ago as March last, while a limited company interested in circ performers sent £2 2s. in May.

We are aware that, by the en of May, subscriptions had totalled £35 12s.; yet, in a letter to us dated June 29, Mr. Walker declares that he has never received a penny!

Since then he has written to Davis asking that some of this cash shoul be forwarded to enable him to mee outstanding bills, and once, when his need was very pressing, he eve sent a telegram.

The only response from Davis, however, has been a note wishing him many happy returns of his birthday!

A statement Davis has made t the effect that he could not se so much money through the pos is absurd. We suggest that he woul be well advised to make over th money he has received for th purpose for which it was intended.

Tip to the waiter

Walker has worked hard sinc he was twelve and has performed before the public for sixty-five years.

Many readers will recall happy hours they have spent watching th world-famous mirth-maker, and those who would like to relieve him o the worry caused by the poverty of his later years should communica with him direct at Peggoty's Hot Gorleston-on-Sea, thus making su that their contributions reach th destination.

We trust that this publicity will lead Mr. Davis to realise that i is better to be a good waiter tha to become entangled with matte of finance with which one is acquainted.

JACK the GIANT GAMBLER:

A Specialist in Wreckage

THE impudence with which a financially unstable person can trade at the expense of others is aptly illustrated in the story of Mr. Jacob Sussman, of Bethune Road, Stoke Newington, London.

Sussman, who is more familiarly known as "Jack," is only thirty years of age, yet he seems to have crowded quite a lot of interesting events into his career since he left the Army nine years ago.

Until 1925, when his father died, "Jack" acted as manager of his parent's shirt manufacturing business, and it was only subsequently that he launched out on his own initiative.

The period in which he achieved financial notoriety is thus reduced to less than three years!

He first became a director of Kayne & Co., Ltd., which conducted a furrier's business in the City. And, in less than a year, this company went into liquidation, with losses for "Jack" and many creditors.

Buttons and cotton

The City Button Company, with headquarters in Kingsland Road, London, was "Jack's" next venture, and this, too, collapsed.

Next came the Universal Sewing Cotton Company, with offices in Grove Street, Commercial Road, E., and "Jack" started this venture with borrowed machinery, acquired under an arrangement made with the trustees of his late father's estate.

After this company had been running for a few months, "Jack," who seems to have had a weakness for variety, thought that he would not limit his activities to dealing in sewing cotton.

He proceeded, therefore, to obtain woollen goods on credit and took over a silk and woollen merchant's business in Carey Lane, E.C., called M. Montague & Co.

These concerns, which were little more than trading names for himself, soon fell into financial straits, and it is obvious now that they were launched without adequate backing.

Tangled skein

However, in one name or the other, "Jack" busied himself by ordering goods on all sides and soon the skein of his affairs became so tangled that insolvency was inevitable.

By February of this year he was at his wits' end; but there was no end to the writs that were pouring in, and creditors were clamouring for payment in respect of goods that they had supplied on credit.

Eventually a receiving order was made against "Jack" and he was forced to close down.

But what is the position to-day? It is pretty serious for scores of unhappy creditors.

That a person can trade so recklessly at the expense of others without some official checkmating of his disastrous methods is unthinkable.

His admitted liabilities, regarding the affairs of the Universal Sewing Cotton and Montague ventures alone, totals no less than £27,072.

And even if his assets realise the amount he estimates—which is extremely unlikely—there will still be a deficit of £23,256!

How has this gigantic failure come about in only twenty months of trading? It is one of the worst and most precipitous crashes of its kind in the textile trade. To have amassed stupendous liabilities like this at the early age of thirty is a feat indeed, though hardly one of which to be proud.

How has it all been accomplished? An examination of "Jack's" figures hardly presents a solution. There are fifty creditors to whom he owes £20,000 for goods obtained on credit.

The goods have all been disposed of, but no one seems to be able to explain how.

When pressed about this important matter at a meeting of creditors the other day, "Jack" could not offer any adequate explanation, but fell back on the lame admission that "the whole of the goods to the value of £20,000 had, at the end of his trading, disappeared."

To where had they disappeared? "Jack" couldn't say. The only suggestion he made was that he must have turned the goods into cash in the course of his business and the creditors had to be content with a promise that he would try and find out what had become of them!

Colossal crash

The wrath of the creditors in these unsatisfactory circumstances can be better imagined than described. But there are other transactions which call for investigation.

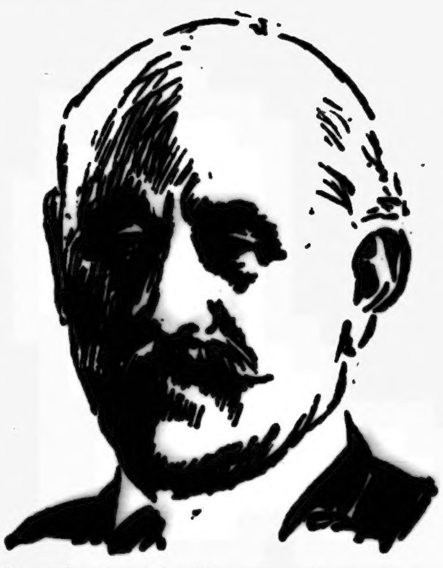
He entered into a number of accommodation bill transactions, involving huge amounts, about which his books are strangely silent.

Without giving any satisfactory details of these bills, he calmly writes off £3,462 in his statement of affairs as the loss therefrom.

Then, under the vague, but useful, heading of "Bad debts," he disposes of £4,241; declares that £2,290 was lost as the result of "exchange of currency and purchase of shares"; purports to account for £13,535 under the alternative headings of "trading losses" and "loss of goodwill," and, amongst many other items, sets down £268 for "law costs" and £1,165 for "household and personal expenditure."

A total loss of £23,256 in less than two years' trading is so colossal that we doubt if any crash of this kind can be cited as its parallel.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that the affairs of Mr. Jacob "Jack" Sussman should be sifted to the last farthing.



Mr. Charles Hawkins, Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading, whose attention we draw to the subject of this article

A Two-String Tipster

Another *Mystic Mascot*

"BECOME your own tipster and win with Niori" is the slogan appearing in an advertisement which invites members of the public to send 5s. 6d. for a sterling-silver mascot, complete with the wonder code of the year.

The requisite cash has to be sent to "Asi Niori," of 27, Chapel Street, Bradford, and the mascot supplied takes the form of a tiny Egyptian figure.

Accompanying the mascot is a pamphlet giving particulars of the "Niori code," and intimating that code messages will appear from time to time in certain sporting papers.

Special privilege

As a special concession, mascot-holders can have tips posted to them by overnight letter "when anything is going," but in this case an additional fee of 1s. for six messages or 2s. for twelve messages must be sent to the Bradford office.

Then they are also privileged to send a further 2s. for a special "grand wire" every Saturday, or, if they are dissatisfied with their silver mascot, they can obtain one executed in 9 ct. gold for £1.

Innocent intimation

Not the least interesting feature of this amusing pamphlet is the innocent intimation that Niori is always pleased to receive letters of appreciation and will send a private communication "when something extra good is known" to all who furnish testimonials.

It appears that there are two gentlemen behind the scenes in this novel venture—a Mr. F. Cook and a Mr. C. C. Jarvis—and they take the precaution of printing a notice at the head of their pamphlet to the effect that all rights are reserved!

It is certainly very ingenious to have two strings to your bow by combining the sale of luck-bringing mascots with racing tips; but it is at the same time an inadvertent admission of weakness.

For, after all, racing tips that have to be bolstered up by a lucky mascot can hardly be regarded as sure things.

The Bird *Has Flown!*

With the Money—Not the Birds

SOME two months ago an individual known as George Underwood became the tenant of a resident in County Terrace Street, S.E., and, describing himself as a bird importer, advertised that he wished to buy cage-birds of all kinds.

Specialising in the more popular songsters, he offered from 25s. for a pair of Yorkshire canaries down to 14s. for a pair of Rollers, and in a very short time he utilised all the available accommodation with birds from all over the country, as well as a couple of pairs of rabbits.

A Lancashire reader despatched at Underwood's request a pair of Borders, for which 17s. had been promised, and then awaited payment.

Stranded songsters

When a fortnight had passed without any money being forthcoming a letter of reminder was sent to the absent-minded fancier, and a post-card was received stating that a cheque would be forwarded in a few days.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the canaries have not yet been paid for, and there are many others who have been similarly duped.

Underwood disappeared from County Terrace Street, S.E., about a month ago, leaving rent owing and after having sold a number of the birds, he left quite eighty without any instructions regarding their care.

Call him to account!

Several callers have anxiously asked for him and many letters have had to be returned to the postal authorities.

Two gentlemen who came from a long distance failed to find their birds among those that remained, and the householder quite rightly informed the police, with the result that the birds have been taken away.

We recommend any who have sent either canaries, parrots, cavies, fish or rabbits to this doubtful merchant under the impression that they would be paid for them to report the matter to the police, as it is possible that they are among the ones unsold.

We hope Underwood will shortly be called upon to account for his strange behaviour.

A Novelist's
"NOVEL" SWINDLE
The Duplicity Diploma

AN unusual type of swindler is at large to-day in the person of a literary gentleman of refined appearance, who, in addition to claiming to be a prize novelist, is also a chess-player of some distinction.

His real name is Julius Haens and, with a fluent command of several languages, he might easily be taken for a Belgian or a Frenchman who had resided in England for some time.

He is a distinguished-looking personage of fifty, with iron-grey hair and a tapering, tip-tilted nose. He is 6 ft. in height, carries himself well, and possesses a charm of manner that always stands him in good stead.

But, notwithstanding his many personal atrributes, he is a born impostor, as many people in England and Scotland have discovered to their cost.

Distinction—and drawback

Recently he visited a firm of financiers in Glasgow, and, explaining that he was temporarily short of funds, expressed a desire to borrow a substantial sum of money.

His appeal, he hastened to add, was not an ordinary one, as he would be able to prove in a few words.

He was a man of letters, he continued, and, opening an attaché-case, produced a bundle of coloured documents, one of which he claimed to be a diploma granted by the Société des Arts of Quebec.

He then told how he had been successful in winning the leading literary prize for 1926, granted by the above society, which represented a cash value of £500.

Haens declared that he was delighted at this distinction, which had been conferred upon him in respect of a novel he had written; but there was the drawback that the cash was not immediately available.

It was the rule of the society that a successful prize-winner had to write and submit a second novel before receiving the prize-money due for the first. He had done this, and was pleased to say that the society liked his work.

Objection had been taken to one or two passages relating to morality, and he had consequently been desired to make a few amendments.

Profitable story-telling

His story carried conviction and the firm advanced him several sums of money, little knowing that other firms to whom he had unfolded similar stories had done likewise.

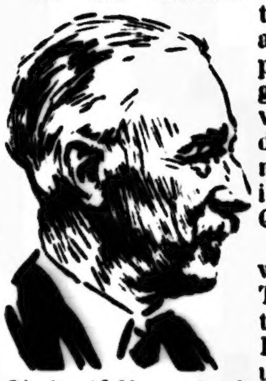
Haens, in fact, finds his verbal story-telling extremely profitable, and in his imaginative efforts he has often mentioned the names of famous English publishing firms and literary agents.

He told one victim, for instance, that a leading firm of publishers in London had bought the rights of one of his books outright for £420.

In another case he stated that the Société des Arts had awarded him the prize for 1927, and that this, coupled with the 1926 award, meant that a sum of nearly £1,000 was due to him.

But, just as every novel has its ending, the wonderful romance unfolded by the benevolent-looking Haens could not go on for ever.

As his excuses for the continued non-arrival of his prize-money grew less convincing, his dupes began to make enquiries in far-away Quebec.



Sir David Mason, Lord Provost and Chief Magistrate of Glasgow, who should issue a warning against this man

The result was startling. They found that Julius Haens was quite unknown there, and the novels, "The Blue Mark" and "The Woman of Bitter Destiny," which he had so glibly named, had never been heard of.

In all, however, Haens has secured practically all the non-existent prize-money in advance from dupes who believed his well-told tales. Already, we find that complaints running into many hundreds of pounds have been lodged against him.

Cheeky claims

On occasion he has referred casually to the fact that he is a chartered accountant and an M.A., but, like the distinctions boasted above, these qualifications have been falsely claimed.

Nor is he content with restricting his operations to literary spheres. It is within our knowledge that quite a few firms in one place or another have supplied him with goods on credit or on the hire-purchase system.

Delivery has been made to different addresses, and Haens has shown an habitual tendency to decamp without meeting his liabilities.

Sometimes Haens has chosen to pass under the name of Caton, and, in view of the success that has always attended his past efforts, it is more than likely that he will resume his "literary distinction" swindles in the near future.

This article should, therefore, serve to place members of the public on their guard against this very plausible trickster, and we should like to draw the attention of the Publishers' Association to the manner in which he is misusing reputable names in order to further his ends.

Brass=Face, the
POP=OFF OPPORTUNIS
A Black Maria Candidate

A DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING gentleman recently paused at the premises of a motor-dealer in Chelsea and proceeded to make a leisurely inspection of some of the cars that were being displayed outside.

He appeared to be particularly interested in a certain model and naturally attracted the attention of one of the assistants in the shop, who, scenting possible business, hurried out and asked the gentleman if he would like to step inside and make a further inspection of their stock.

Fastidious tastes

The stranger, a sunburnt man of about forty years of age, betrayed no eagerness to accept this invitation. He would most certainly like to view a few more cars, but he was very busy and had already lingered longer than he should have done.

He presented a most affluent appearance, and as he was undoubtedly a prospective customer, the assistant was reluctant to see him depart. He therefore pressed him again to take a quick look round the shop, and this time the other yielded.

Explaining that he was an architect and that he had just purchased a house at Broadstairs, the stranger stated that he wanted a serviceable car to enable him to run up to his other premises at Clapham.

He proved to be somewhat fastidious in his tastes, and it was some time before he could make up his mind regarding the car of his choice.

Having made up his mind, however, he handed the assistant a well-printed visiting-card, which bore the name of "Freeland."

This, though the salesman did not know it, was the name of a highly reputable resident in Clapham, whose identity had been impudently assumed.

The assistant was about to go into the office to make out the necessary invoice when "Mr. Freeland" called him back and said that he would have the car filled up with oil and petrol there and then and drive it away himself.

Mysterious move

Then, while the invoice was being prepared, "Freeland" picked up his card, which the salesman had laid near by, and crossing out the Clapham address, amended it to read "W. Alexander Bell" and giving an address at Broadstairs.

The assistant returned in due course and "Mr. Freeland" produced a cheque-book and wrote out a cheque straight away.

The salesman noted that the latter was drawn on the branch of a well-known bank within a stone's-throw of the address in Clapham given by "Freeland" on his business card.

This fact, coupled with the general appearance and impressive manner of the customer, allayed all suspicion, and when the tanks had been filled up and the engine was running "Mr. Freeland's" complete faction he eventually drove away.

The first suspicion aroused in salesman's mind was when he came examine the customer's card found that the name and address been mysteriously altered.

Confident impudence

Fast upon this, however, follow the shock of receiving the cheque from the bankers marked "R.D."

Frantic enquiries were made at Clapham address, only to find the elusive customer was not kno there, and when enquiries were at Broadstairs the result was no encouraging.

It eventually transpired "Freeland," alias "Bell," was markably versatile rogue, and even the cheque-book he flourished so successfully was stol

It was, in fact, a new one contain fifty cheques that had been iss to a well-known and reputable tomer, whose name the impostor impudently assumed.

As the gentleman in question temporarily out of London, some inevitably resulted before the could be ascertained.

This was doubtless well known the car swindler, and prob explains the confident air with he carried out his brilliant coup.

Efforts made to trace the car by registration number were eventu successful in establishing the fact it had been disposed of by him alm immediately—not in Clapham Broadstairs, but in Plaistow.

In turning the car into read money, he was careful not to accept cheque, but insisted upon hard ca which was readily given in view of unimpeachable credentials he pr tended to possess.

Have you seen him?

Somewhat belatedly the matter reported to the police, who expres the opinion that the offender identical with a man wanted for taining a number of cars by pretences and also for duping ot tradesmen with worthless cheques.

In appearance he is a dark, clea shaven man of about 5 ft. 9 in. height, possessing a singularly face, adorned by horn-rimmed sp tacles.

He is in the habit of wearing tailored clothes, with grey spats patent leather shoes. His acce suggests that he has spent some y in Australia.

He is not an ordinary "R.D." cheque merchant, for, in the transaction mentioned above, he only misused the name of a w known customer of the bank involve but perpetrated a forgery for which can be sent to penal servitude.

If this publicity leads to his arr it will have served its purpose.

Predatory Pedlars

Fortune-making Foreigners

NUMEROUS complaints are reaching the police from people who have been victi- ised by alien pedlars, and the arrest f one man, who had been operating xtensively in North London, throws ome light upon a very grave scandal.

The man in question is an Austrian amed Geller Meilsch, and he may be aken as typical of the undesirable raternity who prey upon housewives y selling articles which, appearing uite satisfactory, subsequently prove o be of inferior quality.

The scandal is heightened by the ct that Meilsch had no right to be this country at all. He had come ere as an "excursionist," and had ng overstayed his permission to emain in our midst.

rofitable work

Yet this humble pedlar was found have £20 in cash upon his person, hile a further sum of £70 was de- osited in the Post Office Savings ank, which represented his profits the previous few days' "work."

At the North London Police Court, hen charged with contravening the liens Act, Meilsch gave an under- king to leave the country at once. e hope that the Home Office will tisfy itself that he has actually gone.

And, as we say, Meilsch is only one many. There are scores of that ass of rogue who have come here med with excursion tickets and ho take advantage of the lax laws remain here.

Yet the Home Office attitude reflected in the sequel to a recent ticle in which we warned the public ainst a number of Grecian "ex- rsionists" who were reaping a rich rvest at race-meetings and other therings by snatching wallets.

We are glad to say that most of the ng have since been arrested, ntenced to terms of imprisonment d recommended for deportation.

Following this development, Sir ederick Hall, M.P. for Dulwich, ked the Home Secretary in the ouse of Commons a few days ago hether he was satisfied that the rangements to prevent undesirable iens from entering this country with cursion tickets, and remaining here ainst the public good, were equate.

direct reply

Without explaining how the mem- rs of the above gang had bam- ozled the authorities for so long, Home Secretary replied that he ought the present system quite equate.

When reminded of the Grecian ng and pressed as to whether they uld be deported, he replied, "That a matter entirely for me to deal h."

Most people will agree on that nt; but it would have been more isfactory if the Home Secretary been more direct in his reply. has admitted that it is a matter him to tackle; will he tackle it?

BURIED ALIVE for THIRTY YEARS

A Staggering Asylum Story

A ONCE-FAMOUS musician has been lost to the world in a lunatic asylum for nearly thirty years.

She is now at liberty as *she might have been many years ago* but for the fact that under our existing laws it is possible for sane people to remain in mental institutions like parcels left in cloakrooms until called for.

Beatrice Emma Hallett was born in 1868. At an early age she showed remarkable talent, and later became a pupil of Madame Schumann.

When completing her musical education on the Continent she made the acquaintance of Brahms, who complimented her on her own compositions as well as on her wonderful interpretation of his works.

Miss Hallett was appointed professor of the pianoforte at the London College of Music when about twenty-five years of age, and in 1898-9 gave recitals at the Queen's Hall and Crystal Palace.

Terrible experience

The eccentricity of genius is admitted. Extreme excitability has been a marked characteristic of many great musicians.

We have come to expect an artist to be "temperamental" and are apt to doubt the ability of one who is normal.

Beatrice Hallett was no exception to the general rule. Her passion for music consumed her, and at the age of thirty her health began to give way under the demands which her art made on brain and body.

The father of this gifted woman had died some years before.

In 1898 Miss Hallett's mind gave way under the combined strain of her work and the unsympathetic atmosphere in which she lived. She was sent to a mental hospital at Virginia Water, in those days frankly called a lunatic asylum.

It was a terribly cruel experience for a sensitive and refined woman. The law was to blame for her going there.

Even to-day it is, with very few exceptions, illegal to treat persons who are mentally ill *until they have been certified as insane* and an order made for their detention.

Beatrice Hallett had been at Virginia Water only a year when Dr. Moore, the medical superintendent, informed her relatives that she was completely cured and must be removed.

Discharged as cured

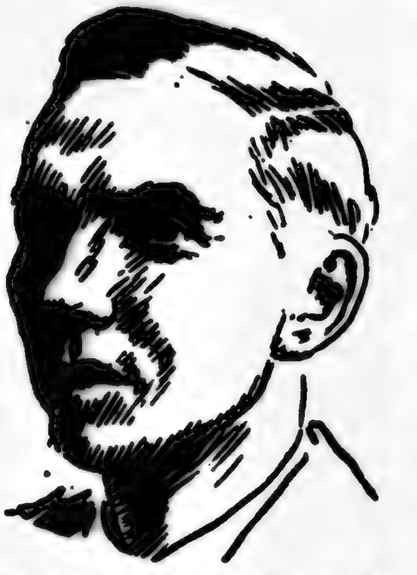
Two years later, however, she was back again. Medical certificates were provided by two doctors, neither of whom was her regular medical attendant.

A few months later Miss Hallett was again discharged as cured, but in October of the following year was sent as a voluntary boarder to Virginia Water. She was certified again when she had been there a week.

In this case the name of Dr. Moore, the medical superintendent at the hospital, was given as that of her "regular medical attendant."

For the third time Miss Hallett was discharged as cured, but in 1904, on a petition under an urgency order, was sent to another asylum at Camberwell.

Only one medical certificate was furnished in this case. The doctor in this certificate stated that the patient was "very violent" and wished to rush into the street and give him into custody. On this evidence of insanity this unfortunate woman's liberty was again taken from her.



Mr. F. J. White, Secretary of the National Society for Lunacy Reform

Appalling apathy

About 1907 Miss Hallett was transferred from Camberwell to another asylum at Dartford where she remained for twelve years.

She was transferred to the Surrey County Hospital at Horton, where she was detained as a pauper patient for nine years until her release "on trial" last December, culminating in her unconditional discharge six weeks later.

It is to her nephew, Francis John White, that this lady owes her restoration to the world. It is the deep impression made on his mind by the sufferings of his aunt that led Mr. White to devote himself to the cause of others in similar cases.

As secretary of the National Society for Lunacy Reform, he is striving to rouse the public from its apathy to this vital matter, an apathy which is reflected by the Government's unwillingness to find time for legislation, which it admits is urgently needed.

Last year Miss Hallett's mother died and she became entitled to a legacy under her father's will. Her nephew then resolved to secure her release.

His application was at first refused on the ground that, being a single man, he could not offer her a permanent home.

Dr. Risien Russell, the great mental specialist, examined Miss Hallett in October, 1927, and declared that he could find no reason why she should be detained in any asylum or mental home.

Severe test

The following February he saw her again and endorsed his previous certificate, saying that Miss Hallett was perfectly free from any mental defect.

Mr. White also secured the sympathy and support of Dr. J. R. Lord, another eminent authority and medical superintendent of the hospital at Horton.

Dr. Lord repeatedly expressed the opinion that Miss Hallett suffered from no mental defect and that she should be taken away from the hospital.

After thirty years of institutional life, Miss Hallett's return to the world entailed readjustments of habits and ways of thought and living, in themselves a severe test to a woman of her advanced age and sensitive nature.

When to these anxieties financial worries were added, a further inevitable breakdown occurred, and Miss Hallett's impulse was to fly from a heartless world back to the asylum where she had at least been cared for and respected.

Miss Hallett became seriously ill. She went to a sanatorium for treatment and from there after a few weeks to a nursing home, finally returning to live with her nephew.

The most remarkable proof of this gifted woman's strength of mind and undoubted sanity lies in the fact that she has been able to return to ordinary social life after so long a period of incarceration.

Iniquitous system

It says much, too, for the care and kindness she must have received in the institutions where she has passed so many long years.

At the same time, we must emphasise the iniquity of the system which makes it possible for a sane woman, as undoubtedly Miss Hallett always has been, to be detained in such places.

The sooner the public realises that there is no more stigma attaching to a person suffering from infirmity of mind caused through overstudy or any other accident than there is to one with a broken leg or heart disease, so much the sooner will thousands of people be saved from being heartlessly consigned to a living death.

The law *must* be altered.

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

H.M.S. INVINCIBLE

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

REGD. No. 154,011

N.C.C.48

Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes—10 for 6^D, 20 for 11½^D

The TUNNEL *of* AGONY

by SIR ROBERT GOWER, O.B.E., J.P., M.P. *(President of the Pit Ponies' Protection Society)*

Sir Robert Gower, O.B.E., M.P.

THERE are to-day some 65,000 horses and ponies employed in coal-mines in this country. In five years, 1921 to 1925, the umber of ponies that died from injuries sustained n the pits was 6,802, 7,046 were destroyed in onsequence of injuries, whilst during the same eriod 37,672 received injuries from which they ecovered.

In other words, in five years, 51,520 pit ponies —in every year an average of nearly one in six f the number employed—were either killed or njured in coal-mines.

In the House of Commons, on May 22, 1928, question was asked as to how many prosecutions ad been instituted since December, 1926, in the outh Wales coal-field, for maltreatment of animals n mines.

In reply the Minister stated that the number of informations against owners, officials and horsekeepers n respect of contraventions of regulations for the are and treatment of pit ponies, at *three collieries* he italics are mine) in the Swansea division, which ad been heard since the month in question, was 61, on 253 of which convictions were recorded.

Pitiful ate

These figures are startling. Bad as their import , they give only an inadequate idea of the sufferings f the unfortunate animals that are condemned o spend their working lives underground.

Taken from moor or mountain—a large number ome from the New Forest—where they enjoy atural freedom, these helpless beings of God's reation are forced down into the bowels of the arth, to stay there for the remainder of their orking days under unnatural and at times most istressing conditions. Nor is there any respite to heir lot.

Reference is frequently made to the admittedly ard life of miners underground. The miner at ast leaves his pit at the end of a shift and merges into the light of day, into the world of esh air, sunshine and Nature.

Not so the unlucky pit pony. Day in, day out, ear in, year out, it remains imprisoned underround until its life of usefulness has ended. here it exists, in darkness and the comparatively mpure and dust and grit laden air of the mine.

It is not generally known that the temperature f a mine rises one degree for every twenty yards f depth, and the depth of some mines is as much s from 1,000 to 1,300 yards. The sufferings of nimals employed in [illegible] have been described as the working inferno of deep and hot mines" an easily be imagined.

The reports of some of the Government inpectors refer specifically to the "size of the trains" nd "the heavy loads" which the animals have o draw up "ureven inclines." In certain ollieries there is a shortage of horses and the cost f production is being kept down. In consequence, e ponies are often overworked.

hameful ruelty

In his report for 1926, the Government inspector r the Northern Division refers to "ponies being orked for fourteen to sixteen hours on end for ontinuous shifts throughout the week."

An investigator who has been studying the uestion on the South Yorkshire coalfield writes: Ponies are frequently made to work fourteen to fteen hours a day at a stretch, sometimes intense heat, sometimes in water, until their ondition is pitiful."

Another, referring to the conditions existing in some of the mines in the South Wales coalfield, says:

"In addition to being prisoners in grossly unnatural surroundings, very many ponies have a difficult time in mines. I was frankly amazed to watch pit ponies at work, to see them strain every muscle in pulling heavy loads up steep headings, with the undersides of their bodies within a foot of the sleepers.

"It was a daily occurrence for a pony to fall two or three times going up a heading, and I have often heard the groaning sound made by a broken-winded pony in trying to bring up its load. It gave me a feeling of revulsion and shame that a creature should be so treated."

Too tired to work

It must be borne in mind that the overworked animal is a tired animal. However humane may be the disposition of a driver, he will be forced to beat a tired pony to get it to work. The output of the shift has to be maintained and this can only be secured by each pony doing its allotted task.

In some mines, moreover, the "workings" are so narrow and low pitched and the surfaces so uneven that it is almost impossible for ponies to avoid bruising or otherwise injuring themselves.

Enquiries have been made recently by Mr. Jeffrey Williams, the honorary secretary of the Pit Ponies' Protection Society, concerning the conditions in various coal-fields, and he has received letters from working miners in different parts of the country.

Some of these letters allege that shocking conditions exist in certain pits. Were it not for the fact that the allegations made are so definite, and in some cases are borne out by evidence given in support of prosecutions, they would be rejected as incredible.

In these letters reference is made to ponies being "unmercifully hammered," having to "work when lame or unwell," "hauliers beating horses unmercifully because they were too tired or unwell or lame to pull without stopping."

Staggering like drunken men

"No drinking water in working places—only filthy muddy stuff which they refuse to drink though thirsty," "ponies staggering like drunken men through overwork," "a horse too exhausted to go into the stable, for though it was beaten it could not move," "very often doing two shifts without water to drink," "often working with sore breasts and sore withers," "bruised legs on which they throw dust to hide the bruises."

It may be that the conditions described in these letters are exceptional, and perhaps in some cases the writers have erred on the side of exaggeration. It is sincerely to be hoped that this is so.

At the same time, however, when the statements made in these letters are considered, even with all due reserve, in conjunction with the number of animals injured or killed in the course of a year, the prosecutions instituted and the convictions recorded, it cannot be disputed that a highly unsatisfactory state of affairs exists.

The fact is that horses and ponies should not be allowed to work underground at all.

In these days of mechanical haulage there should be no necessity for them to do so, and it is gratifying to find that in many mines, particularly in Lancashire, machinery is being substituted.

There are already 324 mines in this country which have dispensed altogether with the use of pit ponies and are worked entirely by mechanical means. In the United States of America the number of mines using mechanical haulage throughout is 1,512.

It must not, of course, be assumed that horses or ponies are overworked or cruelly treated in all mines. There is evidence that in many the greatest care and attention are given to them.

Even in those cases, however, the animals must inevitably suffer through being imprisoned and having to do arduous and trying work, in dark, dangerous and unnatural surroundings.

Only eight inspectors!

That serious and determined efforts must be made to see that machinery to replace animal haulage is introduced into all mines as soon as possible is obvious.

In the meantime, certain reforms are urgently needed. By the Coal Mines Act, 1911, power was given to appoint inspectors to examine into the care and treatment of animals in mines and to enforce the regulations made under the Act.

For England, Scotland and Wales, there are only eight inspectors, notwithstanding that there are roughly 1,500 mines working and 65,000 ponies employed therein. With so few inspectors and so many animals, it is impossible for visits to be made to all the mines once in every year, much less are the inspectors able to pay repeat visits to ascertain if their orders have been executed.

No outside inspectors have power to enter the mines, which are private property. Moreover, complaints of cruelty in particular pits are either anonymous or from men who cannot jeopardise their position by giving their names.

It is a matter of imperative necessity that a sufficient number of inspectors should be appointed and that they should pay surprise visits to the mines.

Make it illegal!

Strong regulations should be made providing that a pony should work only one shift in every twenty-four hours, that an adequate supply of pure water be always provided in working places for the animals, that broken-winded, greasy-heeled, old, partially disabled and worn-out horses be immediately withdrawn from pits and that a limit be placed to the number of years a pony or horse shall be employed underground.

These are only a few of the reforms urgently needed which I incorporated in the Bill I recently presented to Parliament. Even were they brought about, the sufferings of the animals would only partially be alleviated. Such sufferings will only cease when it is made illegal for animals to be employed underground.

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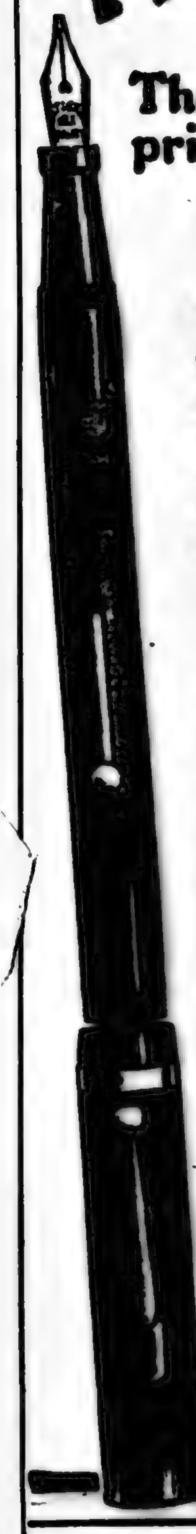

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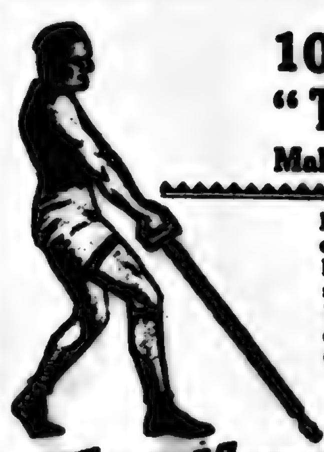

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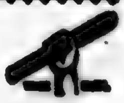

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To Rt. Hon. Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Foreign Secretary.

Dear Sir,—You tell us that in 1926 the impor-ation of arms into China amounted to the equi-alent of £330,220, which does not include con-ignments arriving overland from Russia. That Western Europe has had to pay dearly for this rass folly is indisputable, and I suggest that it s time that those nations which profess to favour vorld peace gave a proof of their sincerity by orbidding the exportation of munitions and rmaments. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

Dear Sir,—Though certain colliers who were ent down the mine found no work awaiting them, hey were refused unemployment benefit for the lays concerned. You deny that it is in your ower to rectify so grave an injustice, holding hat it is a matter of the interpretation of the aw. Any Minister worth his salt would never rest ntil he had forced Parliament to recognise, and mend, so utterly palpable a wrong. Get busy, lo! John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord EUSTACE PERCY, M.P., Minister of Education.

Dear Sir,—The French Chamber recently llocated £32,000 for physical education in State chools and colleges, having come to the wise con-lusion that less homework and more exercise re what the children need. I agree that a healthy ody inspires an active mind, and an agile mind mbibes knowledge as a sponge sucks up water. You would do well to scrap many of our own ntiquated methods in favour of the enlightened ducational policy of the authorities across the Channel. John Bull.

To Commodore KING, C.B., C.B.E., M.P., Secretary for Mines.

Dear Sir,—Your admission that over one undred thousand boys are employed in coal nines, and that the average number of shifts vorked last year by these youngsters was 4,330,000, is staggering. In face of the un-mployment among adult miners, it is also hockingly scandalous. Any Christian nation vorth the name would insist upon the fathers vorking while the children are kept at school. And I shall expect you to throw your weight in his direction. John Bull.

To VISCOUNT BYNG OF VIMY, G.C.B., Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex.

My Lord,—Whatever be my opinion as to your ppointment as Metropolitan Commissioner of Police, I have nothing but admiration for you as n officer and a gentleman. I am informed on xcellent authority that almost the whole of the 30,000 voted to you by Parliament for your listinguished service during the war has been xpended on the upkeep of a school for orphans nd the children of soldiers. I can pay you no igher tribute than to say that I am not a bit urprised. John Bull.

To the Lord ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Lambeth Palace, S.W.

Your Grace,—Now that your long term of ffice is drawing to a voluntary end, I would express ny admiration for the dignified manner in which ou have upheld the *prestige* of the Church. Your spiritual fervour and unselfish devotion to uty have won the warm regard even of those who differ from you most on questions of dogma, nd your optimistic courage in face of recent ifficulties marks you as a cleric of true faith. I rust that events may yet mould themselves earer to your heart's desire. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., St. Ermins, Caxton Street, S.W.

Dear Sir,—You recently stressed the importance of giving young men their chance in politics and in the public service, and I am with you all the way. Experience counts for much, but enthusiasm and driving force count for more. What the world needs to-day are men whose faith is white-hot. What matter if they make a mistake or two?—better to make a mistake than make nothing. John Bull.

To Lieut.-Col. S. B. JOEL, J.P., Great Stanhope Street, W.

Dear Sir,—You have expressed to the Reading Town Council your surprise and disgust that the playing-field presented to the public by you remains closed to children on Sundays. Churchgoers must be brought to realise the truth that the happiness and well-being of little children are the first evidence of true religion. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., St. John's Road, S.W.

Dear Sir,—I cordially agree that, bad as things are, they could be made considerably worse by smashing trade union agreements and creating ill-feeling between employer and employed. Peace in industry is the only possible way to prosperity, and all, not complete and total idiots, will do their best to foster and maintain it. John Bull.

To Sir CHARLES WAKEFIELD, C.B.E., Hythe, Kent.

Dear Sir,—It is hoped to make the new Bethlem Hospital, to be reconstructed at Monks Orchard, Shirley, the finest institution for the treatment of the insane in the whole of the world. Your munificent donation of £25,000 to the building fund will do much to ensure the complete success of the undertaking. For years you have been one of Britain's most generous givers, and your sympathetic heart is ever responsive to suffering's call. John Bull.

To Mr. E. M. BELL, Keswick.

Dear Sir,—You ask very pertinently why will not the Churches take the lead and organise the voicing of public opinion to stir the Government to action to sign without further delay the Kellogg Pact. The Churches are but another name for one section of the people. If the people move in the right direction the Churches will have no option but to follow. John Bull.

To Mr. E. STONELAKE, Aberdare Trades Council.

Dear Sir,—All honour to you for your indignant protest against the proposal to stamp all boots and other articles distributed by your local Distress Committee, and to circulate a copy of the stamp to the police and pawnbrokers in the district. It is, as you say, a gratuitous and offensive insult. John Bull.

To Miss LORNA BLACKMORE, Porlock, Somerset.

Dear Miss Blackmore,—You displayed great courage before the firemen arrived in going into a house where fire broke out to fight the flames. Indeed, but for your coolness large petrol tanks would have ignited and involved the whole place. Peace has her moments for great heroism. You certainly seized yours. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Mr. Baldwin:—"The Bible has always been in the nature of a high explosive in the world."

Pity a bit more of it isn't embodied in British legislature to explode a few outstanding evils.

• • •

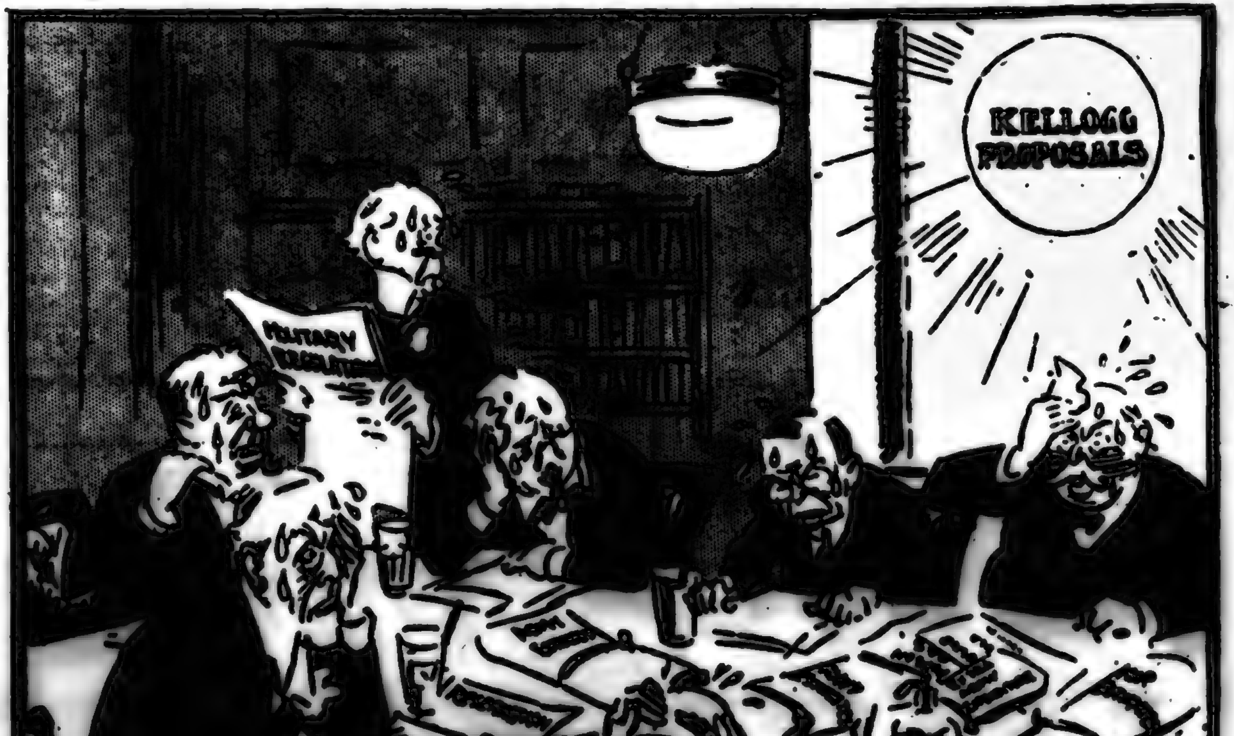
Mr. Lloyd George:—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been selling the nation a pup."

More fool the nation that elected him to do it.

• • •

Sir Harold Bowden:—"The politician is only useful in industry in the very last resort."

On the contrary, it is what the politican does in the first instance that makes or mars industry.



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HOLBORN—51, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1
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(Continued from page 35.)

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1. The First Prize will be awarded for wha the opinion of the judges in consultation with Editor is the best Bullet received, and the prizes in order of merit, the test being clever aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed Competitors must write their names and and the date of sending the order on the the postal order, the number of which must noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every received shall have careful consideration by a petent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of arising in connection with this competition accepted as final and legally binding in all respects acceptance of this rule is an express condition of

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible compete.

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Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

MOTHS in FROCK-COATS

Supping with the Devil

ONE MORE PLEDGE IN PAWN

WE are credibly informed that if we wish to sup with the devil we must have a long spoon.

Ever since the Government took office it has een supping with the devil of Protection, and now is faced with the prospect of being presented with very long spoon indeed in order to enable it to do e job properly.

Headed by Sir Henry Page Croft, a deputation of al cast-iron Protectionists is going to lay down the w to the Government, and deliver an ultimatum at either iron and steel shall be safeguarded forthith or the Government will be placed in peril of defeat y a first-class revolt in its ranks.

It is an interesting sidelight on the value that the oliticians give to election pledges, for the rebels, qually with the Prime Minister and his Cabinet, re pledged not to introduce a general measure of rotection within the lifetime of this Government.

That does not deter them at all from demanding uch a general measure of Protection, for it is univerally admitted that the ramifications of the iron and teel industry are so vast that a tariff on steel would e a tariff on practically everything.

THE matter is more serious, however, than the disregarding of pledges and promises, for if you nce start on the real business of Protection you annot stop short of taxing food. The Protectionist ay wriggle as much as he likes; he will be forced in he end to admit that this is the case.

We do not see the people of this country meekly itting down while their food is openly and unashamedly axed. If Mr. Baldwin wishes to destroy the last emnants of the respect in which his Government is eld he has only to accede to this preposterous demand.

The way politicians persist in flogging this exceptionally dead horse in face of the considered verdict of more than one international conference of bankers, economists and industrialists is one of the most inexplicable features of to-day.

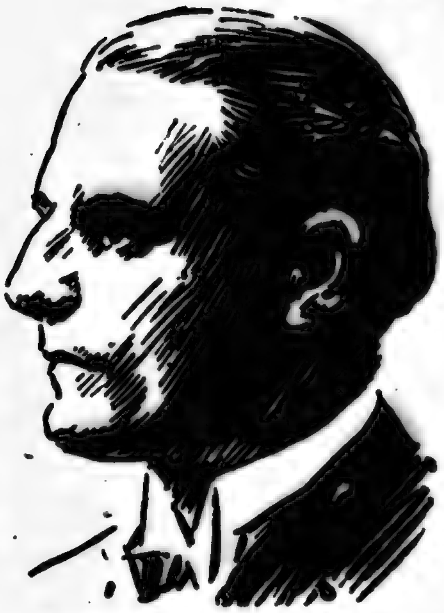
All over Europe emphatic opinion has been expressed that what the world wants is the complete abolition of trade barriers and trade restrictions; but despite it all, the politicians flutter round the fallacy of tariffs as a moth flies round the candle-flame.

FOR ourselves, we do not wish to see any repetition of the great button farce, where, since we make practically no linen buttons, there is nothing from which to safeguard our linen button industry, and where, since we manufacture practically no shell or bone buttons, there is nothing to safeguard!

"The chief reason why I opposed the duty on buttons," says a prominent manufacturer, "is that manufacturers at home can meet only one-eighth of the requirements of our textile industry; Japan, which supplies the bulk of the pearl buttons used here, have the huge natural advantage of an adequate supply of the raw material—a special shell—in close proximity to her factories."

And Sir Hugh Bell, one of the biggest steel and iron men in the country, has said again and again that if the Government really wishes to ruin the iron and steel industry it could not find a quicker way than the imposition of a protective duty on steel.

Absurdities such as these point to the strangely muddled mentality of the tariff tinkerer, and we do not think that the people of this country will willingly allow such muddle-headedness to rule their destinies with impunity.



Brigadier-Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, C.M.G., M.P., the leader of the Protectionist group in the House of Commons

A TERRIBLE PICTURE GALLERY

Humanity's *One-Way Street*

THERE is a growing fashion in hair-raisers. It ranges from crook plays to prophetical "thrills."

Some of these, like the tidal wave which was to have swamped Weymouth in the spring, but didn't, are merely fantastic absurdities.

Other prophecies cannot be so lightly disposed of. The pictures of grisly horror, painting in lurid colours the dreadful end to which humanity may be doomed by its own fiendish inventiveness, are no mere shivering dreads of the aged. They have behind them a solid backing of fact.

Paragraphs appear daily. Few notice them, yet each shows one more paving-stone firmly planted on the road towards destruction. Such a one is "A sensational scientific discovery to revolutionise warfare." An ordinary quartz crystal can be made to set up vibrations in the ears of any within range. Too highly pitched to be audible, they shatter the blood corpuscles and produce instant death.

Another devilish contrivance, a "robot" phantom airman, is proving a huge success. This is a steel figure with "muscles" worked by electricity. By the aid of this invention a heavy bombing machine can be landed without damage, far from its manipulators, at sixty miles an hour.

The manufacture of poison-gas proceeds and "improves" apace. The newer gases are "much more deadly than the phosgene" that exploded and swept Hamburg with a death wave. One bomb filled with the latest witch-brew "dropped in Piccadilly, would kill every man, woman and child from Regent's Park to the Thames." Air raiders could fill the atmosphere up to 40 ft. and "turn the whole of London into one vast rotting heap."

It is highly absurd to shudder at such pictures as these and do nothing. It is idiocy to picture London as merely at the mercy of any nation "evilly disposed." If manufacture of this sort is allowed the cities of the world are at the mercy of any madman with a swelled head who manages to secure control.

There is a one-way street, a royal road, which the nations must take. Geneva must declare it high treason for anyone to manufacture poison-gas or use the air for any other purpose than civil aviation.

We rather fancy we shall take this way. For, as Capt. Livens said the other day in the *Daily Mail*, men who declare war cannot keep safe and see only others suffer. War now means that "diplomats, politicians, publicists and profiteers, their wives, families, and all that is theirs" will be wiped out as nastily as the rest of us.

This is perhaps the greatest safeguard against war the world has yet had.

PIT PONIES

and Pit Men

ON page 13 Sir Robert Gower, M.P., makes a powerful plea for the release of the helpless and tortured pit ponies. The conditions he describes are horrible. Also, they are unnecessary.

JOHN BULL stands firm for all the humanities, and has urged for years the abolition of pit ponies for haulage work underground. The cruelty inevitably involved is a blot on the nation.

It is also extremely uneconomic, for wherever electrical haulage has been installed in place of the living animal it has been proved to pay for itself and leave a margin of profit.

We have pressed home these truths before. We shall urge them again and again until the pit pony is freed and brought up into the natural element of a horse, the fresh air.

But that is not why, at this moment, we refer twice in one issue to the same subject. We desire everyone to read Sir Robert Gower's description of what life underground is like.

Mines are dark and impure, with the air grit-laden and full of dust, that chokes the lungs and ruins the eyesight. The heat is intense. It increases with every foot of depth.

"The working infernos of deep and hot mines" is a comment disturbing to every lover of fresh air and sunshine and the greenness of Nature.

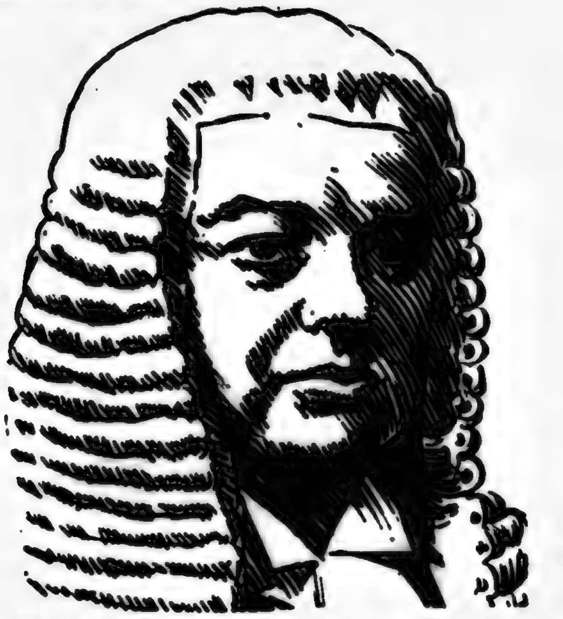
Our readers' hearts will be stirred to indignation by Sir Robert Gower's narration of the tortures endured by the poor pit ponies, and rightly so. They will insist that the ponies be released.

But what of the thousands of men, the miners, who must work in these infernos day and night to earn their daily bread? Can nothing be done for them?

We say there can. If one tithe of the inventiveness expended on destructiveness were turned to helping human life, mining could be made reasonably safe and as bearable as any other useful industry.

KICK HARD— and KICK QUICK

by A. G. GARDINER



The Rt. Hon. Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice

THERE is a stir in Whitehall over the announcement that the Lord Chief Justice is preparing a broadside against our bureaucracy. He has already fired several shots. He opened the attack in his address to the American Bar Association at Buffalo, and he has made a couple of references to the subject since at Manchester and Sheffield.

Now he is writing a book in which, under the title of "Power and the People," he will set out to arouse public attention to the dangers of the increasing power of Government departments in the national life.

It is a great question, which touches the interests of every one of us in a hundred ways, and Lord Hewart is to be congratulated on having had the courage to tackle it. He has been criticised for doing so on the ground that his business is to administer the law and that the mechanism of government is outside his sphere.

Curtailed liberty

It is an idle criticism. If the people who are best informed on grave public matters are to be muzzled in regard to them, how is public opinion to be enlightened and set in motion? After all, this is our business, and we want all the light that can be shed on the path we are travelling.

No one can doubt that since the war we have been travelling at a great pace in the direction of bureaucracy, and that our liberties are being curtailed in a multitude of directions. Lord Hewart indicates three ways in which the thing is happening.

One is to provide, in express terms of a Statute, that the decision of certain questions belongs to this or that Government Department, that the Departmental decision is to be final and binding upon all parties and *that there is no appeal to a court of law.*

The second is to confer upon a Government Department power to make rules and regulations *which are to have the force of a Statute.*

The third is to empower a Government Department to make orders for the removal of difficulties in a Statute and even to *modify the provisions of the Statute itself.*

Democracy's negation

Observe what the words I have italicised involve. They mean that vital powers affecting our life and interests are withdrawn from Parliament and the authority of the law. They are vested in unknown officials, whom we do not appoint and cannot dismiss, and against whom we have no appeal to law and no right of redress.

This process is the negation of democracy and self-government. If carried to its logical conclusion our personal freedom would be at an end, and we should be governed by a sort of Star Chamber of Civil Servants. It will not be carried to its logical extreme, for in the end we shall kick. The time to kick is now, before the disease is rampant.

But in kicking, we must take care that we kick in the right way and kick the right people. I do not wish, and I am sure that Lord Hewart does not wish, to create ill-feeling against the Civil Service. We have the best Civil Service in the world, and this country is well administered because of that fact.

But we do not want to be governed by Civil Servants. Their business is not to rule us, but to administer our public affairs according to the instructions given to them by our representatives in Parliament. Sir William Harcourt was once asked whether the Civil Service would not govern the country efficiently without Parliament.

"If the Civil Service ruled England," he said, "the country would be better governed for a year than it has ever been, and at the end of a year the public would rise up and hang the whole Civil Service at the lamp-posts. The function of Parliament is to decide what the public will stand and what it won't stand and to instruct the officials accordingly."

Not their job

That is sound sense. Officials are splendid fellows at their own job, but their job is to administer the laws and not to make them. If they are being encouraged to go outside their job and to tell us what we shall do, the fault is not theirs. It is the fault of the Government, which is throwing responsibilities on them which belong to Parliament—that is, to ourselves through our representatives.

This practice grew up during the war, when, owing to the urgency of things, we could not help ourselves. But it has continued since the war because Governments have found that it is an easy way of relieving themselves of trouble and getting things done.

And I do not think that Lord Hewart would deny that there is another reason at work. The machine of modern life is so vast and complicated, and both Parliament and the law as such leisurely instruments, that there is a great temptation to give the departments and the officials greater powers of initiative than they ought to possess.

The processes of the law, for example, are both costly and intolerably slow. I doubt whether on the average a common law action gets through all the procedure of the law to a decision in less than a year.

Servants as masters

This is a deplorable handicap. A business man cannot afford to have a cloud hanging over him for a year, and the result is that more and more sensible business men are tending to settle their differences outside the law.

But because the law is slow and cumbersome, that is no reason for setting the departments above the law. It is a reason for speeding up the law, not for taking the protection of the law from us. If I have a dispute with a builder or a plumber I have the right, and he has the right, of an appeal to the law to decide where justice lies.

Why should that right be withdrawn if I have a dispute with a Government Department? A Government official can be as fallible and wrong as anybody else, and to set him on a pedestal and say that whatever he says is above challenge is an insult to common-sense.

We may not hang them at the lamp-posts, as Harcourt said, but we shall not lack ways of reminding them that they are our servants and not our masters. We have not broken the tyranny of kings and barons and prelates in order to fall under the tyranny of unknown officials in Government Departments.

In crusading against the new bureaucracy I hope Lord Hewart will level his shafts at the right people. They do not sit in Government offices. They sit on the Treasury bench and on both sides of the House of Commons. It is Parliament which is converting our servants into our masters.

The WRONG

SIR WILLIAM HORWOOD, in his annual report, tells the world that every murderer who had taken life during the year covered by the report had been brought to book. Not one had succeeded in making good his getaway.

Mr. A. F. Holt

I don't desire to crab the boast or to belittle the achievement, although I must confess that I do not find cause for wonder when all the forces centred in and represented by Scotland Yard succeed in placing a murderer in the dock and on the trap. There would be real cause for wonder if they failed.

But what I wish to point out is that there are other crimes than murder; there are other detective forces, many hundreds of them, besides the one which has as its headquarters the "Yard," and the successes of the detective forces throughout the country, so far as crimes other than murder are concerned, are probably less than one in every two. Every day there are crimes committed the perpetrators of which are not discovered or, where known, not arrested. Every year sees an amazing number of offences committed for which no one is ever brought to book.

Indeed, it would seem that a large proportion of the successes with which detectives generally are credited are due either to the fact that the offender has taken his jug to the well once too often, or they are due to "information received." That is to say that very many of the successes are due not so much to able detective work as to the activities of the "copper's nark."

A MAN who, having broken the law, keeps well outside the orbit of the "nark," has a good chance of getting away with it unless there is a sensational side to the offence and the newspapers come to the aid of the police.

I have talked with detectives at police-stations, police-courts, assize courts and courts of Quarter Sessions, and it has never struck me that the level of intelligence was high enough for the peculiarly difficult business of crime detection.

That is not the fault of the men. They are as they were made. But it is the fault of a system which ordains that a man cannot be a detective

IT MIGHT HAPPEN to YOU, TOO !

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE acquittal of Mrs. Pace after weeks of delay raises issues of such grave importance that it is difficult to see how a drastic overhauling of the law can be long delayed.

There has rarely been in our criminal history a more humiliating *débâcle* for the Crown. Rarely, if ever, is the Crown case so weak and so ill-founded that the jury is not only not called upon to hear the defence, but is actually instructed by the judge to return a verdict of " Not guilty."

The history of that trial is known to all the world, but it is just as well that the world should be reminded of the very questionable circumstances that gave rise to the trial.

The coroner's inquest on the death of Harry Pace ended in the jury returning a verdict of " Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." That is the usual verdict of a coroner's jury. It had decided on the cause of death, and with that its duties had ended.

But the coroner, Mr. Maurice Carter, would have none of it. He told them that if they thought further investigations were necessary they would have to indict some particular person. The jury thereupon revised its verdict, and point-blank accused Mrs. Pace.

How ill-founded the accusation was was seen when Mr. Norman Birkett, her counsel, bluntly submitted that there was no case at all to go to the jury, and was instantly supported by Mr. Justice Horridge.

Archaic survival

I relate these facts again, because they bring up in very cogent form not only the futility but the positive danger of allowing the outworn office of coroner to continue.

If a coroner can cause accusations of that kind to be slung about, who is safe ? And why should it be possible for a coroner to do as this one did, and have a long interview with Scotland Yard and the local police officials before even the inquest was opened ?

The fact is that there is little or no justification to-day for continuing this survival from the past. There is no reason at all why in the event of a suspicious death the matter should not be investigated promptly by an official of the Home Office, leaving any further investigations to Scotland Yard.

Amazing position

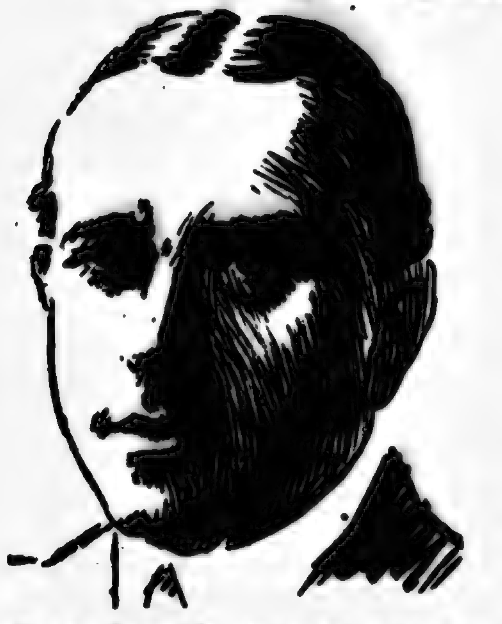
It is a little difficult to see precisely what purpose the coroner serves to-day. The police both can and do act independently of him, and, if it comes to that, they have got along very well without the coroner in Scotland, where the Procurator Fiscal does all that is needed.

I cannot imagine what purpose Mr. Carter thought he was serving in practically forcing the jury to name a definite person as being guilty of this murder, since it is the invariable custom for police investigation to follow an open verdict at a coroner's inquest.

But not the least amazing aspect of this amazing case is that, despite the complete acquittal of Mrs. Pace at her trial, Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney-General, coolly informs us that the coroner's verdict of wilful murder against her must stand. If that is not an outrage on human equity there is no meaning in the English language.

It is no good Sir Thomas Inskip taking refuge in the lame excuse that he has no power to quash a coroner's verdict. His business is to seek such power immediately.

The second question raised by this case is equally important, though a little more difficult. Mrs. Pace, who has been under police surveillance since January 10, subjected to severe examination by Scotland Yard officers, the victim of a protracted coroner's enquiry, arrested on a charge of murder, kept in prison for a lengthy period, undergoing all the terrors of a trial for her life, has, now that the case against her has ignominiously collapsed, no shred of title to compensation of any sort or description.



Mr. Maurice Carter, the coroner who presided over the Pace inquest

I am not going to say that the charge against Mrs. Pace was recklessly brought. I do not know exactly what ground the authorities thought they had for the proceedings they saw fit to take against her. That they were founded on nothing has been abundantly proved.

No sense of decency

It is not good for the peace of mind of the ordinary citizen if a woman like this can be subjected to all this terror and ignominy and at the end of it be left to stew in her own juice.

" There has been no departure from the ordinary course of the administration of justice," says Sir Thomas Inskip. " In these circumstances it is most undesirable in the interests of justice generally that any proposal for compensation in this case should be entertained."

Remembering that a payment of £500 was made to Major Murray when he was wrongfully arrested on a much less serious charge, I am not surprised that Mr. Purcell, the Member of Parliament who raised the funds for the defence of Mrs. Pace, wanted to know if there was really no sense of decency on the part of the Government.

It is not a comforting thought that you or I, or any of us, could be arrested and taken through the whole horrible mill of the judicial machine, and, being proved innocent, left without any title to compensation.

I do not in the least impugn the sincerity of the police, but I do not see that because a very fine body of men may be presumed to be sincere they need therefore be left without any check on their actions.

Two things needed

It would be no bad thing if the Crown knew that it stood in no different relation to members of the public than those people stand to one another. If a member of the public brings a baseless charge against another person, the person so charged can bring an action for libel and, should he prove the charge to be baseless, obtain considerable monetary compensation.

Why should the Crown be immune when it can hurl so serious a charge as that of " murder" at a person ? Why should it be immune from damages should that, the most terrible of all charges, prove to be baseless ?

The questions raised by the acquittal of Mrs. Pace cannot possibly be left where they are, and I am certain that I am merely putting into print the thoughts of every decent-minded man and woman in the country when I say that the two things that are urgently needed are a stringent enquiry into the utility and necessity of the coroner and the question of some safeguards being imposed on those who have it in their power to wreck an innocent life.

D" MEASURE

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

unless he is a certain height in his stockinged feet and has a certain chest expansion. Brawn is essential.

Now, it is a fact known to everyone with the intelligence of a gnat that we often find brawn without brains; we often find brains without brawn; but brains *and* brawn do not keep each other company quite so often as one would wish.

YET the brainy fellows at the head of affairs insist that detectives must be drawn from the ranks of the police force; and it is necessary for police constables to be strong in the body, whatever the strength of their heads may be, simply because they are often called upon to do work which demands, above anything else, physical strength.

Brawn is *not* essential to crime detection. Brains certainly are. Yet the authorities in their wisdom place brawn first and brains second. If a modern Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte or Nelson made application for enlistment in our detective forces his application would be dropped into the waste-paper basket.

Had the ambition of Lloyd George been to become a detective officer instead of an officer of the Supreme Court he would have been a disappointed man. So with H. G. Wells, the man with the liveliest brain and the most fertile imagination in Britain.

So with a thousand others who have made good with their brains; yet one occasionally drops across detectives who have got the physique all right, but who are, apparently, solid ivory from the eyebrows up.

The system ought to be altered. The fact that a detective has to serve first in the police-force handicaps him. By reason of that service he smells of the police a mile away, and his very appearance is a warning to anyone who has reason to fear the law.

There is no reason why the detective force should not be made to attract the best brains and personalities in the country. Indeed, there is every reason why it should.

IT is no great credit to the country that a profession which demands brains should be deliberately denied them by stupid red tape.

Men ought to be recruited direct for the detective force—a course in crime detection could follow—and in examining the recruits they ought to be measured, not from the feet upwards, but from the eyebrows upwards. Brains ought to come before brawn. There would then be fewer unpunished offenders about.

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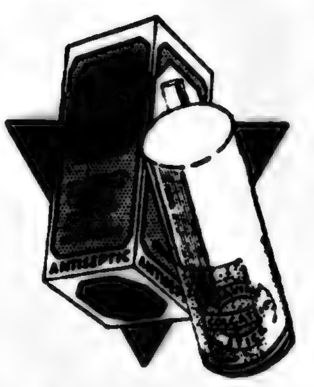

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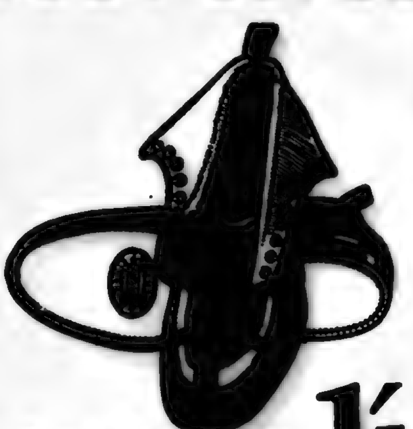

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SECRET EXECUTIONS: Disquieting Revelation

by E. ROY CALVERT

THERE are people who defend the death penalty still. "For especially brutal murders," said a man to me, "I would also give a dose of the 'cat' before hanging."

Most defenders of the death penalty have not such strong stomachs. Indeed, very few people know what they would be taking on if they had to do their own dirty work.

A judge says, "You will be hanged by the neck until you are dead," without suspecting that this old-fashioned arrangement of words may be a literal description of what will be done to the man he sentences.

It is only right that he who defends the death penalty should know exactly to what he is putting his name.

A prison governor has told us that he felt like a murderer; a prison doctor has described an execution as an outrage on his personal and professional feelings; a chaplain has called it a nightmare.

One chief warder was ill for over a year following a recent execution, and another, haunted by memories, actually committed suicide. Even an executioner recently attempted to take his own life.

Unpublished horrors

There is no reason why we should accept the official assurance that "the execution was expeditious and carried out without a hitch." The words are part of a Home Office formula issued to prevent prison governors from giving any real information at the inquest.

After an execution at Lincoln in January of this year the governor of the prison said: "I am not allowed to say how long elapsed between Pierrepoint entering the cell and the drop. It is laid down that no record of that shall be taken."

With great reluctance he admitted finally that the body remained hanging for an hour—the regulation time.

"It is better to draw a veil over these things," says Sir William Joynson-Hicks. But is it? These things are done in the people's name and they have a right to know what happens.

The Aberdare report of 1886-88, to which I will now refer, brought to light such horrors that it was not published, and secret instructions are now issued to prison officials to prevent details of these atrocities from becoming public.

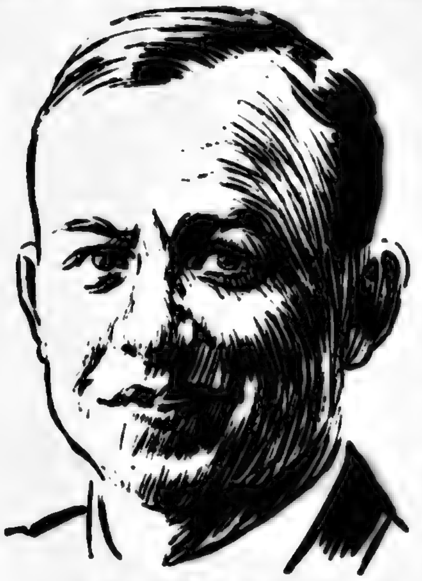
Doctors' admissions

In 1886, following a series of horrible "accidents," where owing to drunkenness or inefficiency of executioners prisoners were slowly strangled and with barbarous cruelty, a committee of enquiry was set up under the chairmanship of Lord Aberdare.

Leonard Ward, the chief warder at Newgate, who had attended every execution there for twenty years, stated that when Calcraft was the executioner he used a short drop and he did not remember a single instance where the man's neck was broken; all were strangled.

Dr. John Rowland Gibson, F.R.C.S., surgeon of Newgate, said that with this method "there was great effort at respiration, they used to bring all their muscles into play to breathe, their shoulders would be heaved up in a most violent manner and frequently their arms would move; of course, they were pinioned. A quick death was scarcely known."

Dr. James Barr, of Kirkdale Jail, stated that he knew of two asphyxiation deaths where death had been very prolonged.



Mr. E. Roy Calvert

Dr. Barr added:

"We had a female prisoner under sentence of death on one occasion, with regard to whom I was very much afraid. In her case the risk of decapitation would have been so great that I would have been inclined to run the risk of asphyxia rather than decapitation, but she was reprieved."

Death agonies

A Dr. Marshall who attended an execution "*which was carried out exactly as in other cases,*" *and concerning which Berry the hangman testified that death had been instantaneous*, reported as follows:

"I descended immediately into the pit where I found the pulse beating at the rate of eighty to the minute, the wretched man struggling desperately to get his arms and hands free. I came to this conclusion from the intense muscular action in the forearms and hands; contractions not continuous but spasmodic; not regular but renewed in different directions and with desperation.

"From these signs I did not anticipate a placid expression on the countenance and, I regret to say, my fears were confirmed. On removing the white cap I found the eyes starting from the sockets, the tongue protruded and the face exhibiting unmistakable evidence of intense agony."

Asked whether there was then consciousness and sensation he repli "I am of that opinion most di tinctly."

In its report Lord Aberdare's com mittee agreed that the evidence the had examined proved death b strangulation to involve at least one three minutes of intense suffering "and the appearance of inten suffering for a much longer period."

If the drop was lengthened to ens rupture of the spinal cord the dang of decapitation was great: "a resu indeed not involving pain to th culprit, but revolting in itself a affecting the public imagination."

"However, we are of the opinion tha the condition of the culprit is such as suggest, on the one hand, the risk of d capitation, or, on the other hand, pa needlessly prolonged, we have no hesit tion in saying that the risk of decapitati should be incurred. We have a we grounded hope that by a careful o servance of the precaution suggested i this report decapitations will be of e treme rarity."

Secret instruction

In the very year the report w submitted, Robert Upton's head w torn nearly off at Oxford, and similar comment on the Commi sioners' "well-grounded hope" o curred at Kirkdale prison three yea later at the execution of John Conw

If such accidents occur to-day th are not heard of.

At the trial, under the Offici Secrets Act, in 1926, of the late Maj Wallace Blake, ex-Governor of Pe tonville, Mr. Roland Oliver, K.C read the following extract from secret Home Office instruction t prison governors, dated January 1 1925:

"Any reference to the manner in wh an execution has been carried out shou be confined to as few words as possible *e.g.*, 'It was carried out expeditiously a without a hitch.'

"No record should be taken as to th number of seconds and, if pressed f details of this kind, the governor sho say he cannot give them as he did n time the proceedings, but 'a very sho interval elapsed' or some general e pression of opinion to the same effect."

Subsequently Sir W. Joyns Hicks, the Home Secretary, stated the House of Commons that "O does not want to give more deta than are necessary; and it is pref able to draw a veil over these cases."

Frightening secrecy

We may be certain that the offici now make every effort to av accidents, but the Home Secretary anxiety for secrecy is frightening.

The Home Office regulati prevent the disclosure of wh happens in the hanging-sheds. capital punishment is to remain the Statute Book the commun must know what it entails. It known what ghastly things happe in the past. The Home Office m prove they no longer occur to-day.

• • •

"The Wizard Talks"—Don't miss th's sensational feature in "The People" next Sunday.

The Government must SIGN—*or* RESIGN!

by WILFRED WELLOCK, M.P.

THE fact is startling, and cannot be gainsaid, that in the whole course of human history no change in thought has been so thorough and complete, or so widespread, as that which has taken place in the world's attitude towards the question of war during the present decade.

The one subject upon which one can speak with a certainty of achieving unanimity, upon the public platforms of every country, is that of world peace and the complete abolition of war.

No one, except a few Government officials here and there, was alarmed by the Russian disarmament proposals, whilst the people of every country have joyfully welcomed the Kellogg proposal to outlaw war.

Indeed, I think it is highly significant that the two States which stand farthest apart as regards economic structure, industrial and political method, the United States of America and Russia, should constitute the vanguard in the march of the nations towards world peace.

The people's belief

The trouble at present is with the Governments, who, unfortunately, have not travelled as quickly on this issue of war and peace as have the people they are supposed to represent.

It is our task to bring them up to the scratch and make them realise that the people are demanding total disarmament and world peace, and believe such to be immediately possible.

It is not surprising, therefore, that immediately following the Russian disarmament proposals should come the Kellogg proposal to outlaw war. It is to be questioned if more far-reaching proposals have ever been made by one country to another.

My only regret in regard to the Kellogg proposal is that it was not made by a British Government.

In my view the Kellogg proposal was exactly the kind of step to be taken at this time.

Its purpose, as I conceive it, is to clear the way for a more vigorous disarmament policy and a bolder use of the League of Nations, one that would get rid of the need for sanctions and thus make it possible for America to join the League.

Securing peace

The proposal is stated in three articles, the last of which deals with machinery.

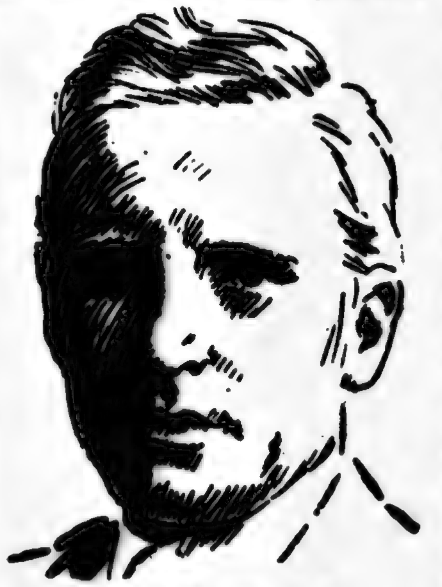
As regards the important first two articles, what strikes me most is their beautiful simplicity and downrightness. The language carries us back to the Pilgrim Fathers.

One hears again a voice that one believed had become silent for ever, the voice of William Penn as he read out to the Red Indian tribes the terms of peace which he made with such wonderful success nearly three hundred years ago. These two articles are worth pondering:

Article 1.—The high contracting parties solemnly declare, in the name of their respective peoples, that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

Article 2.—The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.

It will be seen at once that the object of these articles is to clear the air and lay down basic principles upon which the peace of the world might be permanently secured.



Wilfred Wellock, M.P.

In the very nature of things they must be accepted in their entirety or rejected. Modified they are worthless; subjected to a single reservation their value is destroyed.

Hindering conditions

Sir Austen Chamberlain's reply to the Kellogg proposal to outlaw war has aroused the indignation of every sincere worker for peace throughout the country, and raised an issue upon which the people will claim the right to be heard.

Under the pretence of acquiescence, conditions have been laid down which brand this country as an enemy of peace.

In the struggle towards world peace Great Britain has so far played a none too glorious part. On the very occasion when the Foreign Secretary, in the House of Commons, welcomed the Kellogg proposal, he also defended the sending of an ultimatum and warships to Egypt.

Moreover, it was Lord Cushendun who led the attack upon the Russian disarmament proposals at Geneva.

For several months France and American had been discussing proposals to outlaw war. France took a daring line at first, and then began to retreat.

* * *

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Rather than give way, Kellogg thought he would make his proposal more simple and thorough and bring into the scheme the principal commercial nations. He hoped thereby to give France confidence.

Germany was willing to accept the proposal without reservation. But what about Britain? Here was a chance for Britain to lead.

But Chamberlain threw away his chance and came down on the side of France. He has undoubtedly killed the proposal for the time being, for it would be a calamity if his conditions should be accepted.

Amazing assertion

What are those conditions? I will mention four, any one of which would be fatal to the proposal.

He joins with France in claiming that the right of self-defence shall be safeguarded. In view of the fact that every nation can explain its intervention in every war in terms of self-defence, it will at once be seen how absurd this condition is.

The second condition refers to the military obligations involved in treaties already in existence, and made under the ægis of the League of Nations, which the Government regard as "fundamental."

One would have thought that the Kellogg proposals, once accepted, would have changed the entire basis of peace agreements between the nations. If they are not to affect existing treaties and relations of what use are they?

Perhaps the most amazing condition of all is that which asserts that "there are certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety."

Were this contention to be accepted, and it were laid down that there are areas in the world where we, and perhaps America also, have special protective rights and war prerogatives, what an impossible situation would arise!

Destructive discord

The Kellogg proposals would thus be the instrument of dividing the whole world into armed camps.

Finally, there is that cryptic paragraph about the difficulty of including certain "States whose Governments have not yet been universally recognised, and some which are scarcely in a position to ensure the maintenance of good order and security within their territories."

This veiled hint to keep Russia outside the scope of the proposals is completely out of harmony with their fundamental purpose.

Rather than proceed with the discussions on these conditions it were far better to let the matter rest in abeyance until a Government comes into power which possesses a glimmering of understanding of what the country and the times demand.

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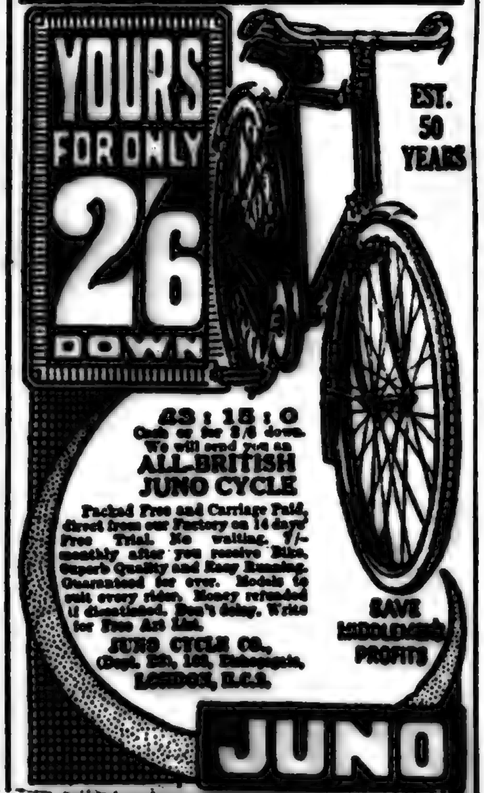

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In Sunshine Ward

The WOMAN *who defied* DEATH

by PHILIP INMAN

MRS. EVELYN came into the hospital to die. "It's one in a million that she will recover," said her doctor when he made application for a bed for her.

And so it seemed. This woman was suffering from a peculiar kind of kidney disease which usually has only one end.

She had not been a patient long before the tragic truth dawned upon her. "Harry," she sobbed to the sad-faced man who stood by her bedside, "it isn't true; tell me it isn't true."

He looked at her tenderly for a moment and then he bent down and kissed her brow.

"My dear," he whispered, "oh! my dear!" And like a man demented he turned his head and walked blindly out of the ward.

An hour later a Roman Catholic padre was sitting by the side of Mrs. Evelyn. In words of divine tenderness he breathed his message of consolation. His visit was not in vain.

In that woman's soul resignation took the place of rebellion. Through her unshed tears she smiled her gratitude. "Thank you, father," she whispered; "I feel better about it now."

Some way out

Then suddenly the whole scene changed. In that hospital ward the cry of a child rang out.

When Mrs. Evelyn heard it the colour mounted to her pale face and her eyes became strangely excited. "Baby," she called, "I'm here."

And a little boy of two or three, with fair curly hair and blue eyes, toddled up to her bedside. Hungrily that woman fed her eyes upon him. Her face became hard and set. The look of rebellion returned.

With words of cold precision she turned to the priest.

"Tell me," she insisted, "tell me, would you be willing to die and leave behind you a child like this?"

The eyes of that man were moist as he placed his hand on that woman's head. "I know, my child," he said, "it isn't easy. But some way out will be found, depend upon it."

That "way out" was very different from what might have been expected. Three days later Mrs. Evelyn became a widow. Her husband fell from some scaffolding whilst at work and he lived only a few hours.

Condemned and reprieved

For a time the tragic news was kept from her, but when visiting day came and her husband did not arrive, Mrs. Evelyn started to worry. "Something has happened, I know," she moaned.

"What is to be done?" asked the nurse anxiously. The doctor shook his head. "It's difficult," he said, "she may linger for weeks; she ought to be told."

So very gently the news was broken to her. "Harry gone," she murmured dazedly, "my Harry dead."

Then from the depths of that woman's soul rang out this cry of anguish. "Baby, my baby, what will become of my baby?"

And as though in answer to that heart-broken plea, came the sound of a little child's voice outside, "I want my Mummy."

It was the next day that I saw a resolute expression on the face of Mrs. Evelyn. "I'm not going to die," she said, and her voice rang with confidence. The Sister drew me on one side.

"Mrs. Evelyn had a bad night," she told me, "but early this morning she dropped off to sleep. She awoke with a start and said she had dreamt that she was well again. She calls it a good omen," went on the sister, "but though her spirits are high to-day, she's dreadfully ill."

Philip Inman

• • •

By every known medical precept Mrs. Evelyn by now ought to be dead. But she still lives, and though she is not "out of the wood," she is certainly a good deal better.

When I saw her a day or two ago she repeated her faith in her ultimate complete recovery.

"The doctors condemned me to death," she said with a smile, "but God has reprieved me."

The Sentence of the Court

BOTHEREM *and* GATHEREM

Semi-Civil Servitude

ASKED how he pleaded to a charge of employing sweated labour, Mr. A. M. Samuel, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, said he must have notice of the question.

"Even if this Court favoured the circumlocutory tactics of the House of Commons and the accused read a written reply prepared by his bureaucratic mentors," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "I doubt if the jury would be any more enlightened than ordinary citizens are by the Ministerial mutterings which are a feature of question time.

"Questions regarding the case which forms the basis of this charge have, indeed, already been asked in the House and, as usual, the answer was in the evasive.

"So the jury must decide for themselves whether a man who collects £1,100,000 of income-tax annually and is paid at the rate of a sixth-of-a-penny in the pound is or is not a sweated worker.

"Disclosures during the hearing of a charge of falsifying accounts brought against a London tax-collector showed that this was the rate at which he was remunerated, and out of his princely salary of £750 a year he had to pay a staff and incidental expenses.

"If our Mr. Samuel were our 'Uncle' Samuel he could not drive a harder bargain. Nor must it be supposed that sweated tax-collectors make things easier for sweated taxpayers, since a failure by the Government to pay proper 'screws' means that the 'screw' is applied to taxpayers by the bother 'em and gather 'em brigade.

"Our whole system of tax collecting calls for reform. Payment should be made direct to the Inland Revenue Department and not to seedy middlemen to whom the work of collecting has been handed by bureaucratic muddlemen."

• • •

Mr. Strawsplitter said that the amount which passed through the hands of a particular collector was no indication of the difficulty of his work. If it were argued that a tax-collector should be paid in proportion to the sum he collects, Mr. Churchill, who dredges millions from the pockets of citizens, should receive a stipend equal to the combined incomes of Mary Pickford and the Duke of Northumberland.

• • •

"It is a sound business principle," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that men handling large sums should be paid on a scale which robs them of any excuse for pleading poverty in mitigation of dishonesty. In other parts of the Empire income-tax is paid to Civil servants enjoying regular salaries and security of tenure.

"The result is that they neither behave like half-baked bailiffs nor cadge for odd jobs like half-time paupers. Our own tax-collectors are neither Civil servants nor private citizens, many having to spend half their time as tax-gatherers and the other half as insurance or house-agency touts.

"Their clerks are even worse off, and the confidential information they obtain this week may be passed on to a taxpayer's business rival from whom they obtain a job next week.

"There is no more reason for farming out the collection of income-tax than there would be for doing the same with revenue duties.

"The only explanation I can offer for the present untidy system is that it enables the Government to bamboozle us regarding the actual growth of our bloated bureaucracy, by failing to include in its ranks a number of semi-detached collectors who should be Civil servants but are not so classified.

"As the prisoner asked for notice to enable him to frame a reply to this charge, I have no objection to giving him 'time'—to the tune of six months."

• • •

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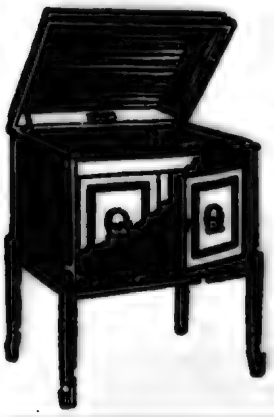

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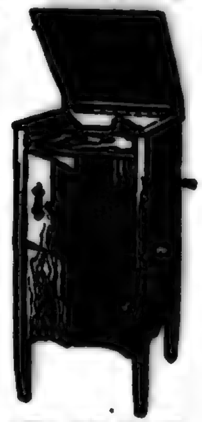

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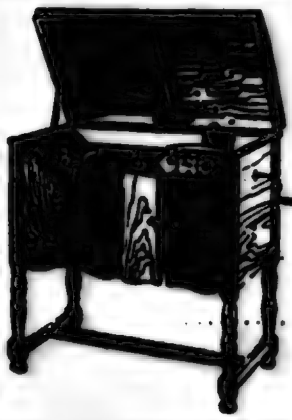

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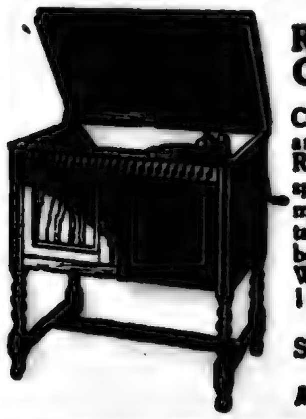

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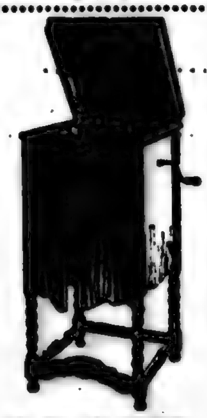

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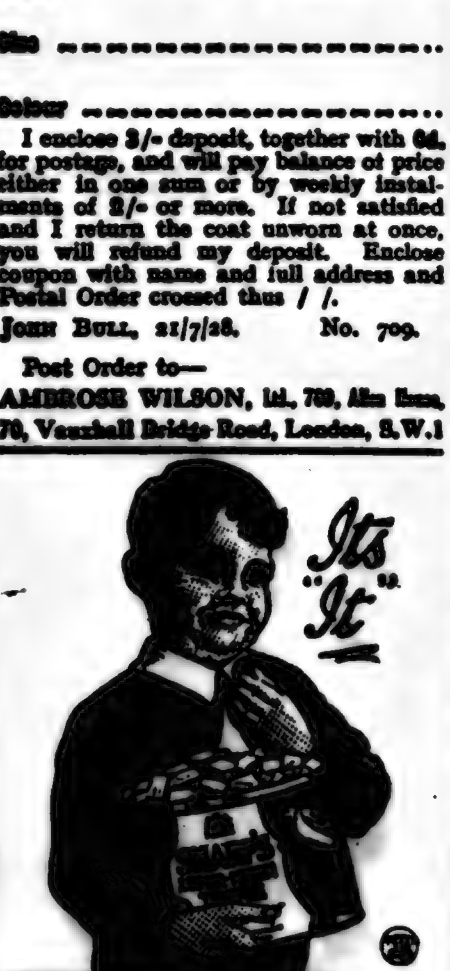


Words Winged to Women

SAVIOURS of the STREETS

by MABEL HORNER

THE principle that the "law is not made for the righteous, but for the lawless and disobedient," still holds good. Whether we in this country are making the best use of the law in the protection of women, girls and children is far more open to question

THE other day a poor distraught girl in domestic service wrote to me from a town in the north. Her story was sordid and pitiful. I wish I could say that it was uncommon.

With all a pretty girl's longing for male admiration and romantic adventure, she had attracted the notice of a man slightly older than herself.

He was a commercial traveller. He promptly made love to my young correspondent. Since he was often in the town they began to "walk out" together. He was always in her company when opportunity offered. He made the most ardent professions of affection.

Naturally enough, as this went on month after month, she considered herself engaged. As a consequence, she found herself likely to become a mother. She waited with eagerness for her lover's next visit to the town in order to confide her condition.

Now she finds that he totally repudiates responsibility. He declared it was not "his affair." He wasn't always on the spot! He was, in fact, "properly engaged" to a girl in his home town and arrangements were well on the way for their marriage!

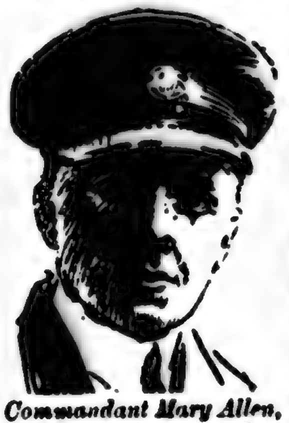
Now, friendless young servant girls in similar plight have little chance of bringing scoundrels such as this to book. They have no money. They find parenthood difficult to prove. To expect them to bring "witnesses" is by the nature of the case absurd.

Knew who would help

Many girls have solved the whole bunch of difficulties by committing suicide. My young correspondent was made of more sensible stuff. She faced facts and saw her present burden too heavy to bear without help. She saw her future darkened by a coming handicap.

But she did not write, as so many in her situation do, to ask my advice, and that is why I am quoting her case now.

She merely asked me to put her into touch with the head of the Women Police in London, "because she knew they would help her and advise her how to get her living when she was well again, without having to part with her baby for good and all."


Commandant Mary Allen, Chief of the Women's Auxiliary Service

Many tributes have been offered to the British Women Police, but never one that more touched the heart than this. The certainty, that has not been disappointed, of this poor lassie that the women police were just the officers to help her was based on sound instinct.

Women police *do* help women and girls, and protect little children. They even prevent endless tragedies of this sort coming about.

Why, then, have we so few women police still in the country? Why is it left to Watch Committees and Chief Constables to say whether they shall or shall not be employed? Why are some towns still without women police? And why, when women police are employed, is their status lower than that of men?

In Salford there have been so many assaults on little children that a force of Park Rangers has been employed to patrol the parks and safeguard the little children. Of all people, one would have thought that women police were the only fit and proper persons to perform this duty.

The organised women of Salford have repeatedly urged their appointment the job. The Watch Committee appointed six men!

In Glasgow the gang menace grown to such proportions that lights break out in the streets and and women are often injured.

There are more than a score young hooligans in Glasgow, whose purpose in life—needless to say, they unemployed—is to cause trouble. gang has a following of young girls, travel about with them, and encour them in every kind of violence.

Lasting disgrace

The police are formulating plans put this trouble down. I affirm that, far as the girls in the nuisance are cerned, it would never have arisen Glasgow been wise in time and appoint a sufficient number of women police.

We are lagging behind other countr in this matter. In America the wom police are attested; they have pay equ to men police and they are eligible pension. In Prussia, Baden, Saxony Hamburg the women police are attested; they are pensionable and the pay is equal to that of men.

In Holland all women police, enrol as "children's police," are attest pensionable, and have pay equal men.

And still in Great Britain we ha to beg humbly and pray at the doors high and mighty men chiefs to ha a few women appointed in the interes of women and girls. The North Rid of Yorkshire "refused" to have them.

Only eighty of the 150 employed attested and pensionable, and the p is below that of men police.

Here is a job for the newly enfranchised women at the next election. they do not see to it that women police, on equal terms to men police, are everywhere employed, it will be to the lasting shame and disgrace.

The BIRTHDAY FISH

When "John Bull" *Doesn't Care*

BIRTHDAYS are the common heritage of men. There was nothing unusual in the fact of Mr. Coolidge, President of the United States, having a birthday the other day.

It was, however, the first time he had enjoyed a fifty-sixth birthday, so he celebrated it in a new and unusual way. He went out with his angling tackle and caught two fine trout with one cast.

Two fine fish with one cast is exactly what JOHN BULL offers to every reader who takes the trouble to register and place a regular order with a newsagent.

The paper alone is packed with the best possible reading obtainable for twopence. But the Free Insurance Scheme is an extra. It is, in fact, the second trout every reader may land with the same twopence.

No limitation

Nor does JOHN BULL care how readers spend the cheques received. JOHN BULL does not tie a string to gifts! Some of the purposes to which they are applied are very touching.

"I shall buy boots all round for us all," wrote Mrs. A. Francis, of 4, River Street, Trehafod, when she received help after sustaining loss by flood.

"I should never have been able to do it but for JOHN BULL's kindness. Now these boots will save my little ones from illness. Times are so hard that we cannot possibly buy boots out of wages."

Yes, times are hard, and they are made even more tragic by the overcrowding that induces epidemic illness. Only those with enormous letter-bags, such as JOHN BULL is privileged each day to open, can realise the ravages epidemic illness is making in the country.

JOHN BULL is constantly sending help to readers whose homes have been smitten by the dreaded scourge, smallpox.

When Mrs. J. J. Medd, of 23, Colne Street, Middlesbrough, fell sick with it, her husband, being a registered reader, claimed and received benefit. Most unhappily, however, Mrs. Medd had barely recovered when she again fell sick with an infectious illness, this time diptheria.

JOHN BULL did not care that already one cheque had been received by this family. Prompt help was sent a second time to aid Mrs. Medd.

Smallpox attacked other homes—that of Mr. T. E. Weston, of 7, Boiston Road, Worcester, when his wife fell sick; that of Mrs. Thomas, of 1, Dare Street, Aberdare, when her husband was the victim; and that of Mr. H. Jones, of 11, Gwas Terrace, Cwmtillery, when Mrs. Jones was laid aside.

Sunshine let in

Mr. Jones says: "I tell you some of the sunshine we often read about in JOHN BULL came right into my home with that cheque, for by its help my wife managed fully to recover."

Similar was the case of Mr. E. Moody, of 108, Ings Lane, Castleford, whose wife contracted smallpox, and Mr. and Mrs. Hatherick, of 2, Balfour Street, Blyth, who both had smallpox. Mr. Hatherick speaks for all when he says:

"I am more than grateful for the money and the promptitude. I recommend JOHN BULL to every one, for not only are its pages instructive, but it is a real good friend in time of need."

In other words, like President Coolidge, when they catch the second fish readers can smile amid their troubles.

* * *

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH £1,000?—Don't wait to think that out—think out a good "Bullet" instead. Somebody must win that £1,000 on page 35.

IDEAL MILK
FULL CREAM
IDEAL BRAND
IDEAL
UNSWEETENED
NESTLE'S PRODUCT

WITH PEACHES

Ideal Milk is at its best with peaches, and peaches are at their best with Ideal Milk. Ideal Milk is rich country milk condensed to the consistency of cream.

"IDEAL" MILK

Unsweetened

PREPARED BY NESTLÉ'S IN ENGLAND

FROM JUST HERE

The Best Cuts are known as "Sailor" Salmon Slice. "Sailor" Salmon Slice is canned in sealed cans, preserving all the freshness and goodness of the fish immediately it is caught.

Sailor Salmon Slice

STRAIGHT TO HERE

Open the can and a perfect meal is ready.

SAILOR Salmon SLICE

ANGUS WATSON & Co., LIMITED, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

'I own I'm hard to please, Mum!'

"All my friends say 'Mrs. Rawlins is faddy.' And I own it. If I'm doing white things I must have them as white as will nearly dazzle you. And I get it with Reckitt's Blue in my rinsing water. It must be that, Mum, which has made me take so to Robin Starch. It puts such a finish on everything. It's an easy starch—you've got the gloss in it and it makes your iron glide. But it's the finish it gives that pleases me. Reckitt's Blue for white things and Robin for making every thing come up fine."

ROBIN Starch

RECKITT & SONS, LTD. HULL AND LONDON

VARICOSE VEINS VANQUISHED

Marvellous Success of "Spiralese" Treatment

THE surgical operation for the removal of varicose veins frequently results only in aggravating the affection and gives no relief. The only satisfactory remedy is the wearing of perfectly-fitting supports. In the early stages this frequently has a very beneficial effect in reducing the veins, and all pain and inconvenience is avoided. In the later periods such supports become essential for securing any degree of comfort and to avoid the serious danger of bursting veins. Our 20 years' experience in treating varicose veins proves the undoubted superiority of "Spiralese" over ordinary Elastic Hosiery, Bandages, or any other kind of support. You can measure yourself and we guarantee to fit you properly, a point which is of the utmost importance. "Spiralese," being seamless, are almost invisible under silk stockings.

Send for free booklet, describing "Spiralese" Seamless Supports.

WEAR "SPIRALESE" SEAMLESS SUPPORTS.

BEASLEY SURGICAL APPLIANCES

Dept. 88, 26, Charing Cross Road, W.C. 2.

Free Consultations without obligation and personal measurements by qualified Male and Female Fitters at above address, or at:

49, King St., Manchester; 117, Dale End, Birmingham; and 158, Sauchiehall St., Glasgow.

TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD

the exact quantity of Custard Powder must be used. To ensure this we have produced a 4½d. carton, of Foster Clark's Custard containing 6 separate pint packets; each containing the exact quantity to make a pint Custard to perfection.

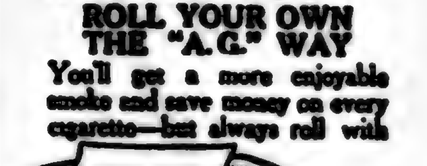
Foster Clark's Cream Custard

It's in your own hands

to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a "gasper."

ROLL YOUR OWN THE "A.G." WAY

You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with



AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The *BEST* the world produces.

Human Documents

SACRED TRUST *ABUSED*

Grasping Landlord—A Risky Step—Defiant Daughter

***PROBLEMS** that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.*

"I AM a young married man with a family to support. Three years ago my grandmother begged us to live with her as she was old and infirm and was unable to prevail upon any other member of the family to do so.

"Her daughter, my mother, having a husband and family, was not free, so I consulted with my wife and we decided to look after the old lady.

"My grandmother was bedridden and ill for three years, during which time both my wife and I did our utmost to ensure the happiness and comfort of the poor old soul, despite the terrible struggle in the accomplishment.

"Moreover, I was not receiving a penny-piece from the children towards her support.

"Eight months ago the old lady died, and about three weeks prior to her death I was compelled to ask my mother to take turns with my wife and myself in nursing her, as it was becoming more than we could manage.

"Two weeks after my grandmother's death my mother brought my two brothers here who were unemployed, and they have been here ever since. The task of providing them with free meals has fallen to my lot and they are not even grateful.

"My grandmother not long prior to her death made a will, whereby my mother should have the house and I was to get the furniture, with the exception of a few valuable pieces which were to go to my mother and subsequently to myself at her death.

"My mother refused to prove the will, which is quite in order and fully attested. Now she is going to break up the home and sell the house.

"Not only this, but as I have a sister who is shortly to marry, my mother proposes giving her the furniture which is rightly mine to furnish her future home.

"Will you please advise me what is my best course to adopt? After breaking up my original home in order to care for a bedridden old lady, my own mother is about to turn my wife and myself with our little ones into the streets if we are unsuccessful in securing accommodation in good time."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your story is very distressing. Without seeing a copy of the will it is impossible to advise you definitely, but if your mother has only the use of certain furniture during her lifetime and she proposes to dispose of it, you should certainly consult a solicitor with a view to protecting your interests and to compel your mother to prove the will. Her attitude towards her dead mother's last wishes calls for severe rebuke.*

• • •

Modern Shylock

"I AM a widow. Two years ago my mother and I, with four of my children, took rooms with an old man of sixty-eight. The rooms were advertised as unfurnished, but this man has since described them as part-furnished.

"The arrangement was that I should pay 12s. a week and at the same time do the entire work of the house, including everything the old man required in the way of personal mending and washing.

"We had not been there many months when my daughter married and, of course, left. Not long afterwards my mother moved away.

"Finances were rather low, so one of my sons came to live with us in order to help matters. The old man consented to the arrangement on the understanding that I paid another 3s. a week, thus making 15s. for rent, I still performing all household duties as before.

"Unfortunately, my son became unemployed and the rent fell two weeks in arrears, whereupon my landlord sent me a lawyer's letter and also notice to quit in a fortnight.

"It is impossible with three young children of school age to find other accommodation so quickly.

"My landlord is only paying a weekly rental of 5s. 10d., which, combined with rates, totals 8s. 4d.; therefore, he is not only living rent free, but is getting the work of his house done for nothing as well as being waited upon.

"He now informs us, however, that he is willing to overlook the arrears, which I was paying off at the rate of 1s. per week, if I will give him some dinner each day. If I continue with this arrangement can he still turn us out, as I have nowhere to go?"

"HUMANIST" says: *You cannot be turned out without an order of the court, but if you can possibly acquire other accommodation I think you will not only be happier, but in pocket also. The present is a very one-sided arrangement.*

• • •

Belated Recompense

"EIGHT years ago, while employed as a barmaid in a Scottish hotel, I met a young man, and it was not long before I was accompanying him to theatres and cinemas.

"Ultimately we formed the habit of taking tea together in my room. Alas! we loved not wisely, but too well, and soon I discovered I was to bear him a child.

"My lover expressed obvious displeasure on learning the fact and insinuated that I was very considerably to blame.

"Eventually, however, he told me he intended to marry me and fixed a date for the marriage, which would have been three months prior to the birth of my baby.

"Just at this time an extra barmaid was engaged, to whom my lover paid very decided attention, and just a month before our wedding was to take place, his sister called and said he had married this girl and they had both sailed for Canada.

"Now, after eight years' struggle to maintain his child, I have received a letter from my erstwhile lover which is full of contrition and tells of the death of his wife. He begs me to go out to him.

"Despite his cruelty, I still love this man. Do you think I should go, and would marriage now legitimise my child?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If you married the father on Scottish soil the child would be legitimated, but not so if you married him in Canada. The disposition manifested by his past treatment does not augur well for your future happiness if you decide to accept his belated recompense, and although I must leave the decision to you, my advice would be to think very seriously before taking such a step.*

The Drone in the Hive

"I AM the mother of a grow family, nine sons and one daug I have worked extremely hard business for th years in order to p vide a good home bring up my child respectably, since husband's wages have always b inadequate.

"My daughter was at school the age of sixteen, when I sent her to work, but she would not stay. was dismissed from post after post idleness. Finally, I decided to keep at home, but even there she refused perform any household tasks.

"On reaching the age of twenty-t she became an unmarried mother refused to divulge the father's name.

"Four years ago I was compel through ill-health to give up my busine but instead of enjoying the regard on affectionate and companiona daughter, who is now thirty years age, she is a tornado in the home, refusi to give me any assistance in the hous

"She is insulting to her father and myself and causes quarrels between he brothers. Can you tell me what to do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *If your daught is so bone lazy that she will not wo at home, make it perfectly clear that she must find other shelter if she fails to obtai employment by a given date. When her parents are gone she will have to suppo herself, as her brothers are under no leg obligation to do so.*

• • •

Two-fold Injury

"I am a painter by trade and whil engaged on a job a motor-car cannoned into the ladder, causing me to fall 16ft. and sustain injuries to my back. I received no compensation and lost wages to the extent of £16, in addition to having to pay a doctor's bill for £10. Am I not entitled to some compensation?"

"Humanist" says: *You appear to be entitled to half wages during the period of incapacity, also damages from the owner of the car. Get a local solicitor to take up the matter on your behalf.*

"Robbing Peter . . ."

"I am in apartments with a busines man hopelessly in debt, and whose creditors now threaten to seize his effects. The value of his furniture is quite small; therefore, I am in dread lest my possessions should also be taken. Can this be done?"

"Humanist" says: *The creditors may distrain upon all furniture, etc., on your landlord's premises, but if your property is seized you should enter an immediate claim for it against the creditors, which if disputed should be referred to the court.*

Mean Conduct

"Sixteen weeks ago I lost my wife. She was taken suddenly ill and after three days was ordered to hospital for an operation for internal trouble and died four weeks later. Now the insurance company refuses to pay out because it was found that my poor wife died of cancer. Do you consider the company's decision is in order?"

"Humanist" says: *Excluding suicide, a person's life must terminate as a result of disease or accident, and if there was no indication of malignant trouble at the time the policy was taken out, and no conditions in the policy, you are entitled to your claim. Write to the company to this effect.*

A
credit to you

Of course you wish your snapshots to print well. You wish the prints to be dependable, to make the most of your negatives, not just sometimes, as a matter of luck, but always, and for certain. Then take this little precaution: ask definitely, with an assured and knowledgeable manner, "*Velox prints, please.*"

On the back of each snapshot you will then find the word Velox lightly printed. This, of course, is important; but much more important are the prints themselves — bright, sparkling, brilliant, a credit to your skill as a photographer.

VELOX PRINTS

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR SNAPSHOTS

—"the doctors said they could do nothing more for me."

Mrs. S. de V., Burton-on-Trent, writes :—

"Dear Sirs,—A few months ago I was so dangerously ill that the doctors said they could do nothing more for me, and advised me to make the best I could of life, as I should never be well again.

"I was terribly upset at the prospect of being a life-long invalid, and when a friend of mine urged me to try Wincarnis, I applied to you for one of your free trial bottles.

"I was astonished and delighted to find that from the first glassful your Wincarnis put new life into me. I persevered with Wincarnis, and before long I was able to get about again. Instead of remaining a life-long invalid, I am now able to carry on my business, and I owe all my renewed health and strength entirely to your wonderful Wincarnis.

"Yours very gratefully, S. de V.

The above letter is but one of the many thousands we have received. They are entirely unsolicited and were sent to us out of real gratitude for the inestimable benefits bestowed by—

WINCARNIS

The Wine that Revives and Rebuilds

Wincarnis is sold by all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Licensed Chemists.

Large Size, 5/6; Medium Size, 3/3.

Coleman and Company, Limited, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.

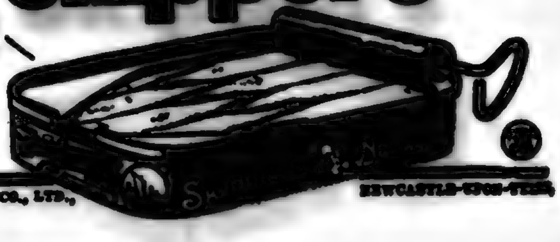
PUT THE SUN IN YOUR SIDEBOARD

To eat "Skippers" is to absorb the life-giving power of sunshine, for the sun, blazing down on the North Sea, multiplies the food on which these delicate little silver fish grow plump and delicious.

Put a tin on the table—and another in the sideboard. You'll want that second tin—soon.

"Skippers"

In purest olive oil or choice tomato.



ANGUS WATSON & CO., LTD., NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

LISTEN TO MORE OF THE FINEST RECORDS OF THE DAY AND THIS TIME WIN £2000

(First Prize)

METROPOLE RECORD HOSPITAL BALLOT No. 3 July 16th to Oct. 15th

£5000 CASH PRIZES 1st Prize £2000

FREE BALLOT TICKET and full particulars with every Metropole Record. Price 3/- each From all Metropole Dealers

METROPOLE Hospital Ballots are a great success. Place eight new musical items in order of popularity and win one of the many cash prizes. Listen and enjoy the marvellous tone and greater clarity of one Metropole Record and you will want to hear them all.

Obtainable from all Metropole dealers or by sending for one of the Competition Records to the British Charities Association (Dept. J.B.1) Kingsway House, 103 Kingsway, London, W.C.1

METROPOLE GRAMOPHONE CO., LTD.
METROPOLE HOUSE, FINSBURY SQ., LONDON, E.C.

Metropole

A STRIKING RECORD

SETS A NEW STANDARD IN GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

Everything for JAZZ!

[illegible]

ECZEMA OVER THIRTY YEARS

Itching and Burning Terrible. Cuticura Heals.

"I suffered with wet eczema for over thirty years. The itching and burning were terrible and caused many sleepless nights. I was unable to do my household duties for weeks at a time, and could not put my feet on the ground.

"I tried different remedies but they did not do any good. I was advised to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so purchased some. I bathed my feet at night and then applied the Ointment. They helped me so I continued the treatment and now I am completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Rhoda A. Dicken, 111, Clarendon St., Dover, Eng., May 24, 1927.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. [illegible] Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

The GRAVES STAINLESS

50-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE

MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.

A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork

TERMS: — Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 5/- now and nine monthly payments of 5/-. If you wish to pay cash 5% discount is allowed.

Complete Approval

50 pieces for 50/-

The Service Contains: 1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knvs & 6 Stainless Steel Desert Knvs, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Desert Sons, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Fks, 6 Desert Fks, 1 Sugar Spn 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spn, 1 Salt Spn, all of Columbian Silver, which is warranted to wear white throughout. CATALOGUE POST FREE. Keenest Prices. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Our Letter Parliament

The HAND *on the* LAND

Municipal Mother-Helps—Miners' Death-Grasp—Slum Dwellings to Let!

THE Duke of Marlborough is right in saying that the shopkeeper is not to blame for all the extortionate profits made at the expense of the farmer. The law of supply and demand rules the price of produce, but the dealers who attend the country markets take good care that the demand does not reach the producer. It is quite easy for them to meet and decide how much each shall buy, which they do at their own price.—*L. H. D., Dorchester.*

Why Land Wastes

This is the reason why we buy food from abroad. A friend of mine had a few acres of land which he cultivated, and was doing well, until the landlord came along and raised the rent. This made it impossible for him to compete in the markets, so he sold up and went abroad, where he is doing well. The land he had is all waste land now.—*M. M., Accrington.*

Precept and Practice

Your contributor, like other hereditary landlords, naturally abstains from mentioning the real remedy for our agricultural ills. As a prominent Roman Catholic his precept is, without doubt, "God gave the land to the people." How does he reconcile precept with practice?—*Roman Catholic, St. Helens.*

Grower Gets the Pip!

The Duke of Marlborough does not agree that the middleman makes extortionate profits at the expense of the farmer, so perhaps he will favour JOHN BULL's readers with his opinion of the following case brought to light by the Food Commission. Colonial apples were sold in England at 8d. per pound. The grower of these apples was traced, and found to have received less than a halfpenny per pound!—*A Grower, Jersey.*

Real Remedies

The Duke of Marlborough laments the decline of agriculture and attributes it to the lack of interest taken in the subject by the public generally. I suggest that this lack of interest is due to the operation of economic forces. Free the land, sweep away all abuses and anomalies, put agriculture on a sound economic basis, and the people will soon see to the rest.—*Agricola, London, S.W.*

Farmer Failures

It strikes one that the failure of agriculture is due to unbusinesslike methods. Where trade and commerce have their schools and educational systems, agriculture has practically nothing in comparison with its importance. It does not require an expert to notice that for every farmer who is businesslike there are dozens who are not.—*H. B., Steyning.*

Houses or Food?

The Ministry of Agriculture should, by every possible means, bring home to producer and consumer alike the dangers arising through diminishing crops and land going out of cultivation. The farmer to-day is more eager to sell his land for building purposes than to trouble about our danger of famine should war arise.—*G. H. G., Cardiff.*

Too Many Physicians

What one would like the Duke of Marlborough to explain is why foodstuffs can only be produced at a loss in a country where markets wait at the farmers' backdoor, labour is abundant and transport facilities are unrivalled. So many physicians propound a cure, but none seems able to diagnose the affliction that lies so heavily on Britain's farms.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, not necessary for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

◆

Substitute Mothers

The Glasgow Health Department inaugurated in 1923 a scheme of municipal domestic helps which continues to make steady progress. Helps are supplied to households where mothers are temporarily incapacitated because of illness, at the rate of 5s. per day, fees being reduced or waived where it is found that the householder is unable to pay the full amount. If this scheme could be adopted by all local authorities, it would prevent a great deal of neglect and misery amongst little children.—*W. J., Dumbarton.*

[*The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.*]

Britain's Slaves

Mr. E. Rolfe Thompson's article (JOHN BULL, July 7) would not be believed in any other paper. Yet such things as he mentions are happening everywhere. In the factory where I work girls of seventeen and eighteen are paid as little as 8s. a week. Out of that there is insurance and about 2s. a week for fares. We hear a lot of talk about cheap labour abroad, but there is just as much here.—*X. Y., Birmingham.*

Cook Cooked!

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in "The Scarlet Carbuncle" (JOHN BULL, July 7), says that the Communists will be astonished at the fewness of the worshippers at its new Cook-Maxton tabernacle. I venture to say he will have no cause to worry over that prophecy. The tremendous growth of the Labour movement during the last ten years has been due to the steadfastness and integrity of its accredited leaders. One MacDonald will always be more than a match for a thousand Cooks.—*J. J., Barry.*

◆

Printers' Pie

[*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*]

"STRATFORD BEACON-HERALD (Canada)":—"My marriage has been such a happy one and MY HUSBAND IS SO VERY DEAD and kind to me."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"There was no prouder BROTHER IN LONDON THAN MRS. ——."

"DAILY MAIL":—"Constables will use their own bicycles AND WILL REFUSE AN ALLOWANCE of half-a-crown a week."

"MONTREAL DAILY STAR":—"The Society for the PROTECTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS prosecuted."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS" (Advt.):—"Musical Instruments.—BEAUTIFUL CARAVAN, up-to-date, £30."

"IRISH TIMES":—"For Sale, Wild Ducks and Drake (TAME)."

"GIRL'S FRIEND LIBRARY":—"A gasp of surprise and feminine interest went UP AS THEY NOTED her TEA-STAINED FACE."

"LANCASHIRE DAILY POST":—"Wanted, reliable PARSON, EASY HOUSE WORK, GOOD HOME, R.C."

"EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH":—"For the first time in sixty-five years WILD OATS WERE SEEN IN THE VICINITY OF EDINBURGH, two being captured."

Intolerable!

The conditions in the coalfields so bad that they cannot be toler much longer. Men are going home 13s. 5d. and a wife and two chil to keep out of it. This kind of thi is making more Communists every Eighty per cent. of the miners stand by Cook. We have never gained thing by peace conferences. We had to fight every time, and things getting worse.—*J. J., Leigh.*

Municipal Madness

In many towns the councillors now engaged in building schemes for purpose of installing slum-dwelle modern houses and better surround In itself this is a most laudable obj but when we find that the vacated dwellings are being re-let, the proceeding becomes a mockery and outrage on common-sense.—*S., Oldha*

Invalid's Thanks

Permit me as a confirmed invalid thank you for the pleasure derived fr your exceptionally fine Summer Ann To those who like myself are unable join in life's ordinary routine, splendid feast of fun, and the down common-sense of your weekly iss provide that sense of proportion even from a sick bed makes life v interesting.—*M., Devon.*

Home Horrors

A valuable suggestion is that of y correspondent who suggests that surplus funds of contributors under Health Insurance Act should be used equip and maintain maternity ho It is a common occurrence here in Glasg where there are thousands of one-room "houses," to see a family on the st head waiting for the mother to be livered of another child. The combi surplus of the various societies wo more than suffice to provide every la town with one of these homes.—*N. W., Glasgow.*

Queer Preference

During 1927 Great Britain imported goods to the value of £48,394,157 fr South Africa, whilst Switzerland ported to the value of £1,225. Recent the South African railways placed order in Britain for two locomotiv costing £29,000, whilst Switzerland ceived an order for thirty-six at a c of £200,730! In the same peri Australia sent us £52,808,616 worth goods, and to America goods tota £18,790,094. We spend £1,000,000 advertisements every year urging to buy Empire goods and the above the result.—*D. A., Hyde.*

Pension Confusion

In your issue of June 23 there appeared a letter under the signature, "S., Tyne mouth," stating that the last date for making application for a war pension August 31, 1928. This letter has cau some confusion in the minds of men wh have already been refused pensions the ground that their claim was ma more than seven years after their charge from the Forces. It would hav been better had your correspond clearly stated that, while August 3 1928, is the last date for making applic tion for a war pension, yet no clai could be entertained unless made with seven years of the man's discharge fr the Forces or August 31, 1928, whic ever date was the earlier.—*A. B. McL Gen. Sec., Aberdeen Branch, Bri Legion, 129. Union Street. Aberdeen.*

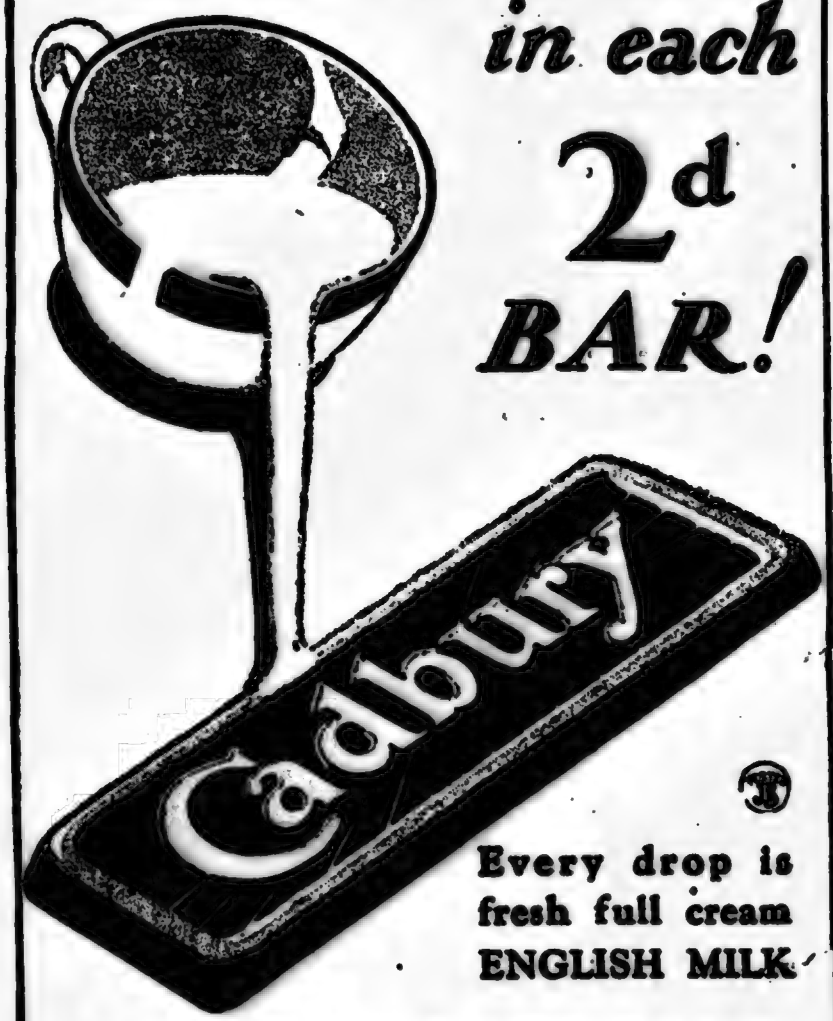
It's Quick!

There's not a dish quicker than Bird's Custard served with stewed fresh fruit—or a tin of fruit from the grocers!

With either one or the other, "Bird's" gives you the best of the good things going at this moment, and there's nothing half so enjoyable.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Tins, 1/3½;
silvered boxes, 1/- & 6½d.;
pkts., 1½d.



Half a cup of milk in each 2d BAR!

Every drop is fresh full cream ENGLISH MILK

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

Also in 6d. Packets and ½ lb. blocks 1/-

BRITISH MOTHERS TO THE RESCUR.

Every mother will have read of the serious plight of British farmers, many of whom cannot make their farms pay.

British Agriculture is our most important industry and it is essential to restore it to prosperity. Everybody can help in some way. Business people can give preference to home production and British housewives can insist on being served with British goods.

After all, the purchase of food is left almost entirely to wives and mothers and the future of British agriculture is largely in their hands.

The importance of dairying is recognised by everybody, yet farmers are producing more milk than our housewives buy. Our own British milk has been proved to be richer and of better quality than the average imported milk, and it is therefore good business and money well spent to buy milk from our own countryside.

You can use milk—English milk—in many ways apart from drinking it. One way (which the children like very much) is in Cadbury's Milk Chocolate Bars. Every one of these 2d Bars is made with half a cup of fresh, full-cream English Milk. When you give your child a Cadbury 2d. Milk Bar, you are giving it amongst other good things half a cup of milk. If every youngster of 14 or under in this country were given two of these a week it would benefit British children and find more employment for British workers. In round figures, in this direction alone British children would be taking 3½ million gallons of milk a year.

Guaranteed SIX months

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GLASGOW.
"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

". . . safe as the Bank."
JOHN BULL, 24th March, 1928.
Why not back your fancy with
"THE BIG TWO"
DAVID COPE
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ALFRED H. MAURICE
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BEST PRICES LAID ON ALL FUTURE EVENTS.
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Your Winnings sent by Return of Post!
WE PAY ALL POSTAGES.
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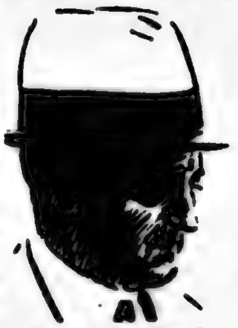
Something Good for
THE ECLIPSE
£13,000 for Lucky Owner

IT is just forty years ago since the famous Bendigo won the first of the Eclipse Stakes and a stake of £9,000 for his fortunate owner.

THE prize to be won at Sandown Park this week is a few pounds short of thirteen thousand! I had hopes that Fairway would "come back" and recompense his Epsom backers, but Lord Derby's three-year-old will probably not face the starter.

LORD ASTOR'S nap hand comprises Book Law—also a possible absentee—Eagle Rock, Scatter, Tiptop and Long Valley. The Eclipse has often been termed his lordship's lucky race. Certainly he won it twice with Buchan in consecutive years, and followed up the double with Craig An Eran and, two years later, Saltash. The latter was one from the blue, at 20 to 1, with the hot Manton favourite, Bold and Bad, nowhere.

IF there is another Manton turn-up Eagle Rock is quite likely to do the trick, but I intend to take sides with Royal Minstrel. Captain Boyd-Rochfort has kept the son of Tetratema on the move since his easy victory at Ascot. A mile and-a-quarter is just about as far as he cares to go, but up to this distance he is as good as we have in the country. Of course, I am counting on the absence of Fairway and Book Law. For an each-way wager I suggest Eagle Rock.



Capt. C. Boyd-Rochfort

BEACHCOMBER should take the Great Kingston Two-Year-Old Plate and I should give Economy another chance in the Surbiton Stakes. On Saturday we are promised a fine race if Mr. Jinks and Tiffin meet in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes. The Beckhampton youngster should win at the weights, and I suggest coupling this one with Speyside in the Coombe Plate. If my Northern Correspondent sends along anything good for the Scottish Circuit, I will give his selections in the code.

I HAVE only one complaint to make about Alexandra Park's late start. I went from the City by car and had to get out and walk a quarter of a mile from the Palace owing to the congestion of the road. The stunt was a great success and Hurst is following the lead given by the Alexandra Park and Kempton Park executives—in fact they are going one better. The first run at their August meeting will be at 3.30. Evening racing is coming.

THE "Ally Pally" meeting would have been a greater success still if my JOHN BULL and code selection for the Cup, Maudlin, had managed to hang on to the slight advantage which he held 50 yards from the winning post. The judge gave a head verdict to Hunt the Slipper, but Maudlin must be counted as a very unlucky loser, as he was cut into, and was bleeding slightly on his return to the weighing-in enclosure.

I MADE a special note of Regalo in this race, and if the filly is among the probables for the Liverpool Cup next week she will carry my money. She was the worst off, which is a great handicap on a track shaped as Alexandra Park, and was still in the rear going round the soup plate. However, coming up the straight she had worked her way into third position and appeared to have a decided chance. She finished a good fourth.

OX AND ASS
WON 4 to 1
was "Silver Ring's" code selection for the
WELSH DERBY

MR. MURRAY, who purchased St. Prisca for 1,950 guineas, after the filly had won the Two-year-old Selling Plate at Newmarket for Lord Lascelles, may have got a bargain, but the figure is a big sum for a selling plater. Anyway, I think backers will find it profitable to follow the daughter of Friar Marcus for the next few outings, as there is certain to be an attempt to recover some of the outlay.

MOST race-goers will be interested in the news that Frank Bullock is giving up his stable in Australia and intends to train in England. It was Bullock's increasing weight which caused him to retire from the saddle in 1926, and it was also Mr. Avoirdupois who was responsible for him never heading the list of winning jockeys. He did not have sufficient mounts.

HIS best year was a good second to "Steve" in 1921, and on this occasion he won nine events at Ascot, including the Gold Cup. Frank and "Brownie" Carslake, who is also taking up training next season, should add zest to the sport.

TITAN and Roi des Aulnes are two arrivals from France that are being written up as wonder horses. My correspondent from the other side of the Channel tells me that they are not out of the ordinary, but will probably win small races. Titan, though sired by By Jingo, who was a natural stayer, is presumed to be a miler, but will be turned to longer distances. The other is a three-year-old maiden son of the Winter King, whose best distance is ten furlongs

M. MICHEL LAZARD, French banker and racehorse owner, who died recently, was one of Fortune's favourites. Over twenty years ago he bought for £65 a horse that nobody seemed to want. The unwanted beast was Badajoz, who won many rich prizes himself and afterwards achieved fame as the sire of Epinard and many other money-spinners.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given *daily in The Sporting Life.*

C	M	A	H	L	Z	3	W	F	U	S	O	D	B
X	G	Q	Y	K	E	V	T	P	R	2	N	I	J

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. GQRIKDO would read MAUDLIN.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, July 18, to Tuesday, July 24.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition.* Don't miss them.

A DANGER SIGNAL
To Girls in Their Teens
When a girl in her teens loses h appetite, grows listless, and shows a de for starchy or chalky articles, then all not well with her. If, in addition, she pale and nervous, irritable and witho ambition, it shows that her blood is una to meet the demands made upon her— other words, she has become anæmic.
During her teens a girl lays the founda tion of her future health. Lack of blo at this time may rob her of robust healt womanhood. Dr. Williams' pink p are a wonderful remedy for the form anæmia that affects growing girls, treatment with these pills will not on correct the trouble, but prevent it fr progressing into a worse form.
New, good blood is infused into t system with every dose of Dr. William pink pills. From this new blood spring good health, keen appetite, steady nerv and high spirits.
Delay is dangerous in anæmia, so giv your daughter Dr. Williams' pink pills no Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box.
FREE.—Every girl, and every gir mother, should read "Nature's Warning." Write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

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THIS EASY WAY.
You can quickly end indigestion, dy pepsia, acidity, heartburn or flatulen by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnes after eating or whenever pain is fe This fine specific gives almost insta relief by neutralising excess stomach ac and stopping food fermentation—the tw commonest causes of digestive disorde Whatever form of stomach trouble worri you, go to your chemist and get a 1s. 3 package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia powde or tablets. Not only will you derive in stant relief, but the delicate lining o your stomach will be soothed, healed, an so strengthened that future attacks a much less likely to occur. 'Bisurated' Magnesia never fails—it has brought re lief and care-free digestion to thousand of sufferers, and just as surely will mak your own stomach trouble a thing of the past. Be sure and try this great stomach remedy to-day.

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MASON'S
EXTRACT of HERBS

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Indigestion is suffered when there is interference with any of the long and intricate processes of digestion which are carried on all down the alimentary tract, and which so convert the various foods which we eat that the nourishment may be extracted in such form that it can enter the system.

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- Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.
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- Complexion Blemishes.
- Appetite variable.
- Pains darting through Chest.
- Burning Spot behind Left Shoulder Blade.
- Dull Heavy Headaches.
- Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- Tongue Coated at back.
- Complexion Impaired.
- Eating disliked, Biliousness.
- Pain and Constipation.

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"About one month ago a friend of my wife told her about Cicfa, so she got me a 3/– bottle. I have had four, and I can assure you that I am a different man to-day, and I cannot understand what the magic is. It certainly has worked wonders on my system, as I can now eat anything with no after effects such as I have suffered for many years.

"I am, Yours, dear Sirs,
(Signed) W. B. LOWMAN."

Cicfa should be taken when there is a change of diet, as during the holidays.

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The Williams Holder-Top Stick 1/3

makes a handsome addition to your toilet outfit. Complete in a polished aluminium, rustless, damp-proof container, it keeps the shaving stick fresh and free from dust. Re-load it with the 10d. Williams Shaving Stick.

Williams SHAVING STICK

Men like the smooth, soothing shave it gives

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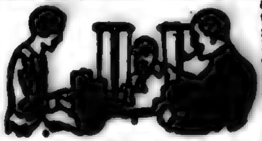

We guarantee to buy your work or you can sell to private customers if you like. It is easy to sell, the work is so perfect and good. You can make jumpers, sports coats, hosiery and all sorts of underwear, and the Imperia Knitter is so simple you can begin earning at once. The Imperia Book tells all about the Imperia Knitter and shows in colour the lovely work you can make. Write for it (it is free), and see what a splendid opportunity it offers, or call if you can.

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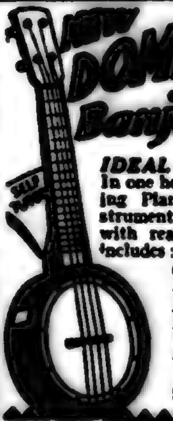

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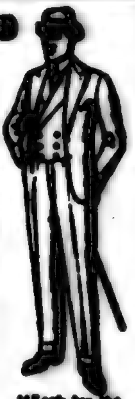

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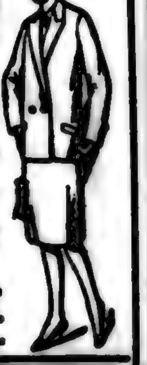

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T.A.S. University of London. Writes, 6.6.28.

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NOTE.—NEW OXFORD DICTIONARY. 10 VOLS £52 : 10 : 0

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Mr. James A. Bowen, of Marske by Sea, Writes, 16.6.28.

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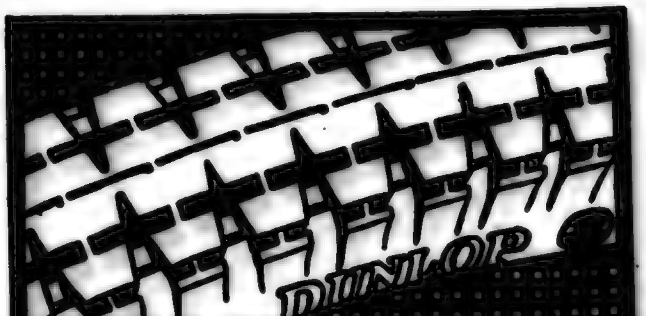

This is the Dunlop motor cycle cover, reinforced for heavy service. It is a motor car tyre built for the motor cycle.

Since 1888

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have made tyres, so it is not so extraordinary that Dunlop should make the best to-day.

C.F.H. 321

JOHN BULL Replies

E Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never cious. He likes to end up the week's on a bright note. Serious questions dealt with by the expert staff of our Advice Service.

• • •

G. (Oxford).—" I'm studying for a or." Can't he study for himself ?

H. (Oldbury).—" What should my r do to get stout ? " Buy some.

K. (Thirsk).—" The photographer my dog yesterday." Where to ?

H. (Goole).—" Scots don't talk h." They save their breath.

ACK (Elmstead).—" She shrank from embrace." Vaccination or vexation ?

R. (Cambridge).—" What do you in your garden ? " Tired, mostly.

J. (Silsden).—" Look round and what ou see on every hand ? " Fingers !

D. (Small Heath).—" My conscience ks me." Sure it isn't that new vest ?

M. (Dewsbury).—" It takes nine days a kitten's eyes to be opened." riage opens a man's eyes in one day.

P. .(Henley).—" My barometer is g back." You should have kept up instalments.

W. T. (Exeter).—" I made enquiries, failed to get any intelligence." Yes— notice that.

J. (Tamworth).—" Many letters are tten in haste and regretted after." get lots like that.

K. N. (New York).—" Anyhow, Columdiscovered America." Yes, darn !

Mrs. T. (Totnes).—" I enclose photo ny husband." You seem to have been ly satisfied.

Miss T. (Box).—" I believe I should e as good a Chancellor as Winston." t's not much to boast about.

F. (Glamorgan).—" My wife likes the atre ; I prefer the pictures." How is it since you went to a cinema ?

P. N. (Leeds).—" My nephew vels in lace." What's the matter with ordinary clothes ?

E. (Hatfield).—" I have a cat that (ate) a rat like a dog." We did not w that there were any rats like dogs.

F. (Leicester).—" The bosses in my iness place saw that I was fired with rgy." It must have been painful to be ked out like that.

V. T. (Sutton).—" The thought of my t extravagance has so preyed on my d that I've got quite thin." So 're still wasting ?

COCKNEY (London).—" What is the erence between a hare and a rabbit." is generally jugged and the other led.

N. S. (Pudsey).—" Each is only a ction of the whole." And should ive to be a decent and not a vulgar ction.

JOHN BULL is a firm believer in insurance. It provides against all the trying happenings of life. Not the least beneficial is its insurance against worry, provided by the Free Advice Service. No matter what your trouble may be, send particulars (written in ink), and experts will show how to get rid of it. The only premium payable is a stamped, addressed envelope.

BILL F. (Durham).—" She says my face is always before her." Poor girl !

H. S. (Ely).—" My heart is in my work." Why not try getting your hands into it ?

S. D. F. (Holloway).—" My girl is one in a thousand." You gay Lothario !

D. C. (Longridge).—" I toil and I spin." Good luck, old top !

S. F. (Bedford).—" I love bananas." Straight ?

L. A. (Fulham).—" The game is not worth the candle." Nor the scandal.

MISS B. (Dover).—" I'm worried about the outcome of my marriage." What about the income ?

MRS. S. (Keswick).—" I'm a woman of few words." Those few appear to be sadly overworked.

B. C. (Durham).—" I feel I've been badly taken in." On the contrary, you are feeling badly put out.

BUTLER (Mayfair).—" My boss treats me as one of the family." Pays you no wages, do you mean ?

MRS. L. (Skipton).—" It's hard to part with one's daughters even for marriage." Hard ? It's often impossible.

MRS. H. A. (Sandy).—" I'm not at all crazy over new hats." Perhaps you realise they make your face look shabby !

J. P. (Edgware).—" He kissed me, and that fact speaks volumes." Do you think he will start a library ?

F. Y. (Bridport).—" I have a clock which will go for seven days without winding." How long will it go if you wind it ?

P. L. (Beckenham).—" I look eagerly forward to the end of time." So that you may write your reminiscences when you come out ?

MRS. L. (Ingleton).—" Our eggs were bought at twenty a shilling before the war." Phew ! and what on earth are they like now ?

J. C. (Romford).—" When I get home late my wife makes me swear on my oath where I have been." We bet you swear, right enough.

T. J. (Dawlish).—" Our council is building houses with rubber floors." There will be plenty of bouncing babies about then !

" **DESPONDENT** " (Windsor).—" Destiny is an umpire you can't argue with." Which makes it important to buck up and do your best for your side.

B. M. (Doncaster).—" What are your views on the great drink question ? " Which ? What'll you have ? or Say when ?

MRS. J. J. (Bingley).—" I believe it is a fact that unmarried men commit the most crimes." But we're sure it's a fact they aren't told of them so often.

A. C. F. (Bedford).—" What do you think of music extracted from the air." It is better than having the air extracted from the music.

TRAVELLER (London, N.).—" One seldom sees a Venetian blind nowadays." There is evidently a wave of temperance in Italy.

F. R. (Beccles).—" Genuine antiques are too expensive." Nonsense ; you can get a bun for twopence at any railway buffet !

A. P. (Southend).—" He hit me in the dining-room." That was below the belt.

R. T. (Cowes).—" She threw herself at my head." Then she made a soft landing.

S. J. (Ayr).—" I always meet trouble like a man." Make a devil of a fuss, eh ?

ALF (Redcar).—" She is ripping." Dear, dear ! Where ?

E. B. (Bolton).—" His face is a work of art." Not water-coloured, we warrant.

S. N. (E.C. 1).—" Where do you think I obtained my umbrella ? " How do we know what restaurants you patronise ?

P. L. (Edgware).—" I was badly stung at the seaside." Mosquitoes or landladies ?

F. M. (Rolleston).—" New clothes turn a woman's head." Especially if they are on a woman she has just passed.

HOUSEWIFE (Tooting). — " Vacuum-cleaners clean carpets very well." But the old way took a lot of beating.

S. N. (Chester).—" It is not easy to pick winners in a race." Especially the human race.

T. C. (Marlow).—" I tune jazz instruments." We didn't think they were tuned.

T. F. (Edmonton).—" I am investing in a going concern." Have you made certain where it is going ?

T. S. (Barnsley).—" I was struck by the beauty of the village." Did you try to kiss her ?

H. R. (Bath).—" I get £5,000 a year as a movie star's publicity agent." Gush money !

B. H. (Bradford).—" A few words at work got me the sack." Work out a few words and bag £1,000 in *Bullets* this week.

F. L. W. (Ilfracombe).—" As I am going to the Continent, I should like to know if the Channel boats often sink." Only once.

W. L. (Wivenhoe).—" I told my neighbour his bees were a confounded nuisance." And did you receive a stinging reply ?

F. M. (Hampton).—" In years to come we will be shopping by aeroplane." Prices, we suppose, will have soared to corresponding heights.

MRS. A. (Cleethorpes).—" My children are not taught to expect ' rewards ' for being good." You teach them to be good for nothing ?

MISS F. (Cammock).—" At every tea-party she insists on gabbling of old times." Which of course, is no fresh news, to you.

" **LITERAL** " (Tolgarth).—" I firmly believe it once rained for forty days and forty nights." And we'll bet that even then the farmers weren't satisfied.

BESSIE (Clevedon).—" Men have such a useful lot of pockets." And yet can't find change in any one of them if they're taxi-drivers !

B. A. (Baildon).—" I must say I like taking things easy." You must find it difficult to manage with so many police about.

E. D. (Bagshot).—" I will bet you a box of my best cigars I'm right." No thanks, we might win, and the cigars mightn't be.

D. L. (Grantham).—" Have you lived in England all your life ? " Not yet.

D. R. (Bungay).—" I've got the push." Probably because you haven't got any.

D. M. (Newcastle).—" Does your wife ever entertain ? " Our wife is always entertaining.

G. M. (Hailsham).—" Give me time and I'll send you a fine article." You deserve time for those you've submitted hitherto.

JESSIE (Bromley).—" They say I am a photograph of father." And a phonograph of mother ?

C. W. (Yarmouth).—" I implicitly believe in myself." How easy you are to convince !

C. A. (Watford).—" Do people point you out in the street ? " No, we are not quite so ugly as that !

P. M. (Chichester).—" Though a brilliant writer, I am still living in an attic." The same old story !

C. N. (Dudley).—" I take life as it comes." You will lose your motor licence if you're not careful !

R. D. (Glasgow).—I told the doctor I wanted something to rouse me and stir me to action." And did he hand you his bill ?

S. R. (Bury).—" Very few girls take up gardening as a hobby nowadays." Perhaps they object to being seen out with a rake.

MUSICIAN (Ramsgate).—" I charged the saxophone player with stealing my violin." Was he punished for both offences ?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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"The Greatest of These . . . ."

OLD MINERS *IN DISTRESS*

"Down Into the Pit"

BECAUSE appeals have recently appeared in the Press for miners in distress, and various Lord Mayors' Funds have been opened, people are apt to think that miners are now being well provided for.

That this is far from the truth is shown by the following two out of many applications for relief from the mining districts, received daily by "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"My husband is not an ex-Service man," writes a miner's wife, "as he has worked in the pit forty years. He is fifty-six years of age and broken up, and I am fifty, and would willingly work if I could; but I am eaten up with neuritis."

Their income at present is nil. There are two boys, aged thirteen and ten years. Her husband, who is deaf and suffers from head noises, has been discharged from the hospital incurable.

He is certified as fit for a light job on the pit top. But there are twenty-five men before him waiting anxiously for the same "light job."

He waited for two hours in the pouring rain for relief from the board of guardians, and was refused. Now he is anxiously waiting for his "dole."

Meantime, his boys go to school hungry. His wife has pawned and sold everything, including her precious sewing machine.

Another old miner's wife writes: "My husband has worked in the coal mine for forty-seven years. He is sixty-one years old, and he has been off work since April of last year. Five-and-a-half years ago he hurt himself while lifting a tub on the road in the mine."

He worked on for some months until his condition developed serious symptoms, and the doctor states he will never be fit to work in the mines again.

Their two eldest sons were killed in the mine, the younger leaving three children.

She states that if her husband had the necessary clothes, he could go to a convalescent home. To procure these out of their present income of 17s. 10d. per week, is out of the question.

Will our readers, who in countless ways have benefited by the sacrificing labours of our miners, make some small sacrifice to help these men who have gone "down into the pit"?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* **The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

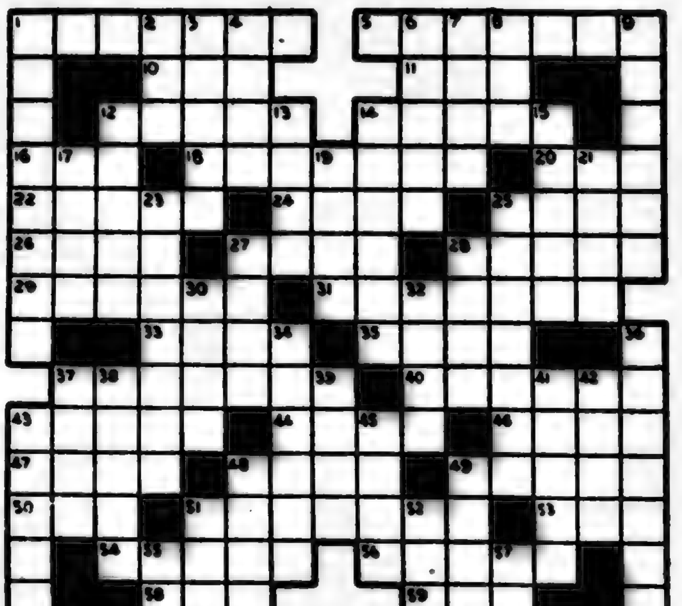
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"J. N. S. B." (Brechin), 6d.; Anon. (Liverpool), 6d.; "With Love" (Leeds), 1s.; Mr. R. S. Thulron (Thornaby), 1s.; Miss D. Orrell (Horwich), 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Chivers (Wokingham), 5s.; Mrs. G. Rudd (Kentish Town), 5s.; "M. B." (Bedford), 2s. 6d.; Mr. F. G. Rowlett (Ilford), 1s. 6d.; Mr. F. R. Bance (Newbury), £1 1s.; "Inasmuch" (Swansea), 1s.; "Grateful Heart" (Dundee), 1s.; "A Friend," 7s. 6d.; Mr. Campbell (Gray's Inn Road, W.C.), 1s.; Mrs. H. K. Hobbs (Yeovil), 1s. 6d.; "H. P.," 1s.; Mr. L. Kelly (Clapham), 4s.; "A Miner," 4s.; M. Harris (Liphook), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Hatter (Shoreditch), 5s.; Mrs. W. C. Hunt (Clacton-Sea), 2s. 6d.; E. B. Bolton, 6d.; Mr. James Carnichan (Strathaven), 6s.; Mr. J. R. Jackson (Hull), 1s.; Mrs. Langlands (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; E. and G. Wormley, 2s.; "Jeff" (Sheffield), 5s.; The Merry Crew, 8s.; "Well Wisher" (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; Miss E. Castle (Guiseley), 3s. 6d.; S. Dukins (South Chingford), 1s. 3d.; I. M. Johnson (Dollar), 1s.; A. W. Livett (Abbey Wood), 1s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; S. Sayer (Blackburn), 2s. 6d.; R. M. (Beaufort Street), 2s.; "?" (Acton), 11d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; E. G. Bennett (Morthoe), 2s. 6d.; W. Rouse (Warwick), 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

This will TEASE *You!*



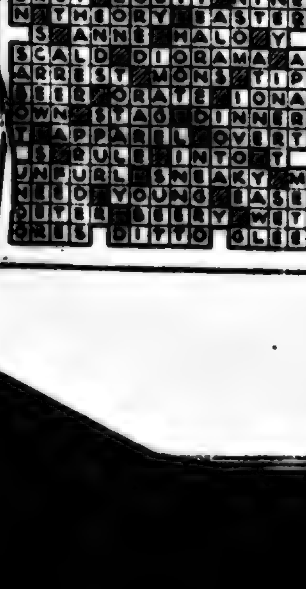
CLUES ACROSS

1. Prevalent.
5. A fortress.
10. Speak.
11. A pinch.
12. Pertaining to crime.
14. Snow-mingled rain.
16. Personal pronoun.
18. Robbed.
20. Very warm.
22. Seat of former Turkish Government.
24. A tax.
25. A fruit.
26. Medley.
27. To agitate.
28. To proceed from.
29. Tell.
31. After-dinner fruit.
33. To cast off.
35. To navigate.
37. Gone to bed.
40. Piece of china.
43. One under the eight.
44. Make haste.
46. Grief.
47. Sped.
48. To efface.
49. Rigid.
50. Law college.
51. Rhythm.
53. Obtain.
54. A gunwale pin.
56. Thick.
58. Poem.
59. Northern river.
60. Set free.
61. An immersion.

CLUES DOWN

1. Traveller's licence.
2. Employ.
3. Now obsolete weapon
4. Indian servant.
6. A bay.
7. Fastened.
8. Monkey.
9. Brilliance.
12. Danger.
13. In case.
14. An emporium.
15. Belonging to them.
17. Cavity.
19. Corrosive fluid.
21. Hop kiln.
23. Scorched.
25. To introduce.
27. A prophet.
28. A continent
30. Lean.
32. Waist-band
34. To ridicule.
36. A salutation
37. Bridle strap.
38. Happening
39. To deceive.
41. Leave-taking.
42. Otherwise.
43. To tremble.
45. Despatch.
48. The principality.
49. Principle.
51. Tune.
52. Yield.
55. Agricultural implement.
57. A collection.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on this page.



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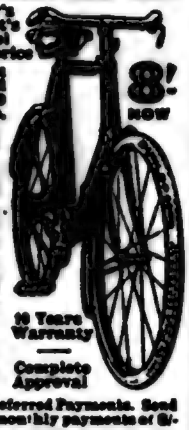

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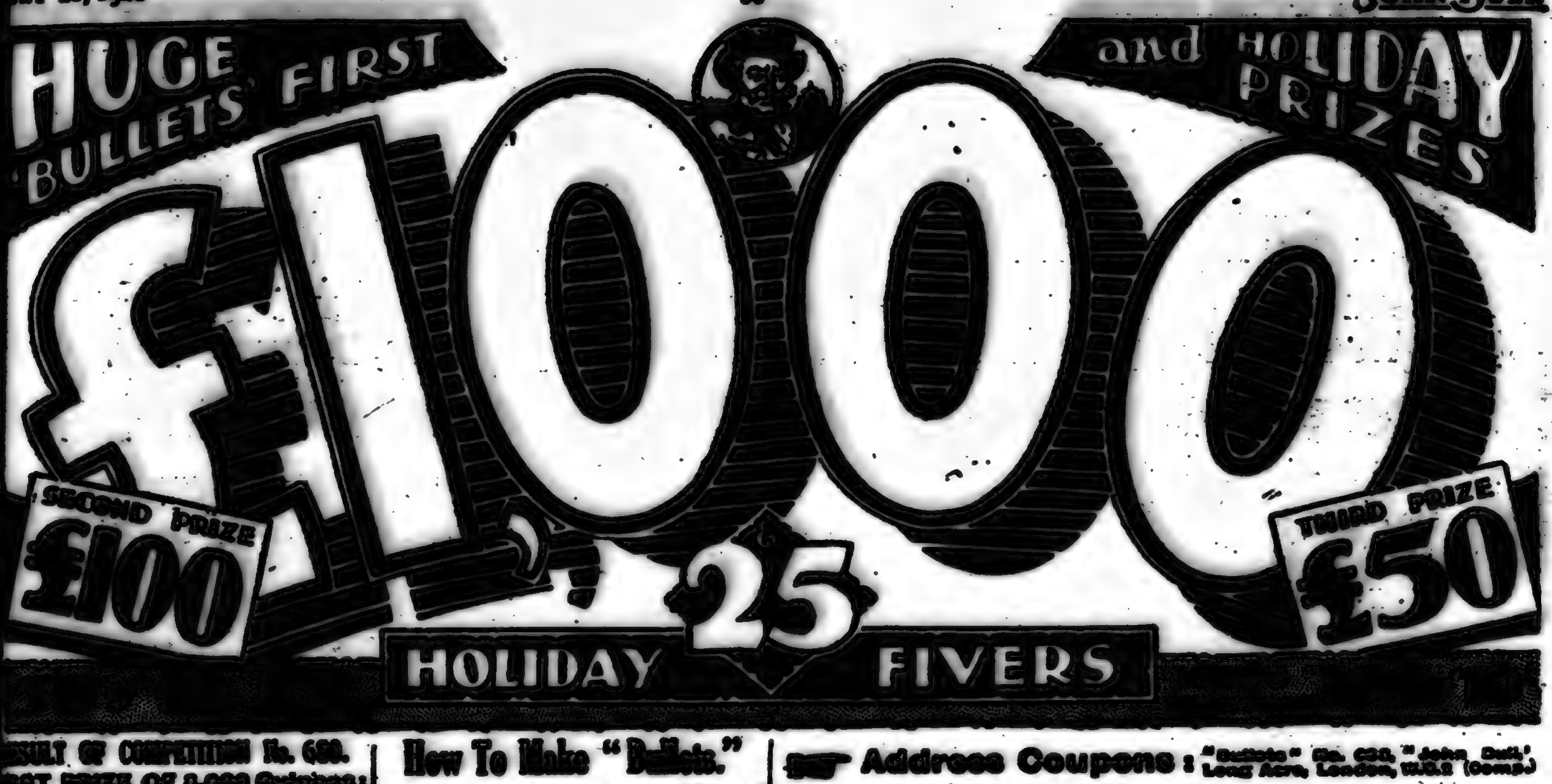

ESULT OF COMPETITION No. 680.

RST PRIZE OF 3,000 Guineas:

Mr. J. [illegible],
, Roxburgh Street, Grangemouth, N.B.
ample :—NEEDED TO-DAY
llet :—HOMESTEAD AT HOME INSTEAD.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £500:

J. LEACH, "[illegible]," [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], Glos.
mple :—"GOT ANY MONEY?"
let :—TAX-COLLECTOR INQUIRES—IN QUERY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:

J. R. [illegible], 11, [illegible] Street, [illegible]
mple :—OUR NEWSPAPERS
let :—"GUIDES" UNTIL "ROPED TOGETHER."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:

E. S. [illegible], 22, [illegible] Road, London, S.E.
mple :—VILLAGE PARSON
let :—SPREADS GOSPEL—THEN MARGARINE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

BROWN, 28, [illegible] Road, The Brook, Liverpool.
WHICH SHALL WE CHOOSE?—PEACE "DOOR"—WAR'S "TRAP-DOOR."
CLARKE, 49, Edge Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
HINT FOR THE GOVERNMENT—UNHEARD—THEY'RE "BLOWING TRUMPETS."
. F. J. COTTS, May Villa, Lordship Road, Writtle.
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M. FOSTER, 95, Albion Street, Wallasey.
THE FOOD COUNCIL—GOING HUNGRY MIGHT "SATISFY."
E. HART, 41, Fairfax Road, Birkenhead.
THE FOOD COUNCIL—"BROOM" THAT IGNORES "CORNERS."
. LANGFORD, Long Crichel, near Wimborne.
NATIONAL HERO—MAKING NATIONAL HEROES UNNECESSARY.
NORTON, 738, Grimesthorpe Road, Sheffield.
NEEDED TO-DAY—"RUNNING POWERS" BY PEDESTRIANS.
S. STEAD, "Elmwood," Park Street, Manchester.
PEACE PACT—PEN'S "STROKE"—SWORD'S "PARALYSIS."
C. TURNER, Edenhurst, Whiston Grove, Rotherham.
PEACE PACT—BREAKING GROUND, MENDING EARTH.
YOUART, [illegible] Head, Gresford, Wrexham.
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NORRIDGE, "[illegible]," Bath Road, Chippenham.
HINT FOR THE GOVERNMENT—ABANDON "PICNIC"—"SHOWERS" HOVERING.
REED, 40, Marshall Street, Hull.
DISGRACE TO BRITAIN—STARVATION "PRESSING" THE ARMY.
M. REYNOLDS, 130, Campbell Street, Riccarton, Kilmarnock.
NATIONAL HERO—CAN BE CIVILISATION'S VILLAIN.

(Continued on page 16.)

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Example :—WHEN YOUNG
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Example :—IN MEMORY'S GARDEN
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LOOKING FOR A WIFE
IRON CONSTITUTION
OUR CHORES
RISING
GETS ON MY NERVES
IF ALL GOES WELL
WHY LOVE DIES
A FALLACY
EVER SINCE
WITH DIGNITY
MAN IN THE BOOK
PUBLIC PROPERTY
FINANCIALLY EMBARRASSED
WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN
WHEREVER SHE GOES
BEWILDERING
A LOVE POTION
BLACK SHEEP
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WHERE FATHER'S GOING
A PEST
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ORANGE BLOSSOMS
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9 *BRITISH MADE.* All the material is of the best obtainable, making it durable and safe.

10 30 years of straightforward dealing combined with reasonable prices, guarantee complete satisfaction. You can fill in the coupon with perfect confidence.

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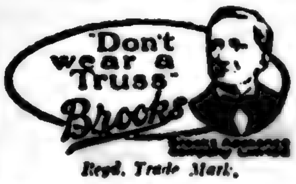

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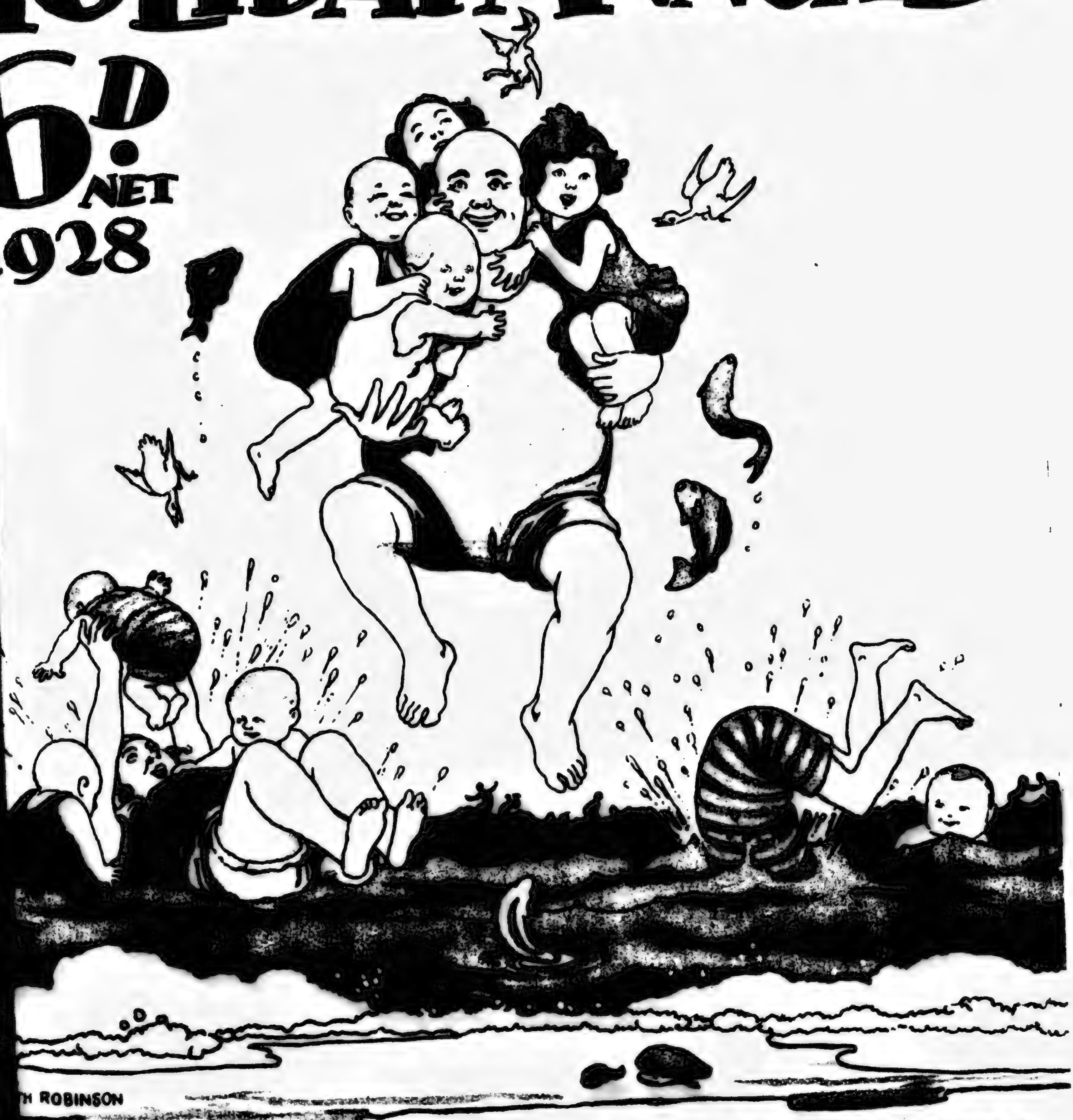

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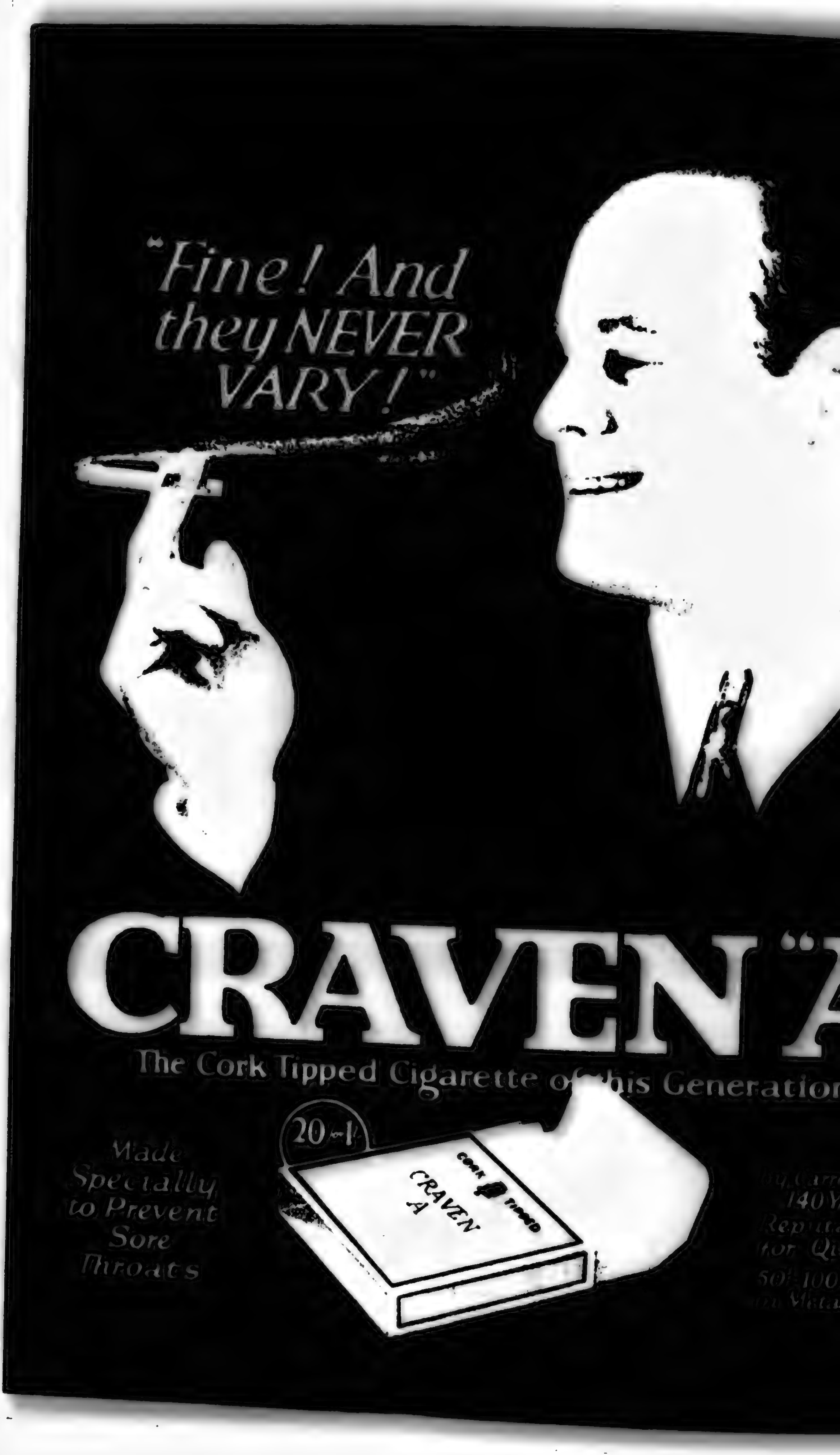
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We'll collect a party. You 'phone Joan and Dennis—oh, and the Careys—and ask them to join us. I'll ring up the station about trains.

They can all come? That's fine. Well, trains aren't too good, but I 'phoned the motor-coach people, and there's a char-a-banc leaving in an hour.

Oh, we can do it easily. I'll order all the food and refreshment by 'phone, and they'll send everything round in heaps of time.

Yes, hasn't it been fun? These last-minute affairs are always the best. What a pity we could not ask the Jacksons—but they aren't on the 'phone.

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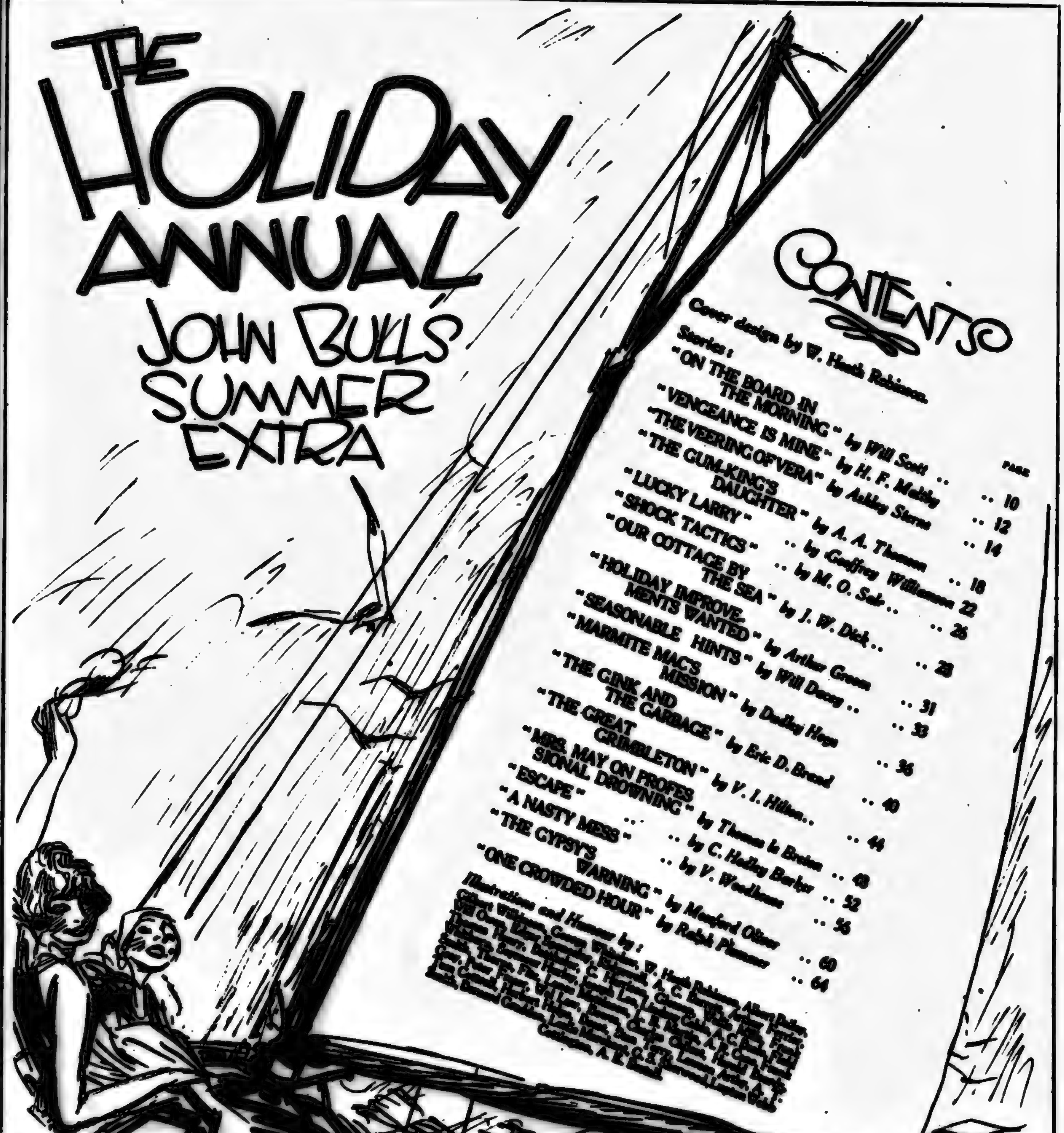

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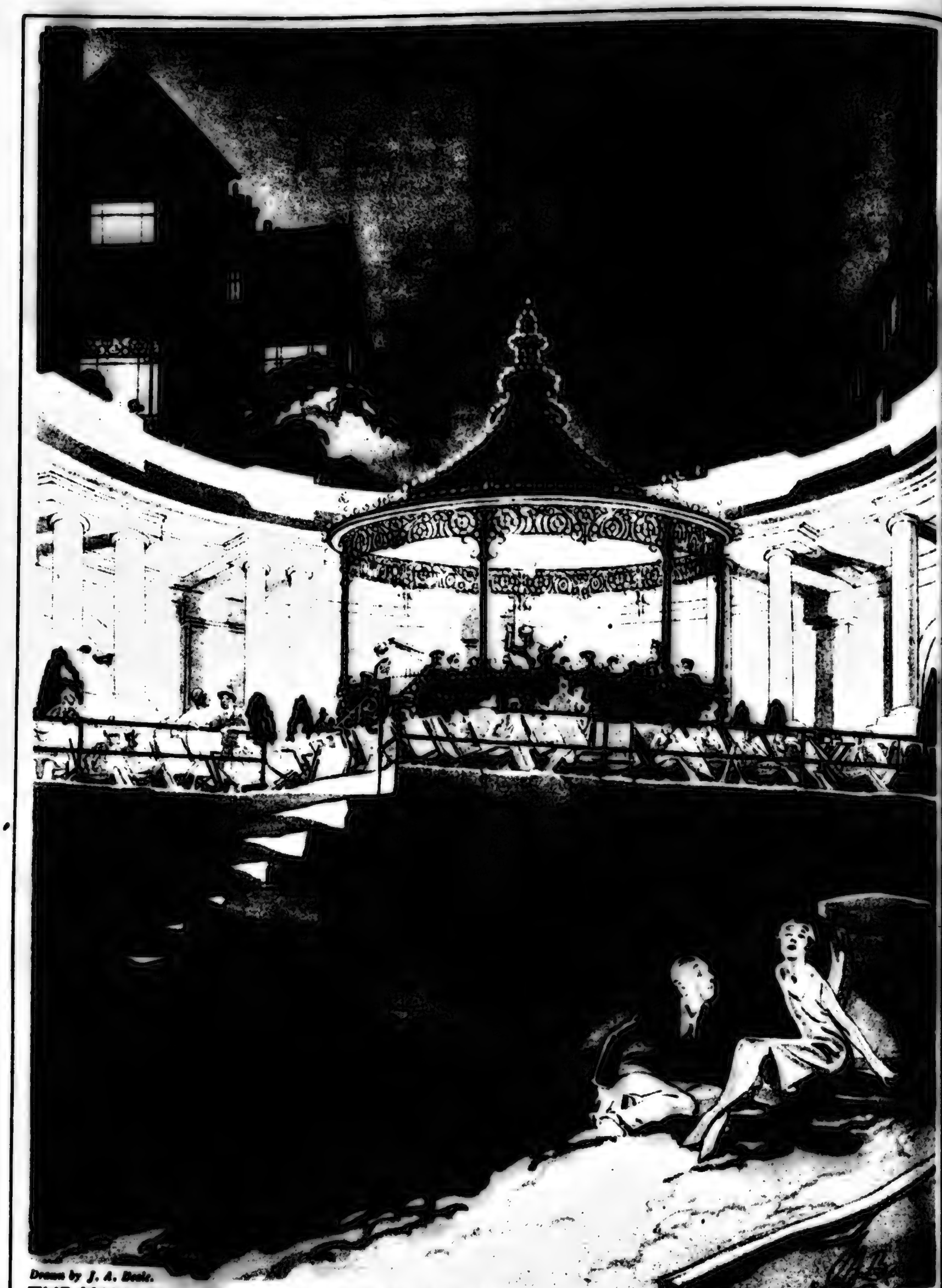


Drawn by J. A. Beale.

THE MAN: "Would you mind if I—er—kissed you?"
THE MAIDEN: "Mind—I should be furious—how dare you suggest it. If you try anything of the sort, I'll never speak to you again—and besides—this isn't a good place!"

WITCHING WAVELETS

N view of the present traffic difficulties, rear lights for Channel swimmers re now being made compulsory.

* * *

THE greatest danger to the seaside bachelor is that he may be caught at ny moment by a permanent wave.

* * *

WE travel in crowds to the seaside,
In a holiday train so sweet;
The children we pack upon the rack,
And Father goes under the seat.

* * *

THE latest definition of a pessimist is a man who watches the bathing eauties through the wrong end of his elescope.

* * *

"WEATHER Forecast Summery," says a headline in a wireless aper. This appears to be the most optimistic misprint on record.

* * *

WHEN engaging rooms at a house called Sea-View, don't forget to pro- ide yourself with a high-powered peri- cope.

* * *

THE seaside girl's *très chic*, you know,
As anyone can tell;
A seaside boy walks by her side
And he's *très sheik* as well.

* * *

"WHAT is bluer than the ocean?" asks a seaside rhapsodist. The ace of a gentleman who has just seen is seaside hotel bill.

* * *

OF all the seaside games
The nicest is sand-cricket,
ack has a bat, Jill has a ball,
And Father will do for the wicket!

* * *

AN eminent medical authority advises us not to eat too many heavy meals n our holidays. And the landladies of easide boarding-houses will help us to ollow his advice.

* * *

"WHY," asked an admirer of the Victorian maiden, "has the modern irl descended from The Woman's Throne?" Because she finds a pillion- eat much more comfortable for holiday iding.

* * *

NUTSHELL Novel.

1. She appears on the pier.
2. He peers.
3. She appears peerless.
4. She peers.
5. He appears a peer.
6. They peer.
7. They disappear.

* * *

A SCIENTIST has invented an automatic holiday hold-all for carrying eckchairs, sunshades, novels, ice cream, c., to the beach. But the old-fashioned ather will probably come cheaper in e end.

A TRAVELLER recently set out on a Trans-American tour in which he walked three thousand miles without seeing the sea. He is said to have been practising for a holiday at Southend.

* * *

"I NEVER sail in boats alone,"
Declared the maiden coy,
"For mother says it's safer
If you're anchored to a buoy."

* * *

A COMPOUND has been discovered so hard that a seventeen-inch shell will not pierce it. Boarding-house mattresses have been stuffed with it for years.

* * *

SEASIDE Arithmetic.

2 glad-eyes = 1 wave.
2 waves = 1 appointment after lunch.
2 appointments = 1 visit to the pictures.
2 visits = 1 moonlight walk on the beach.
2 moonlight walks = 1 passionate embrace.
6 passionate embraces = 1 seaside engagement.
12 seaside engagements = 0.

IF we all put as much energy into a year's work as into a fortnight's holiday for complete rest, we should have a nervous breakdown for the rest of our lives.

* * *

OH, to be happy and free!
Oh, to be sunny and single!
Oh, to be down by the sea
On the shore with my favourite *shingle*!

* * *

THOSE who are hesitating between the delights of a motoring holiday and a walking tour had better buy a second-hand car and get the fun of both.

* * *

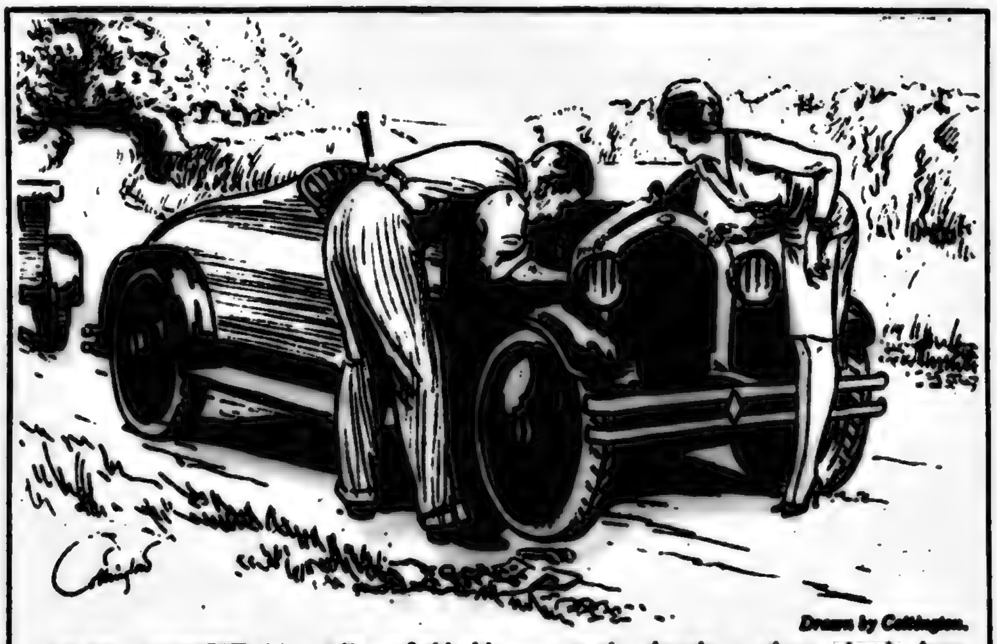
ONLY a very innocent girl would admit she had really finished learning to swim so long as there was one nice boy left on the beach.

* * *

THE sardine industry is expecting a record year in 1928, and the people who pack us into excursion trains will no doubt do their bit, too.

* * *

SO holiday girls and holiday boys,
I wish you the best of holiday joys;
May they be yours galore,
I wish you good-day,
But don't go away,
I've heaps of more pages in store!

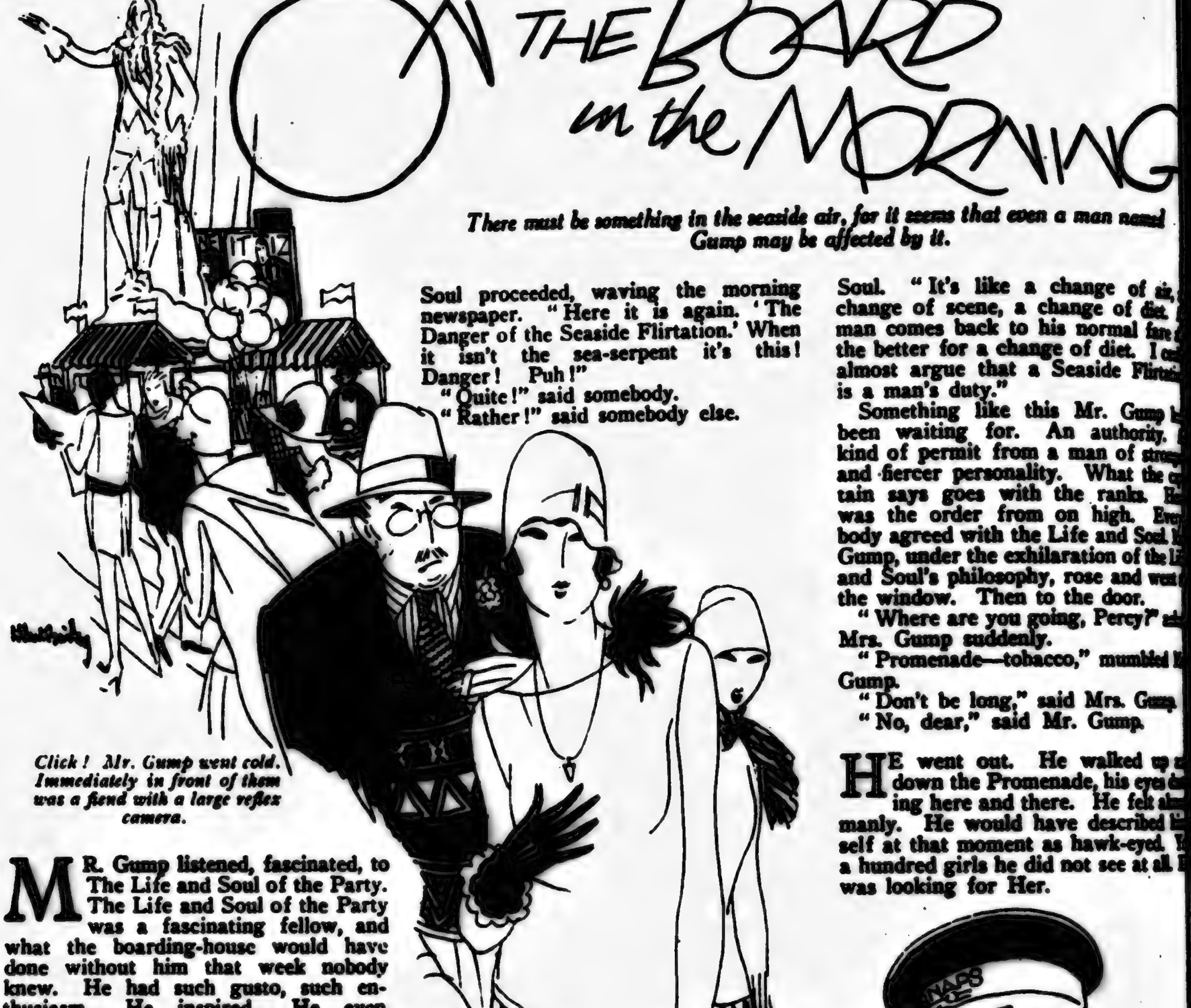


Drawn by Cottington.

GOOD SAMARITAN: "I'm afraid it's no good; there's a short circuit here somewhere."
FAIR MOTORIST: "How annoying! Can't you lengthen it?"

ON THE BOARD in the MORNING

There must be something in the seaside air, for it seems that even a man named Gump may be affected by it.



Click! Mr. Gump went cold. Immediately in front of them was a fiend with a large reflex camera.

MR. Gump listened, fascinated, to The Life and Soul of the Party. The Life and Soul of the Party was a fascinating fellow, and what the boarding-house would have done without him that week nobody knew. He had such gusto, such enthusiasm. He inspired. He even triumphed over the weather.

"Let's walk to the abbey ruins today," he'd suggest; and they'd all troop after him to the abbey ruins. Without him they'd never have gone.

He led them to the end of the long pier and back; staged a swimming contest; organised a charabanc party; got up a concert on the spur of the moment the night of the thunderstorm when they couldn't go out. His was the voice of authority.

That was the whole point. He made things sound so real. Particularly for Mr. Gump, to whom nothing had seemed real for years and years.

Stealing a furtive glance at Mrs. Gump, Mr. Gump, fascinated, listened.

"What's wrong with the Seaside Flirtation, anyway?" the Life and Soul was asking. "What's wrong with it?"

"Ah!" said somebody.

"Ah!" said somebody else.

Mr. Gump, squirming guiltily, listened harder than ever. To be sure, he had not spoken to the girl. He had only looked at her. He had only smiled when she smiled. Then he had passed on. But he couldn't get over that feeling of guilt.

"There's too much nonsense talked about Seaside Flirtations," the Life and Soul proceeded, waving the morning newspaper. "Here it is again. 'The Danger of the Seaside Flirtation.' When it isn't the sea-serpent it's this! Danger! Puh!"

"Quite!" said somebody.

"Rather!" said somebody else.

Whatever the Life and Soul might have to say about the Seaside Flirtation, so strong was his personality, so keen his gusto, the rest of them were prepared in advance to receive the truth. The Life and Soul was an authority, you see. He *knew*. He said so.

"Variety is the spice of life," said the Life and Soul, as if he had invented the phrase; and Mr. Gump began to tingle. It sounded like a good argument. Mr. Gump couldn't say. There had been no variety in his life. But he thought again of the girl who had smiled at him on the promenade.

"The Seaside Flirtation is an English institution," added the Life and Soul. "It's like a change of ai change of scene, a change of diet man comes back to his normal fare the better for a change of diet. I c almost argue that a Seaside Flirt is a man's duty."

Something like this Mr. Gump h been waiting for. An authority. kind of permit from a man of stro and fiercer personality. What the c tain says goes with the ranks. E was the order from on high. Eve body agreed with the Life and Soul. Gump, under the exhilaration of the Li and Soul's philosophy, rose and went the window. Then to the door.

"Where are you going, Percy?" a Mrs. Gump suddenly.

"Promenade—tobacco," mumbled Gump.

"Don't be long," said Mrs. Gump

"No, dear," said Mr. Gump.

HE went out. He walked up down the Promenade, his eyes d ing here and there. He felt al manly. He would have described self at that moment as hawk-eyed. a hundred girls he did not see at all. was looking for Her.

by WILL SCOTT

Presently, over by the Clock Tower, he saw Her. His heart began to jump. What would be the end of it? But then—how could anybody ever find out?

Besides, he wasn't doing any harm. Was he? Thus he argued with himself.

She was only a yard or two away. She saw him. She smiled. He smiled too. Should he stop? He hesitated.

She hesitated too.

They stopped.

"Good morning," said Mr. Gump.

"Good morning," said she.

"It's a nice morning," said Mr. Gump.

"Isn't it?" said she.

"It is, isn't it?" said Mr. Gump.

"Rather!" said she.

"Yes," said Mr. Gump.

A PAUSE. Mr. Gump grew hot about the brow. He wished he hadn't done it. He gave a glance over his shoulder in the direction of the boarding-house. Luckily the boarding-house was out of sight round a curve in the Prom. Mr. Gump sighed. He didn't know what to say to Her. She didn't appear to know what to say to him. Mr. Gump began to wish himself out of it.

"Just going along to the Pier," said he.

"That's funny," said she. "So am I."

They went together.

Mr. Gump was in agony. He thanked heaven nobody in the town knew him, apart from the crowd at the boarding-house—and he had left the crowd there when he came out. How was he going to get rid of her?

"It's a better summer than last year," said she.

"Oh, much," said Mr. Gump.

"More sunshine," said she.

"Oh, much," said Mr. Gump.

"Last summer *was* a wet summer," said she.

"Oh, rather," said Mr. Gump.

If anybody should find out! If his guilty secret should be discovered. But then, it couldn't be. How could it? He did not know a soul they passed on the busy front. Nobody could ever know. He'd drop the girl soon. He'd find an excuse for getting rid of her, and then nobody would ever know he'd spoken to her and taken a walk with her along the Prom. It was impossible. Wasn't it?

He began to curse himself for having jumped into this pass. His own fault entirely. If he hadn't listened to what the Life and Soul had had to say——

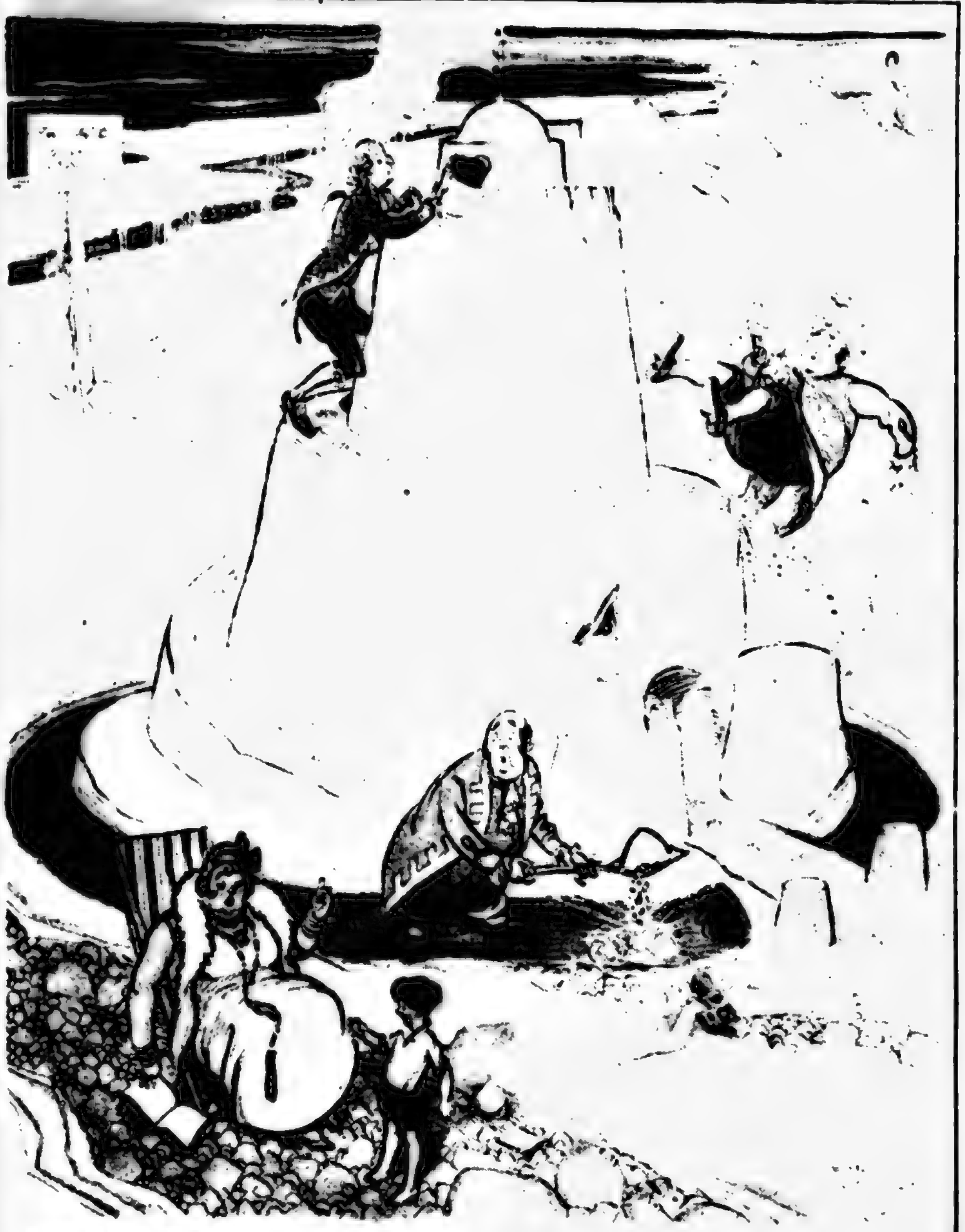
Still, nobody could ever find out. How could they?

"I've got to meet a man on the Pier," Mr. Gump said desperately.

"Oh!" said she.

"Maybe I shall see you again," said Mr. Gump to soften the blow—hoping to heaven he'd never set eyes on her after the parting.

"Yes," said she.



Drawn by Edgar Spenceley.

SON (who has asked for a sand castle): "May I dig a little now, mother?"
MOTHER: "Of course not, child. What do you think your father employs all these men for?"

He felt he was getting out of it beautifully. They had nearly reached the Pier. Then good-bye, and away! Silly it had been, but brief. The lucky thing for him was that nobody would ever know. His secret would remain a secret.

"Click!"

Mr. Gump went cold. Immediately in front of them was a fiend with a large reflex camera. Across his peaked cap were the words in gold; SNIPPY SNAPS. He approached and thrust a card into Mr. Gump's trembling fingers.

"They'll be on the board at the end of the Pier in the morning sir," he said. "Three shillings the half-dozen. Thank *you*, sir. Good-morning, sir."

ON the board in the morning! For all the world to see! A Snippy Snap of Mr. Gump and the Girl he had Picked Up! The world began to spin round before his eyes. He wasn't aware of it, but they had come to the Pier. She stopped and put out her hand.

"Well, good-bye."

"'Bye," said Mr. Gump; and the Biggest Fool that Mr. Gump had ever known barged through the turnstile and spent an hour on the Pier deck trying to make his heart stop jumping.

On the board in the morning! A Snippy Snap! For all the world to see!

That, decided Mr. Gump, had completely done it.

EARLY to the board was Mr. Gump on the following morning. There was a great crowd round the board. There were hundreds of Snippy Snaps for all the world to see. Mr. Gump forced his way to the section labelled "Monday's Snippy Snaps."

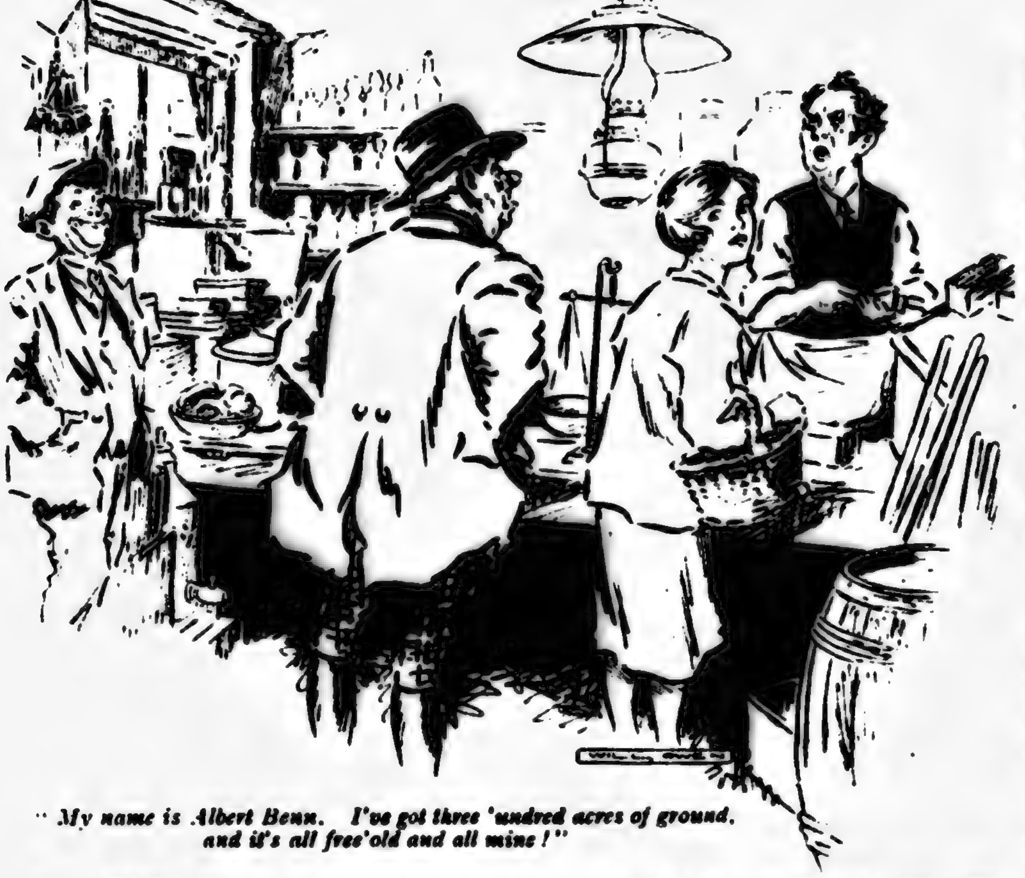
And there, after five minutes' search he saw it. There it was, for all the world to see, right in the centre of the board, in the most prominent position of all.

A Snippy Snap of Mrs. Gump and the Life and Soul, arm in arm on the Promenade.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

by H. F. MALTBY

Mr. Catt was aptly named, he had as many lives as any feline.



"My name is Albert Benn. I've got three 'undred acres of ground, and it's all free'old and all mine!"

ALBERT Benn was a self-made man. At least that is what people called him. As a matter of fact, Albert had very little to do with his own manufacture and, had it not been for the fact that some thirteen years before this story starts, His Brittanic Majesty had had a slight difference of opinion with the then German Emperor, Albert Benn would probably never have been heard of at all.

Anyhow, Albert Benn was now a very important being, and in addition to his own fat person his possessions included; a fat bank balance—a fat estate with acres of fat meadow lands upon which grazed many head of fat cattle—a fat wife and several fat daughters with very fat opinions of themselves.

But the fattest thing of the whole lot was Albert Benn's head, which had swelled to such an extent that it was commonly rumoured in the village where he had taken up his abode, that Albert was forced to wear elastic-sided hats!

The house and estate where Albert Benn had settled down, had once belonged to the local Squire and it was Albert's one ambition in life to hear the epithet "Squire" applied to him. And, although to that end, he purchased and wore check riding breeches, buff leather gaiters, funny shaped tail coats and funnier shaped bowler hats, and generally deported himself as he had seen the Squire do on the stage of "The Elephant and Castle Theatre" in the days before the war—no one ever thought of addressing him as "Squire," and the only epithets applied to him, were uttered behind his back and were not such as could be repeated in polite society.

Albert Benn's attempts to mingle with the other county families had not been crowned with success, and at each successive snub he had retired to his well-wooded park and had communed with himself something as follows.

"General Sir Douglas Dennison, D.S.O.—'oo does 'e think 'e is? I could buy 'im up!"

The power to be able to buy others up was Benn's one consolation in life. At first he had used it as an empty threat, but lately he had put it into effect as a salutary lesson to the villagers.

Thus, when "Garge" the blacksmith had been guilty of passing him without touching his hat, Benn had promptly bought the piece of land where "Garge" cultivated his vegetables, and had let it to another.

Likewise Mrs. Lawkins—the village laundress had reason to repent her offhand behaviour to Mrs. Benn, by finding the field where she usually hung her washing out to dry, taken from her, and being compelled to walk a quarter of a mile to her new drying ground.

In the latter case, a timely apology had restored to the good woman her original pitch, but it had certainly—to use Benn's own expression, "Learnt her."

Nobody liked Benn in the village, but everybody was frightened of him and all were agreed that it was better to keep in his good books than in his bad ones.

Now it so happened, that some three years after Albert Benn's appearance in the village, Mr. Swan—who kept the only general store in the place, died, and his estate, including the shop, two cottages adjoining and a few acres of land, were put up for sale and sold in several lots; the shop being purchased by Mr. Catt—an enterprising man of thirty-five years, who not only caused his name to be inscribed above the window, but also the explanatory legend, "Late of the Home and Co-operative."

How the Home and Co-operative managed to subsist after Mr. Catt left their service, is a matter of pure conjecture, but, seeing that Mr. Catt appeared to bring more money away with him than can usually be legitimately saved by a shop assistant of his age—perhaps the firm was not altogether sorry to be rid of him.

At all events Mr. Catt was nothing if not enterprising. Every Monday morning his shop window would be dressed in a different way. And many's the child who was late for school through lingering over the wonders displayed inside!

Prices too were cut to the lowest margin of profit and Mr. Catt's ingratiating manner soon made him a general favourite with the community.

"I want to make my customers my friends," Mr. Catt would continually remark. And certainly it appeared that he meant it.

The fame of "Catt's cut prices" spread beyond the outskirts of the village and eventually reached the ears of Mr. Albert Benn.

"I'll go and 'ave a look at this fellow's shop," he remarked to his better and bulkier half. "And if I like 'im, 'e shall 'ave my patronage!"

So saying, he donned his square top bowler and driving gloves and whistling to his cocker spaniel who took not the slightest notice of him, he set forth across the meadows in the direction of the general store.

MR. Catt was engaged in explaining to a lady the merits of a new combined tooth and nail brush he had imported, when the great Albert Benn entered the emporium. Several other villagers were awaiting their turn to Mr. Catt's attentions, but they respectfully fell back at the approach of the great person.

"Morning!" remarked Mr. Benn, pushing himself forward.

"Good morning!" replied Mr. Catt, briefly and went on with his demonstration of the bristled article in question.

"Do you keep 'Westward Ho' tobacco?" inquired Mr. Benn.

Mr. Catt looked up at him in stern disapproval.

"You must wait your turn," he replied curtly. "First come, first served."

Mr. Benn's eyes opened as wide as saucers.

"Do you know who I am?" he inuired indignantly.

"No! And don't want to!" replied Mr. att . . . "You see, madam," he connued, "this article . . ."

A murmur of awed astonishment arose rom the other customers.

"Oh," replied Mr. Benn, himself taken back, "well I'll tell you. My name's enn—Albert Benn. I live at "Langale Court"—the big 'ouse over there. ve got three 'undred acres of ground nd it is all free'old and all mine!"

"Then why don't you stay there?" inuired Mr. Catt quietly.

Mr. Benn gasped.

"You talk to me like that do you—ou—you—shopkeeper!" he spluttered. You and your tuppeny halfpenny store! —I could buy you up a 'undred times ver, and damn it, I will! You'll be orry for this. I'll learn you!" And e strode out of the shop.

NEWS spreads quickly in a village and soon the story of Catt's encounter with Mr. Benn was in very mouth. For days the shop was esieged. People who had no money enuired for articles that didn't exist, solely or the reflected glory obtainable from aving spoken to Mr. Catt.

Mr. Benn did not sit still under the nsult he had endured.

"I'll buy 'im up!" he reiterated to imself. "Damn 'im, I'll buy 'im up."

That very afternoon he set about the usiness.

As has been mentioned, the property urrounding Mr. Catt's shop had been old in several lots on the death of the te owner, Mr. Swan. Mr. Benn got to touch with his solicitor and through m the local estate agent.

The field at the back of Mr. Catt's op where that gentleman kept his orse, had been purchased by an old lady the north of London for £300. Mr. enn—through his solicitors offered her 350—but nothing would persuade her sell under £600!

Mr. Benn, in ordinary circumstances careful man where money was conrned, knew no limit when vengeance epped in. He bought at the price asked d the next day, Mr. Catt received a eek's notice to quit.

"That's the first for 'im!" remarked r. Benn to himself, as a week after the tice had been served as he strolled wn to the village to see for himself at it was observed.

In front of Mr. Catt's shop stood a and new Ford van with the feline me of the owner conspicuously disyed on its side.

"Wot's 'e done with 'is 'orse and rt?" asked Mr. Benn of a village.

"'E sold that larst week to Varmer kes," replied the yokel, "and bought at there car. 'E keeps un in yon barn ngside."

Mr. Benn got into telephonic comnication with his solicitor.

"I want to buy that barn that stands t to Catt's stores!" he announced. et it for me!"

The barn had been sold to an old tleman of Penzance. He had paid 00 for it but would not take less than 50. Mr. Benn bought it and Mr. Catt ived notice to quit.

At the same time it was announced in the village, that Mr. Benn would pay double of any sum offered by Mr. Catt for any garage accommodation within a radius of four miles.

"That's done 'is car in," he remarked. And it seemed as if it certainly had.

The name of "Catt" disappeared from the panels of the Ford van and in its place appeared the legend "Johnston, Carrier."

"Sold it to Peter Johnston the carrier," an aged yokel explained to Mr. Benn. "They say as 'ow Mr. Catt 'as given Peter a contract to do 'is carrying for 'im."

AT this juncture Mr. Benn's solicitor arrived with the news that the premises of Catt's stores was for sale with vacant possession. They were not, as had been generally supposed, the property of Mr. Catt, but of a London retailer of the name of Jones.

Jones had just paid £1,000 for them. Catt was offering £1,200! This was Benn's opportunity and he seized it.

Jones it appeared was not anxious to sell, but at length accepted £2,500—a profit of £1,500 in a few weeks!

"Bought 'im up at last!" murmured Benn as he signed the cheque.

But Catt was not so easily dislodged.

Within a few days there appeared upon the shop windows the following notice, "Shortly removing to Rosemary Cottage next door."

But Rosemary Cottage was apparently also for sale, and on the day Mr. Catt should have signed his lease, Mr. Benn became the owner of it in exchange for the sum of £2,000—about three times its actual value.

Perfectly unperturbed, however, Mr. Catt altered the wording on his shop window to "Shortly removing to Felgate's Barn." But before he could carry out his intention, Felgate's Barn had also passed into Mr. Benn's possession and Mr. Catt had to seek fresh premises.

This had become by now, no easy task, as no sooner did Mr. Catt make inquiries about any property, than Mr. Benn promptly acquired it—regardless of cost.

At last the day for Mr. Catt's departure from his shop arrived. He had apparently given up all attempts to acquire other premises in the village and was accepting his defeat with resignation.

Mr. Catt took down his shutters at the usual hour. It was noticed that his windows were more tastefully dressed than ever. That all his choicest goods were displayed temptingly inside, and, wonder of wonders, in each window was displayed the legend, "Everything in this shop will be given away free to-day."

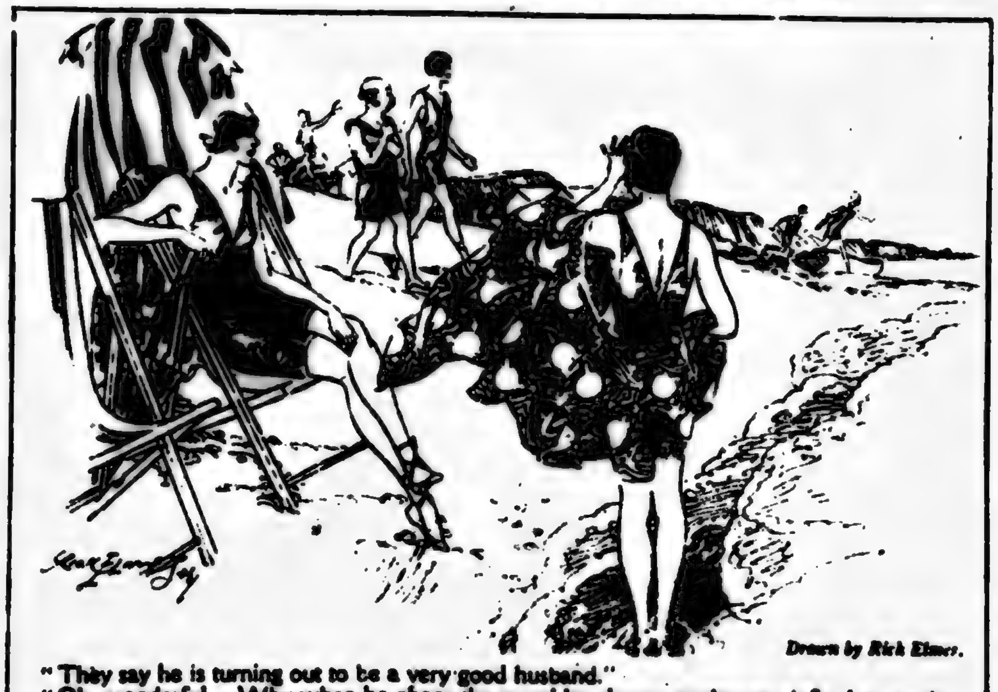
All traffic in the village street was stopped and when Mr. Catt appeared on the top rung of his pair of steps, he was greeted by a rousing cheer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am sorry to be leaving you to-day, for I have spent in your village, the most profitable six months of my life and my thanks are entirely due to our friend Mr. Benn of 'Langdale Court!' Hearing that that gentleman had a weakness for buying people up, I carefully prepared the ground for him, and before I became a member of your community, I had bought up—under different names—every bit of worthless property in the village. These I have been selling to him at enormous profits during the last few months, and I am happy to say that during that time, some £10,000 have passed from his pockets to mine! Leaving me with a net profit of over £7,000! Ladies and gentlemen! As a little token of gratitude, I now make you a present of the contents of this shop. Let me call for three hearty cheers for Mr. Albert Benn! Hip—Hip——!"

But before he could proceed further, the object of the proposed cheers had pushed his way through the crowd.

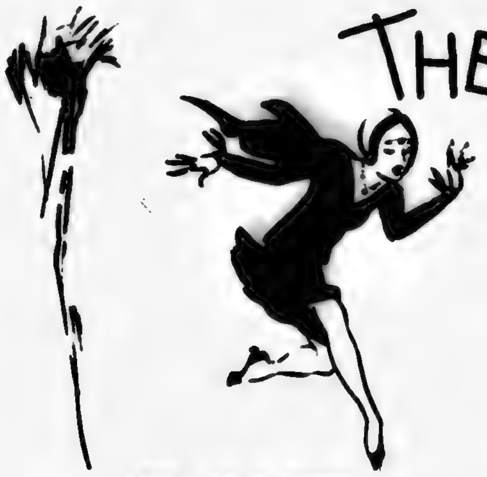
"You—you—you!" he spluttered, "I'll buy you up yet!"

"With pleasure," responded Mr. Catt politely. "Have a banana?"



Drawn by Rick Elmes.

"They say he is turning out to be a very good husband."
"Oh, wonderful. Why when he chops the wood he always sandpapers it for her, so that she won't get splinters in her fingers."



With a cry of dismay Vera leapt from the cliff.

THE VEERING OF VERA

by Ashley Sterne

When Vera made her vow she didn't appreciate the nature of an oath.

THE pier at Boghampton was crowded with holiday-makers. Some were promenading round the bandstand, where the band of the 1st Hatguards (by permission of Messrs. Lincoln and Bennett) was exhaling a pleasing selection from Saint-Saens' celebrated opera, "Samson and Gluckstein."

Some were leaning over the balustrade, watching a school of winkles twisting and twirling, leaping and plunging, in light-hearted frolic in the foam below. Some were trying their weight, or testing the strength of their lungs, or otherwise indulging in those typical seaside sports for which the automatic machines so thoughtfully cater.

Others, again, were sitting in the shelters contentedly reading *John Bull*, or impatiently awaiting the arrival of the bookseller's boy with Edgar Wallace's daily new novel, or merely gazing in rapture over the wide expanse of ocean and drinking it all in.

Suddenly, upon this peaceful and happy scene broke a cry of wild alarm. A bath-chair had broken loose from its attendant, and was careering madly down the pier at three miles an hour. A panic promptly ensued, and there was a rush for places of safety. With commendable bravery, several of the men with cooler heads than the others started throwing the women and children over the banisters into the sea, before taking refuge themselves in one of the numerous refreshment-bars with which the pier was fortunately equipped.

For some minutes the direst confusion reigned, and meanwhile the bath-chair was pursuing its headlong course. It seemed as if nothing short of the direct intervention of Providence could prevent it from sooner or later crashing into the bandstand and scraping the nice new paint-work.

Its occupant—a lovely young girl—had lost all control over the rudder, and beneath the thick strata of nose-powder and rouge which adorned her features the discriminating eye could have seen terror writ large upon every line of them. Frantically she yelled for help; but none was forthcoming, albeit one man who had taken sanctuary on the lid of a fruit-kiosk pluckily attempted to hand her a lifebelt as she dashed by.

She could not have been more than fifty yards from the bandstand, however, when unexpected salvation came to her. A young man dashed out of a shelter where he had previously been sound asleep despite the commotion around him.

The shrieks of the girl had aroused him. He took in the situation at a glance, and as the bath-chair rushed at him he heroically braced himself for the supreme effort by which alone the unfortunate girl could be saved. The crucial moment came. He boldly stuck out his foot, and pushed the stampeding vehicle over. Then, when the frantic wheels had ceased to revolve, he hastened to the wreckage, and extracted its fair occupant from the cockpit.

"I trust you are not hurt?" he inquired solicitously, as he picked her up in his arms, and bore her to the seat in the shelter from which he had so opportunely emerged. "There was no other way to save you."

"However can I thank you?" the girl exclaimed. "You have saved my life, and except for a small gumboil and an ingrowing toe-nail I have sustained no further injury."

BY this time the previous occupants of the pier had all returned, and were crowding round the shelter proffering bottles of gin, beer, turpentine, ammoniated quinine, and other nerve-restoratives to the girl and her heroic rescuer. They gratefully drank the lot, and soon the nerves of both had become so thoroughly braced up that they twanged like a banjo. Seeing at last that all was well, the crowd gave young Leander Lomax (for it was he) three rousing cheers, and, leaving him to minister further to Vera Vavasour (for it was she), slowly dissipated to resume its interrupted amusements.

"You must allow me to conduct home," said Leander. "I fear the ner restoratives have gone to your head can distinctly see two of you. But we shall need a fresh bath-chair. T other must be reduced to splinters now."

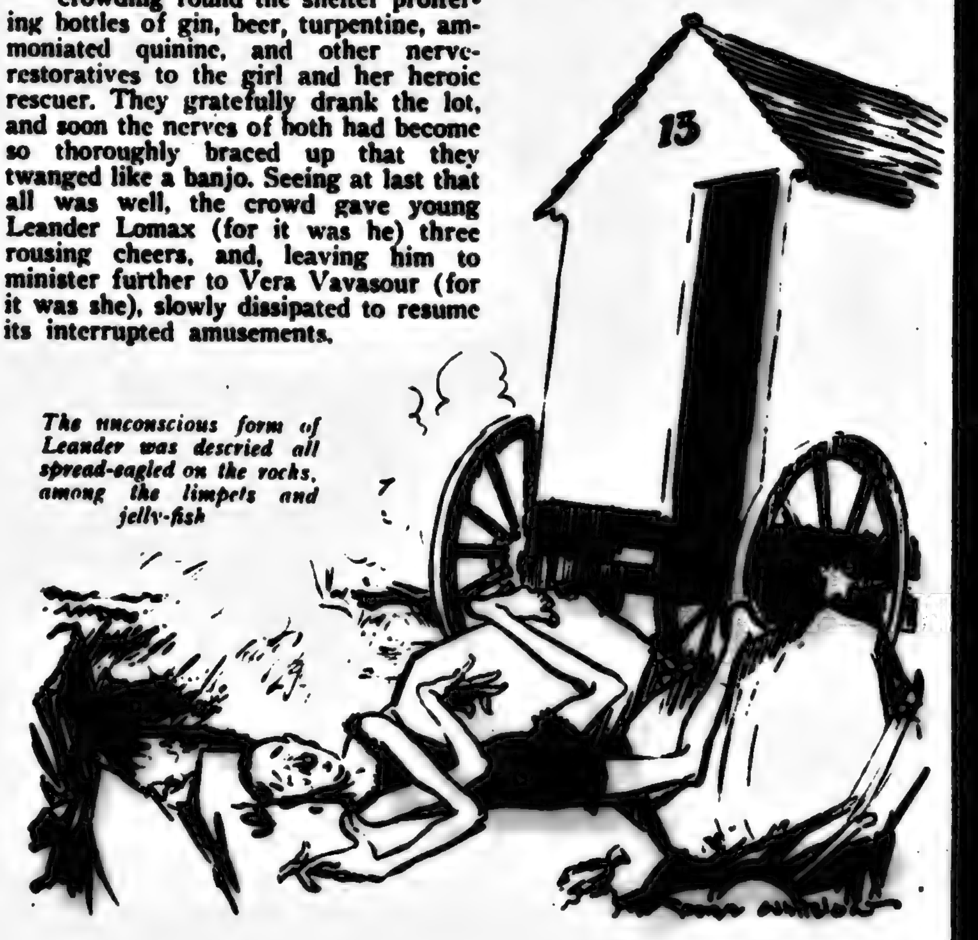
"No, no," exclaimed the girl. " no, no, No. I am neither an inv nor a cripple. I only hired that ba chair because I took pity on its attend who told me he hadn't had a fare s 1879. That, I fancy, is the reason it broke away from him—too fresh f lack of exercise. But I shall be pleased if you will return to my board ing-house with me—'Belle Vue,' ri in the middle of the town between gasometer and the brewery—and stay lunch. It's potato pie and tapioca p ding day, and you would be confer a boon not only upon myself, but all the other guests, too, if you w help to dispose of these disgu comestibles as rapidly as possible."

"With pleasure," said Leander. " happens to be hash and bread-and-b pudding, which I dislike even more, possible, at my boarding-house—'B Vista,' overlooking the cemetery— so I gratefully accept your kind invi tion."

And it was in this romantic fas that the story of Vera and Leander, soon to reach a startling climax, be

THAT the acquaintance of the p should, as the days passed, dee into friendship, then the friend broaden into intimacy, and finally intimacy lengthen into love, is scar surprising. Indeed, in a Special Su Number, the reader is entitled to de it.

One day, after he had stood her



The unconscious form of Leander was descried all spread-eagled on the rocks, among the limpets and jelly-fish ozens of cream buns, chocolate sundaes, anana splits, and goodness knows how any quarts of strawberry-and-vanilla, e asked her to marry him. Her answer, hich was in the negative, so startled im that his eyebrows shot up and nocked his hat off.

"Don't think I do not love you, eander," went on Vera, gently. "I o. I love you with all my heart and oul—to say nothing of the rest of my nnards. But I cannot marry you I m under a vow."

"What! are you a nun or something?" xclaimed Leander, unable to believe his ars—not a single one of 'em. 'Don't ell me you're a female Benedictine, or Green Chartreuse, or a Kümmel, sworn o perpetual spinsterhood?"

"Let me explain," said Vera. "Do ou remember a very notable feature onnected with the year 1911?"

"Yes," replied Leander promptly. Tschaikowsky composed an overture to t."

"Something nobler than that," said era. "Burgess swam the Channel. On he day he accomplished that feat I took solemn oath that I would never marry man who had not swum the Channel. admit that my action was quixotic, apricious; but I was very young—only ix at the time—and did not fully appreciate the nature of an oath."

"All right," said Leander. "If that's he only barrier to our union, I *will* wim the Channel—at once. I'll do it his very night."

"But surely you are not in training or the attempt?" queried Vera, a trifle larmed at her lover's sudden decision.

"I am always in training," replied eander. "Didn't I tell you that I've ot my International cap for polo, both orts, the dry and the wet? Swimming he Channel holds no terrors for me. To-ight I will either do it, or founder with oth hands."

"Leander—my hero!" whispered era.

"Vera—Leander's Hero, figuratively peaking!" breathed her lover into the air over her ear. "Now we must part. have much to do before nightfall—porpoise oil to buy, a boat and pilot to engage, beef-tea and grapes to procure for y sustenance. . . . No, I would rather ou didn't come to see me start. The ight of you might make me nervous and ut me off my stroke."

"Then good-bye for the present," said era. "I wish you success with all my eart. I shall be on the cliffs at earliest aylight, watching you through a telescope, and if you can spare the effort to urn round during your swim, I will vaggle my umbrella at you. *Au revoir!*"

BY midnight every detail was completed. He had even engaged a bathing-machine at a secluded spot on he rocky foreshore from which he could nter the water unobserved by any inuisitive midnight promenaders, notwithtanding that the night was as black as sweep. As Leander stepped into the achine to disrobe, he could only dimly iscern the lights of the pilot's boat hich awaited him some hundred yards r so from the beach. Rapidly he divested imself of his clothing, anointed himself vishly with porpoise oil, and finally onned the special fur-lined bathing-costume he had purchased that afternoon. And all the time he thought of Vera. It would have been better if he hadn't. It would have been wiser if he had thought of a number and doubled it. Thinking of Vera literally turned his head; he forgot his bearings, with the result that when at last he flung open the door of the bathing-machine and took a running dive through it, he plunged not into the sea, but with a dull, sickening wallop, slap on to the rocks of the shore.

He had dived out of the wrong end!

HOUR after hour passed, and the pilot having lost both the tide and his temper waiting for Leander, peevishly went home to an early breakfast. It was not until daylight broke that the unconscious form of Leander, all spread-eagled on the rocks among the limpets and the jelly-fish, was descried by a girl standing on the edge of the cliff overhead.

It was Vera. Through her telescope she detected the strong odour of porpoise oil which clung to the body, and at once she knew it for Leander's. With a cry of dismay she leapt from the cliff, and hastened to her lover's side. He still breathed, in fact, he snored; but it was clear even to her unpractised eye that parts of him were badly broken—a state of affairs that was confirmed by the doctors later, when, Vera having rushed to the town for assistance, they took him—O bitter irony!—in a bath-chair to the hospital. There they examined him, and promptly clapped him into a thick coat of plaster of Paris—which was the nearest Leander ever got to the coast of Pas de Calais.

THREE months later he had progressed so—so swimmingly that Vera was allowed to see him.

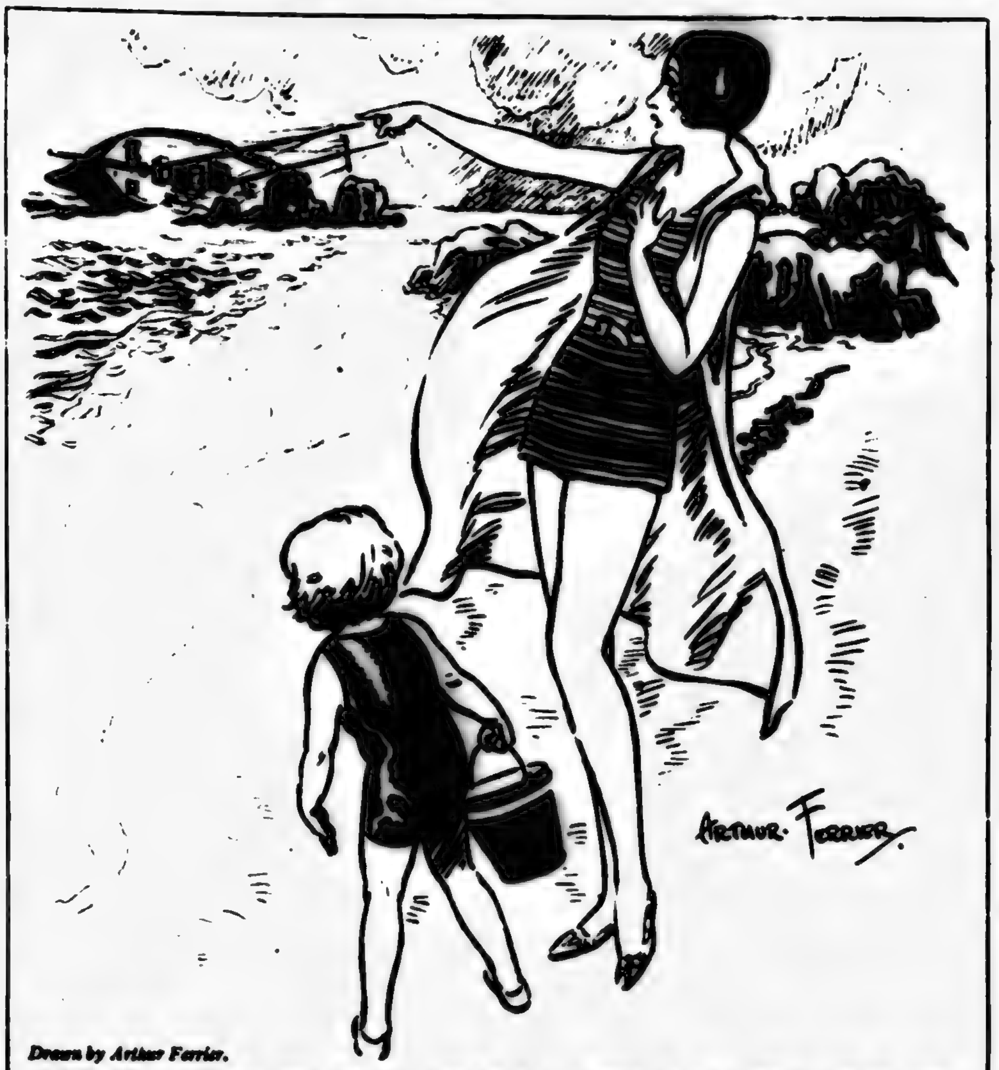
"It was all my fault," said Vera, wiping her eyes. "It was that stupid vow."

"Not at all," said Leander, "I ought to have looked before I leapt. So soon as they take me out of this confounded pipe-clay I'll make another shot."

"There is no need," said Vera. 'I've made another vow instead. Since you have been lying unconscious here, there has developed so universal a mania for swimming the Channel that thousands and thousands of men, women, and even children have swum it these last three months. The feat has lost its glamour, and I have altered my ideals. The real hero of my dreams is the man who *hasn't* swum the Channel, and I have taken a new oath that I will never marry a man who has. The man I marry must never have swum the Channel."

"All right," said Leander. "If that's the only barrier to our union, I'll never swim the Channel—at once. I'll start never swimming it this very night."

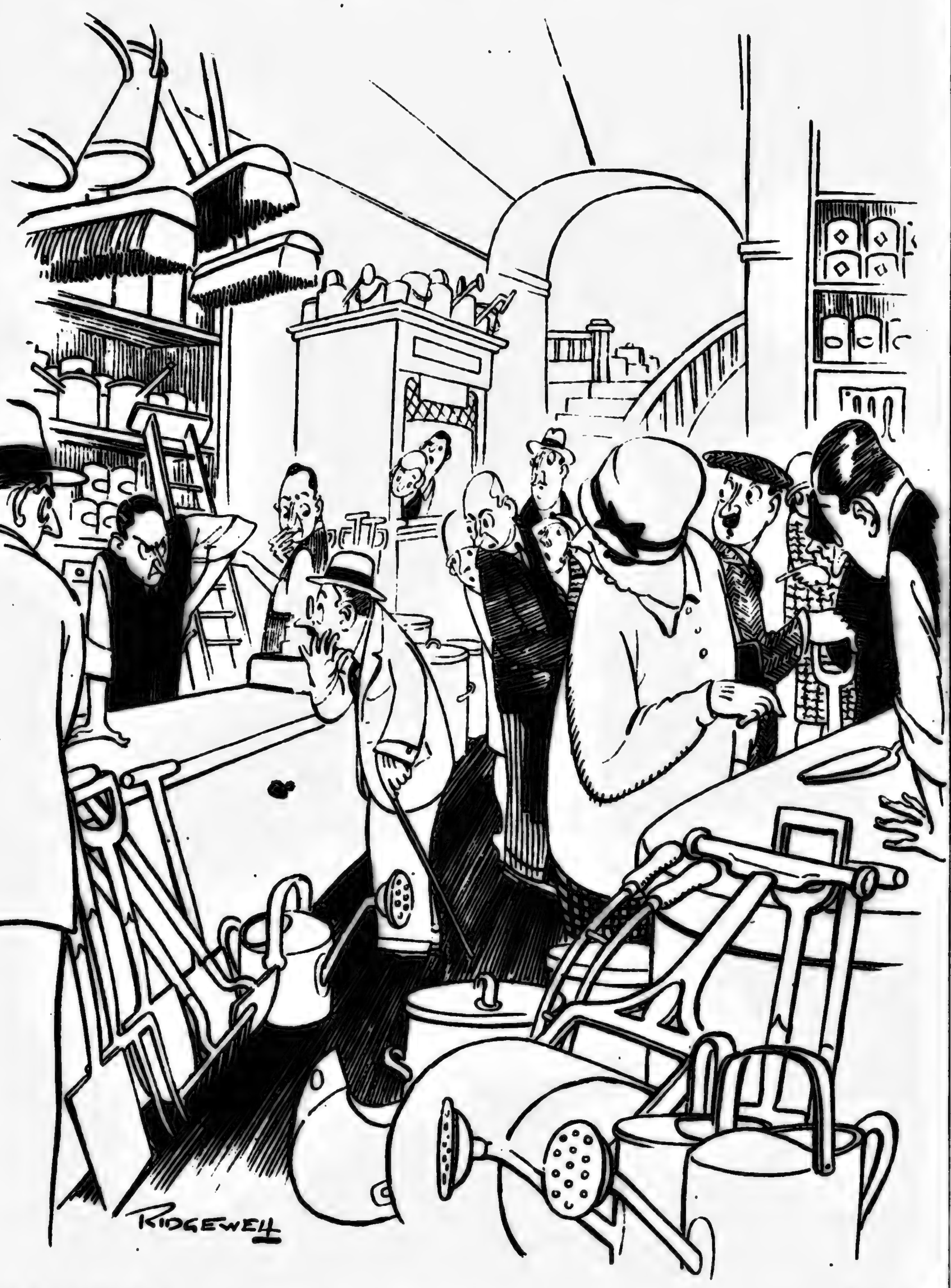
And he successfully accomplished the feat. The subsequent nuptial gifts were numerous and costly, and the service fully choral.


ARTHUR FERRIER.

Drawn by Arthur Ferrier.

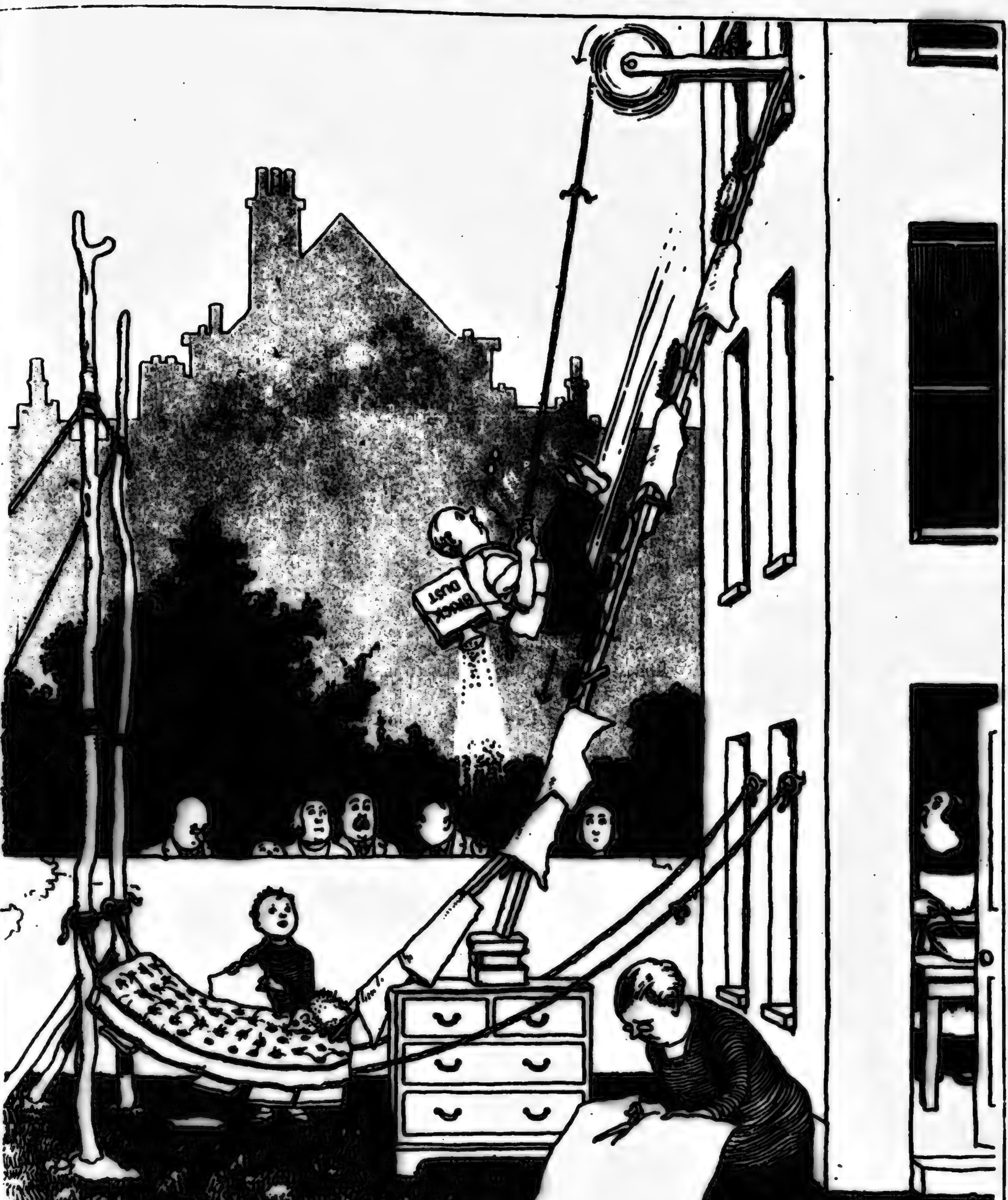
MOTHER: "There, now, Bobby! Let that be a warning to you! Never rock the boat when you are out in one!"

THE MOMENT THAT SEEMS A YEAR.



Drawn by Ridgewell

SELF-CONSCIOUS GENTLEMAN (in a sibilant whisper): "I want a large tin of weed-killer, please."


BRICK DUST
SAND PAPER
SAND PAPER
W HEATH ROBINSON

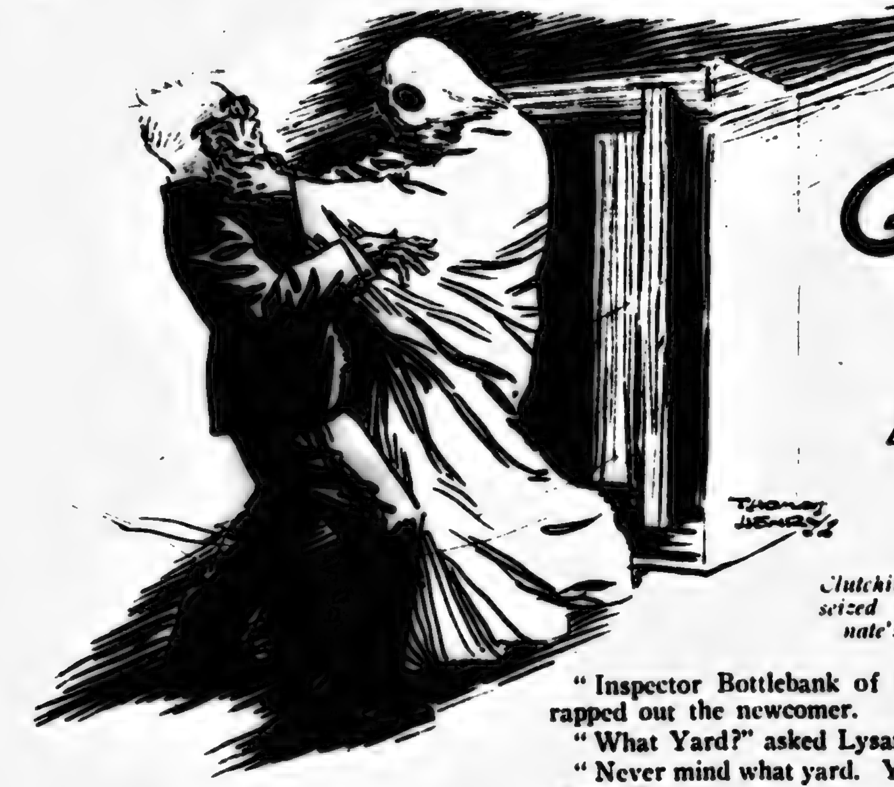
Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

THE SANDPAPER CHUTE SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR REMOVING THE SHINE FROM BLUE SERGE TROUSERS AND RESTORING THE ORIGINAL MAT SURFACE.

We ordered "an Edgar Wallacey one" and A. A. Thomson gave us—

The Gum-King's Daughter

by A. A. Thomson



Clutching hands seized the magnate's throat.

Chapter I.
The Ghoul of the Pillar-Box.

THE private apartments at the Sessoy Hotel, hired by Lysander Q. Chugg, known to Wall Street as the Chewing-Gum King, were characteristic in their simplicity. For the use of himself and his daughter he had retained a modest suite, consisting of two or three reception rooms, an upstairs garage, eleven sleeping apartments and less than a dozen bathrooms.

The whole character of the man, as is frequent with the Napoleonic figures of the financial world, was modest and simple. In spite of his colossal wealth, it was his boast that he only smoked one cigar, drove one limousine and even only wore one suit of clothes at a time.

"I don't really need any more," he would remark with charming whimsicality.

There was even something secret and mysterious about his very presence in London, which had only been revealed to a bare score of newspaper men, representing a circulation of less than nine million.

This, then, was the industrial super-man who sat at his simple, gold-embossed desk in the smallest of his three reception rooms, his brow corrugated in thought. The room was practically unfurnished. There was little in it besides a few loud speakers and a television apparatus which kept him in constant communication with the ranch-manager of his chewing-gum park in Florida.

"Gee!" he muttered irritably. Evening shadows were gathering. Over the whole apartment brooded an air of impending terror and disaster.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated, mopping his brow. Rising and walking toward the old Jacobean soda-fountain he heard the sound of an ominous click. A panel in the soda-fountain shot back to reveal the sinister figure of a man carrying two revolvers and a letter-file. *He was wearing a bowler hat.*

"Inspector Bottlebank of the Yard," rapped out the newcomer.

"What Yard?" asked Lysander.

"Never mind what yard. You are Mr. Chugg?"

"Sure," replied Lysander, "of Chugg's Consolidated. Our slogan is: 'Choose Chugg's and Chew!'"

"Then," snapped the inspector, "I have to inform you that your daughter——"

"Gee, has that kid been biting a cop? Say, officer, I'm not responsible."

"Your daughter, Elvira P. Chugg, has been kidnapped, whilst posting a letter in Charing Cross Road. As she approached, the door of the pillar-box opened and she was snatched inside."

"You don't say! Pulled inside a pillar-box? I always told her no good would come of this banting."

"As the box is not opened till four-thirty," the detective went on, "we are powerless to follow up the clue, but we have reason to believe that this pillar-box communicates by means of an underground passage with the haunted manor of Shiverleigh——"

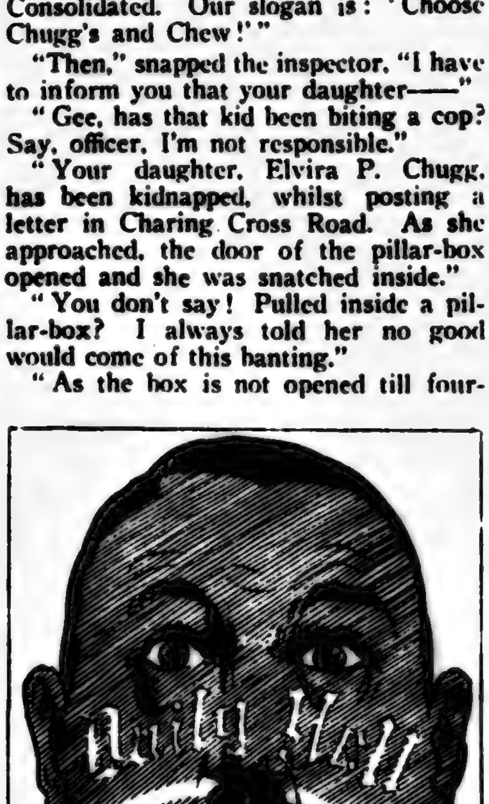
"I'll buy it," said Chugg.

"Which is in Buckinghamshire."

"I'll buy that, too," barked Chugg.

The detective took from his overcoat-pocket a yachting-cap, a Fair Isle pull-over and a pair of blonde whiskers.

"We must disguise ourselves," he said meaningly. "Come."



Drawn by Batchelor.

The sunshine at Seacombe tempted Jones to go to sleep under his morning newspaper, with the above astonishing result.

Chapter II.
The Spectre of Shiverleigh.

IN the library at Shiverleigh Manor, Lysander Q. Chugg poured out a stiff peg of mint-julep from the decanter.

"That's better," he muttered. He was, indeed, in desperate need of some such fiery stimulant. His nerves were in shreds.

To say that Shiverleigh Manor was haunted by a series of grisly horrors is to understate the case. Mysterious figures in ghastly white had been seen flitting across the moonlit lawn. Horrible shrieks, as of souls in torture, had been heard issuing at midnight from the old dungeons beneath the manor.

And to-night, towards the hour of twelve, Chugg sat there in such agony of mind that he could scarcely concentrate upon the cross-word puzzle at which he was working. Suddenly an unearthly shriek came from beneath his feet.

A second marrow-freezing shriek rang out, blood-curdling and inhuman. "Found in every American's mouth," he murmured. "What would that be? Gold teeth? Nope. I have it. Gum! Gee, and that's these yeggmen are after. They're trying to steal the secret formula from which Chugg's Chewing-Gum is manufactured. But they'll not get it. It's in the safe and—— Suffering snakes!"

He rose and staggered towards the safe. The great clock on the staircase struck twelve. Then it struck thirteen, fourteen, fifteen . . . . .

The big door of the safe opened and from it issued a spectral figure, white, luminous, ghastly . . . .

Clutching hands seized the magnate's throat. He was being dragged inside the safe. He was hurtling down, down, down . . . .

CHAPTER III.

The Dungeon of Shiverleigh.

WHEN he opened his eyes he found himself in a gloomy underground chamber. By his foot in the loom he saw a piece of paper. It was art of a wrapping from a piece of hewing-gum. Suddenly a ray of light enetrated the darkness. In the opposite orner of the dungeon he could see the orm of a ravishingly lovely girl.

"Elvie!" he gasped.

"Howdy, Pop," replied the girl. Have a stick of gum?"

"Nope," said the magnate, his voice hoked with emotion, "somehow I aven't the heart, even for that . . . So his is where the thugs brought you?"

"Sure. Say, Pop, was it in all the apers?"

"I'll say it was. Lordy, for ten days here's been nothing else but Disappearance of Gum-King's Daughter. If a uropean war had started last Tuesday wouldn't have got a mention."

"Oh, boy," murmured the beautiful irl.

THE ghostly moaning had begun again. In that underground chamber it had an infinitely more sinister ound. It rose to a shriek. It was comg nearer. What was that? In the dim ght he could see a spectral figure pproaching.

It was horrible. And most horrible f all, his daughter obviously rendered sane by all she had gone through, ughed wildly.

"Attaboy!" shrieked the poor mad reature.

The apparition seized his wrist. Chugg ught with the frenzy of despair. At ast he would die, as he had lived, if not gentleman, at least a super-tax payer. ildly he snatched at the apparition's inging robe and—climax of horror—came away in his hand, to reveal the ert, boyish figure of a young man in g-top trousers.

"Hiram K. Hinkle!" uttered the magte with a hoarse cry.

"Every time your heart beats," said e ex-spectre crisply. "Say, Ly, what you know about that?"

"Suffering sunfish!"

"I figured I'd gotta put this over," id Hiram K. Hinkle, "ever since you uldn't hand me the job of publicity nager to Chugg's Consolidated. Told I couldn't advertise free drinks in the hara. Well, what do you know? I ckon I put it over. 'Gum-King's ughter, Kidnapped by Bandits, lives eleven days on Gum.' What price t for a publicity stunt?"

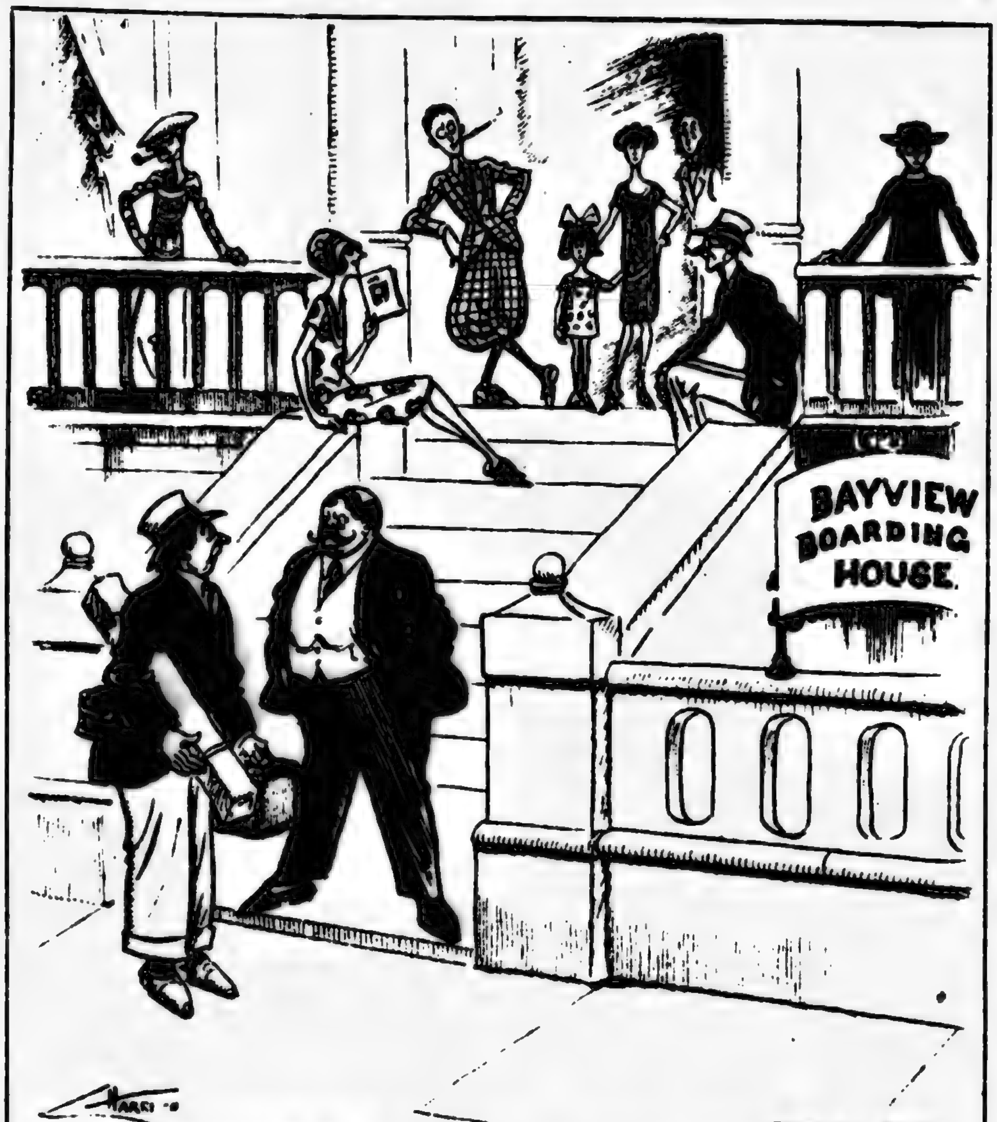
"You get the job," breathed Chugg okenly.

"I'll say he does," cooed the lovely vira, "seeing it was his little wife, vie, hit on the whole idee . . . Have tick of gum, Pop!"

thor (*modestly*): *The stuff to give 'em what?*

itor: *Look, here. About those shrieks and moans. You never accounted for——*

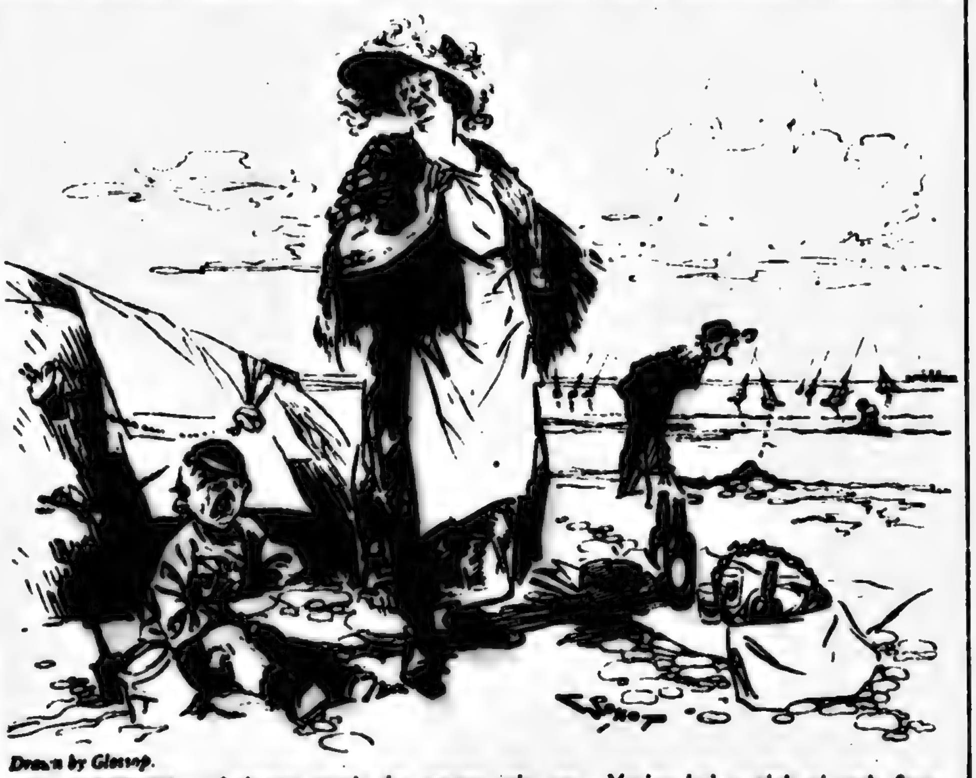
thor: *Didn't I? Sorry. The fact is, Hiram K. Hinkle's hobby was playing the saxophone. He played it execrably. (Dodges paper-weight.) Good-morning.*



Drawn by C. Harrison.

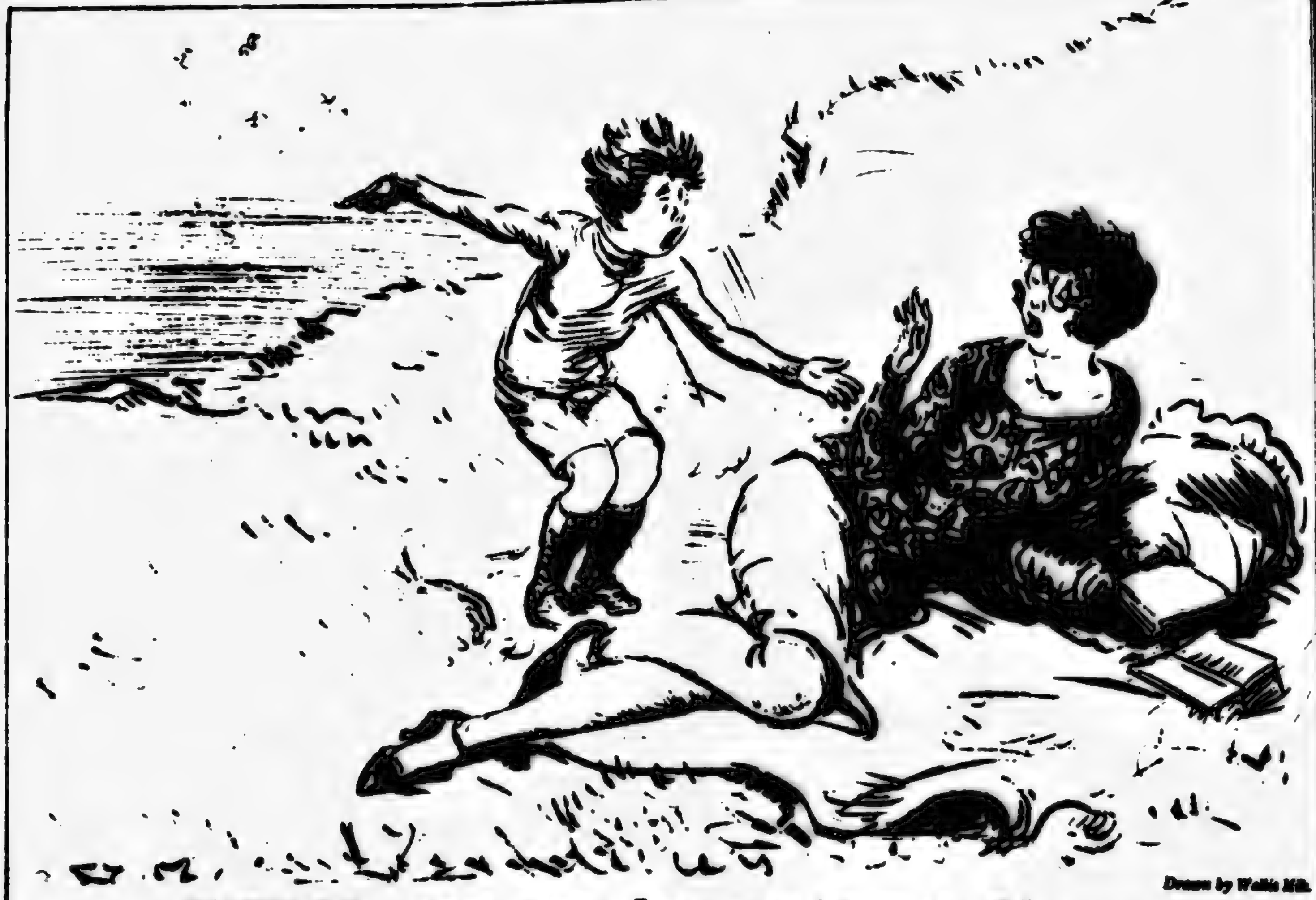
SEASIDE PHOTOGRAPHER (to boarding-house proprietor): "Would you like a group taken of your boarders, sir?"

PROPRIETOR: "No, thanks, this lot's rather on the lean side and it wouldn't be much of an advertisement for my place."



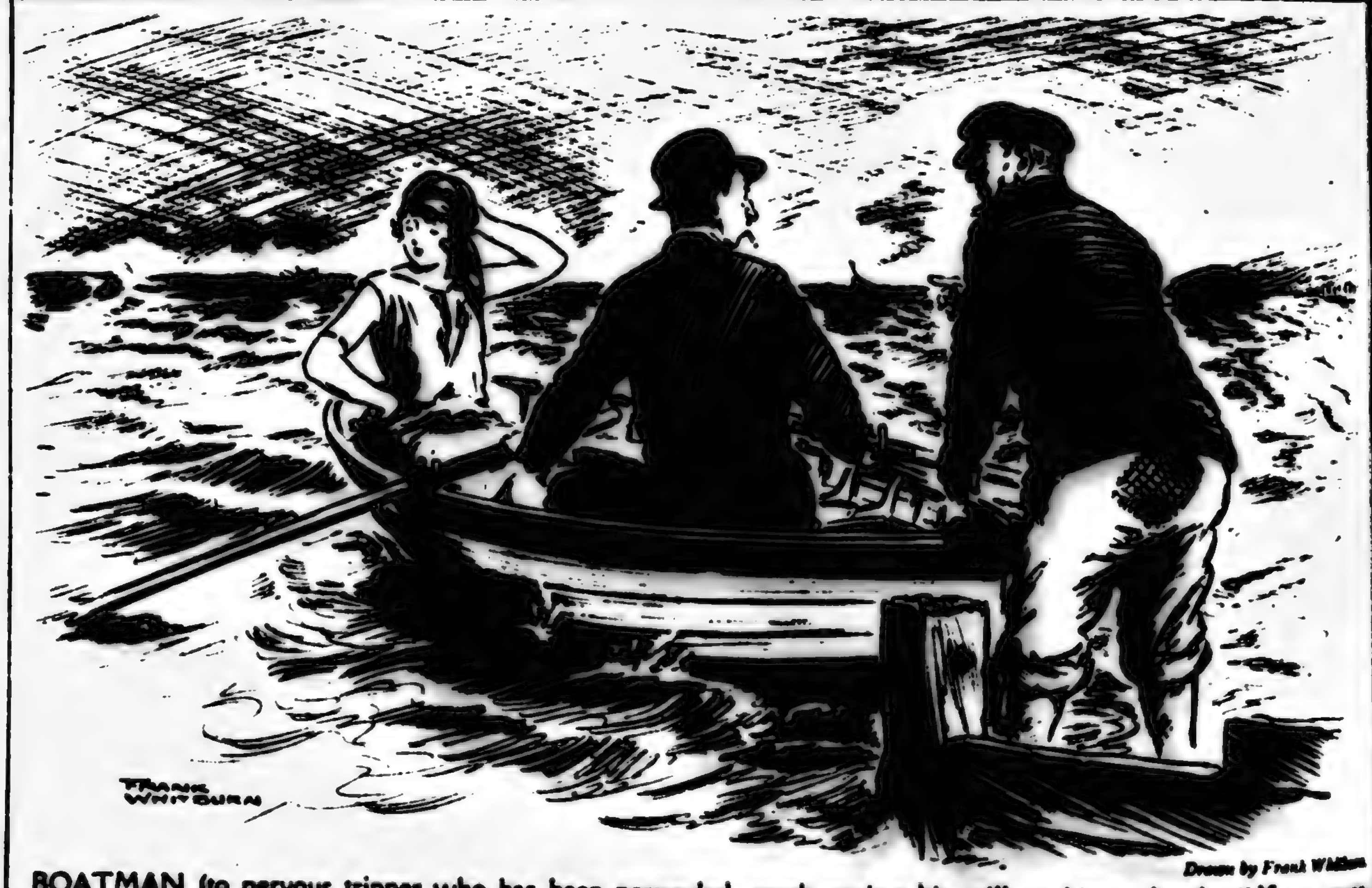
Drawn by Glossop.

HIS MOTHER: "I dunno wot's the matter wiv yer. Yer've 'ad a stick o' rock, four cornets an' a pint of winkles, an' still you ain't 'appy!"



Drawn by Wallis Mills

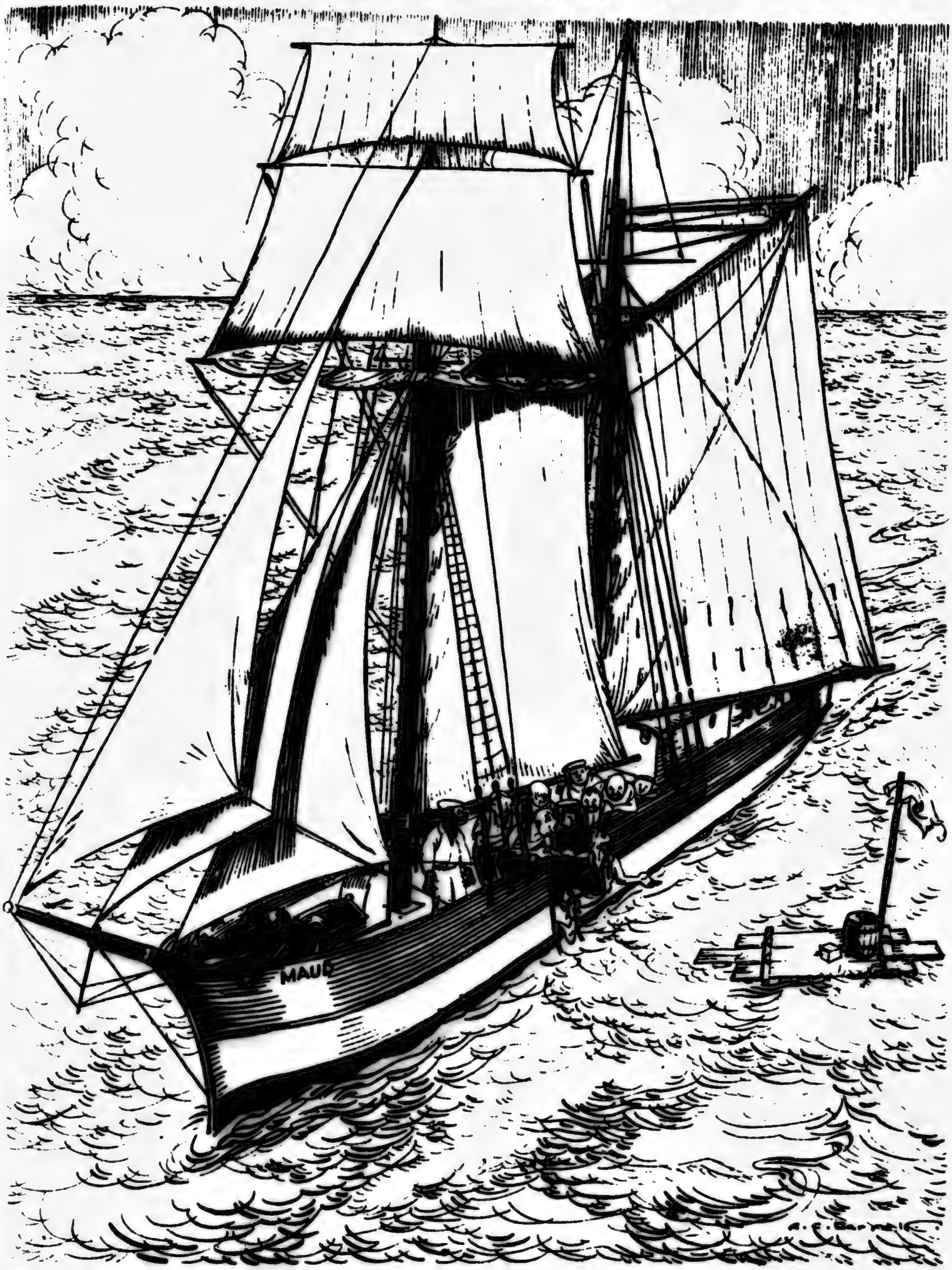
EXCITED BOY: "Mother! Mother! Father has just fell over the cliff."
LITERARY MOTHER: "No, Algernon—father has fallen—FALLEN over the cliff!"



Drawn by Frank Whitburn

BOATMAN (to nervous tripper who has been persuaded, much against his will, to hire a boat): "If you overtakes that there boat out in the bay, sir, you might tell 'em to turn back—there's a nasty squall a-blowin' up!"

"THE STILL, SMALL VOICE OF GRATITUDE."



Drawn by A. C. Barrett.

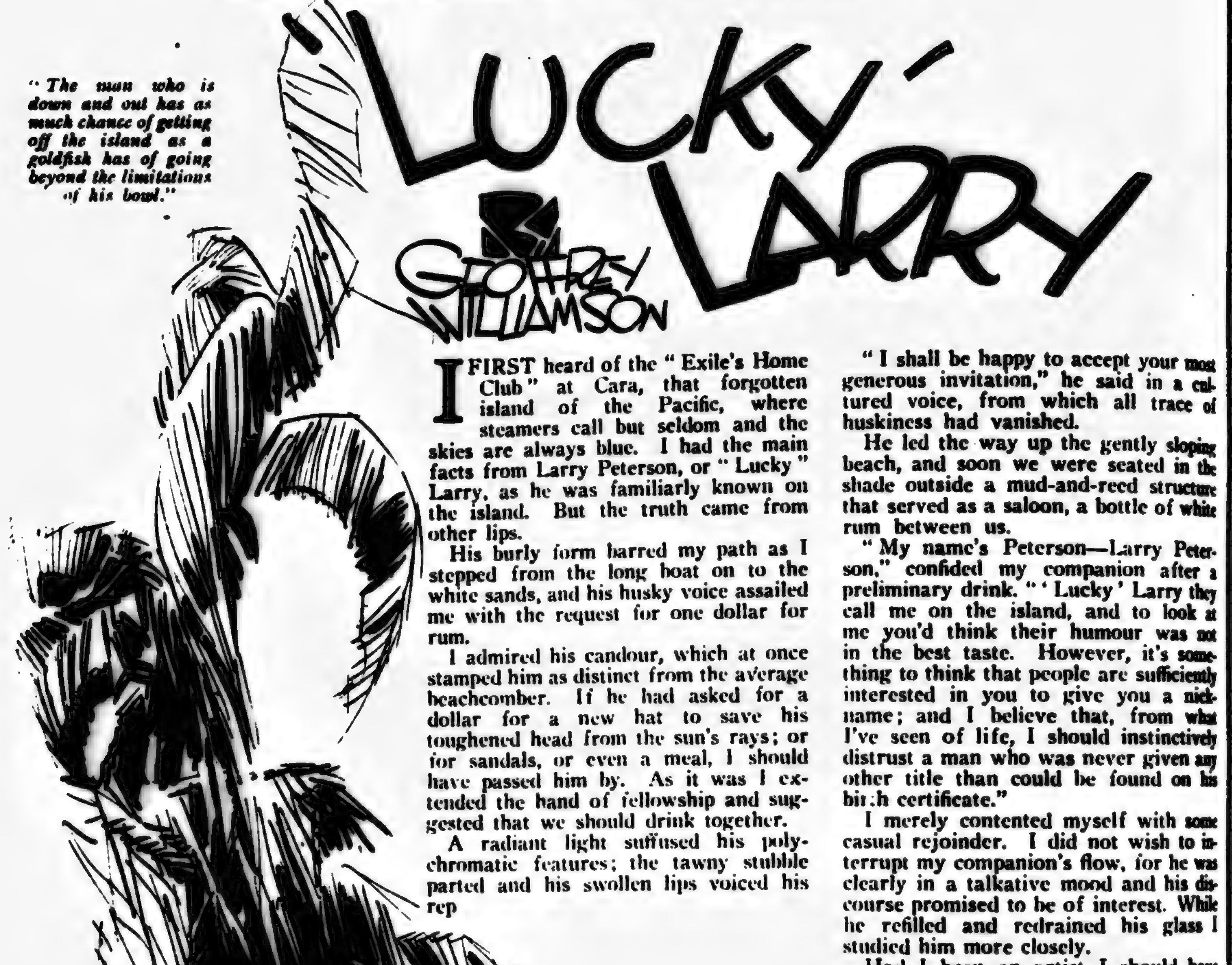
CASTAWAY (on being rescued): "'Ere, wot about me raft, Captin? It's all I've got in the world."

"Can them that helps others help themselves?" asked Mulvaney. Larry Peterson couldn't, anyway; even though everybody on the Isle of Cara called him ——

'LUCKY' LARRY

BY GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

"The man who is down and out has as much chance of getting off the island as a goldfish has of going beyond the limitations of his bowl."



I FIRST heard of the "Exile's Home Club" at Cara, that forgotten island of the Pacific, where steamers call but seldom and the skies are always blue. I had the main facts from Larry Peterson, or "Lucky" Larry, as he was familiarly known on the island. But the truth came from other lips.

His burly form barred my path as I stepped from the long boat on to the white sands, and his husky voice assailed me with the request for one dollar for rum.

I admired his candour, which at once stamped him as distinct from the average beachcomber. If he had asked for a dollar for a new hat to save his toughened head from the sun's rays; or for sandals, or even a meal, I should have passed him by. As it was I extended the hand of fellowship and suggested that we should drink together.

A radiant light suffused his polychromatic features; the tawny stubble parted and his swollen lips voiced his rep

"I shall be happy to accept your most generous invitation," he said in a cultured voice, from which all trace of huskiness had vanished.

He led the way up the gently sloping beach, and soon we were seated in the shade outside a mud-and-reed structure that served as a saloon, a bottle of white rum between us.

"My name's Peterson—Larry Peterson," confided my companion after a preliminary drink. "'Lucky' Larry they call me on the island, and to look at me you'd think their humour was not in the best taste. However, it's something to think that people are sufficiently interested in you to give you a nickname; and I believe that, from what I've seen of life, I should instinctively distrust a man who was never given any other title than could be found on his birth certificate."

I merely contented myself with some casual rejoinder. I did not wish to interrupt my companion's flow, for he was clearly in a talkative mood and his discourse promised to be of interest. While he refilled and redrained his glass I studied him more closely.

Had I been an artist I should have realised that I must unlearn all my cunning in the blending of pigments and search for a new medium if I desired to reproduce the fantastic facial colourings that the sun and the rum had produced in the features of Larry Peterson. But, apart from that arresting point, there was nothing exceptional in his appearance. His dress was simplicity itself, consisting of a coarse blue shirt, none too clean, and sailcloth trousers, girt about the middle with a length of tarred cord.

"Well," resumed Peterson, setting down his glass with a sigh, "I suppose you think Cara rather sublime?"

"It certainly looked entrancing from the harbour," I admitted, "though I presume that it has its limitations in spite of its legacy of sunshine and blue skies?"

"It has," replied my companion decidedly. "And you reach the limit sooner than you'd expect. Twelve months here are sufficient to warp anyone's outlook; I've been here twelve years, and I expect I'll end my days here."

"Oh, nonsense," I ventured reassuringly. "I've heard people say that before. They think they're at the bottom of a hopeless rut and that nothing will ever get them out. They forget that a twist of fortune put them there and that a twist of fortune may get them out just as easily."

Peterson shook his head sadly and again resorted to the bottle.

"You're talking just as I talked ten years ago," he observed. "Only, I was even more hopeful in those days, for I thought twists of fortune could be made to order. That's why I started the 'Exile's Home Club.'"

I signalled hastily to the lank American who presided over the bar, and when he had brought another bottle I pressed Peterson to continue.

"Forgive me," I said, "but the fame of the organisation you mention has not reached me, and I should be interested to hear about it."

PETERSON needed no pressing. He had evidently been long starved of companionship and was delighted to have found a willing ear.

"It was after I'd been anchored in this hole for two years that I got the idea," he went on dreamily. "I'd come out full of hope, expecting to reap a quick profit as a planter; but I found that there were half a hundred other ambitious souls who had come here with the same idea. Those who got here first were in clover; the remainder were at a loose end. I was one of the remainder.

"Of course, those of us who were left out found some sort of makeshift jobs at first; but there were not really enough jobs to go round, and those that were going only carried poor pay.

"All of us were itching to get away, for the splendour of the Southern Seas soon palls if your pocket and stomach are seldom full.

"But getting away from Cara was something of a problem, and it looked as if the answer had been torn out of the back of the book! Night after night I used to squat on the beach under the palms, gazing out to sea, and racking my brains for a solution of the problem. But every morning the sun would come up in splendour only to reveal a hopeless dawn.

"You see, ships call at Cara when they've nowhere else to call, or when there's a sick man to be put off, or a sick engine to be patched up. But you can often see their blue smoke drifting past far out at sea, and that takes the heart out of you.

"And, when vessels do call, they're usually besieged by people wanting to get away from Cara; so it's the highest bidder who wins, and the man who's down and only has a few dollars in his pocket has as much chance of getting off the island as a goldfish has of going beyond the limitations of his bowl. I've tramped round this island so often that I've come to share the completest sympathy with goldfish that ever existed between man and fish."

"Then you inaugurated the Exile's Home Club!" I prompted gently, being seized with the sudden fear that he would ramble from his course.

Peterson nodded complacently and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I'm coming to that," he said thickly. "It was a great idea! And I'm entitled to boast, for it's worked out in practice with satisfactory results for everybody but me, which will perhaps enable you to realise why I'm called 'Lucky' Larry.

"Well, to resume, I took my cue from the old tag 'Unity is Strength.' There were a number of us who used to foregather here in Sam's saloon, and we were all in the same boat. We had jobs of sorts, but we couldn't make enough individually to purchase a passage home. Living is high in Cara—rum costs ten dollars a bottle. . . .

"SO in an inspired moment I hit upon the idea of pooling our resources, and after I'd turned the matter over in my mind I decided to found the 'Exile's Home Club.' All the others were wildly enthusiastic when I unfolded the scheme to them, and the Club was constituted with a membership of ten.

"The rules were simple enough. Every member paid a weekly subscription into a common pool, and whenever a boat put in at Cara there was a ballot, and the winner took the money and departed joyfully. In limiting the membership to ten we had selected only those whose integrity was above reproach; for the satisfactory working of the scheme, it was essential that the lucky members who went home first should continue to send their subscriptions out here until the last man had been got safely home!"

"It was an ingenious scheme," I interposed, more to keep my companion awake than anything, for his voice was trailing off into a fuddled murmur.

"It was the idea of the age!" announced Peterson, rallying momentarily. "And it's an ironic twist of fortune that the founder should be the last man and the only one who hasn't benefited!"

"You don't mean that the others let you down?" I asked.

Peterson shrugged his shoulders and rose unsteadily to his feet.

"It is my siesta hour," he murmured absently. "You will excuse me, I know. A thousand thanks for your hospitality."

I WATCHED him lurch away into the sunlight with mingled feelings, but when I rose to settle the reckoning I was surprised to see a smile on the saloon keeper's face.

"'Lucky' Larry can tell a good tale!" he observed jocularly.

"But he seemed sincere enough," I protested. "It was rotten luck to be left here when his scheme got all those other fellows home. They might have stood by him and sent him the money for his passage."

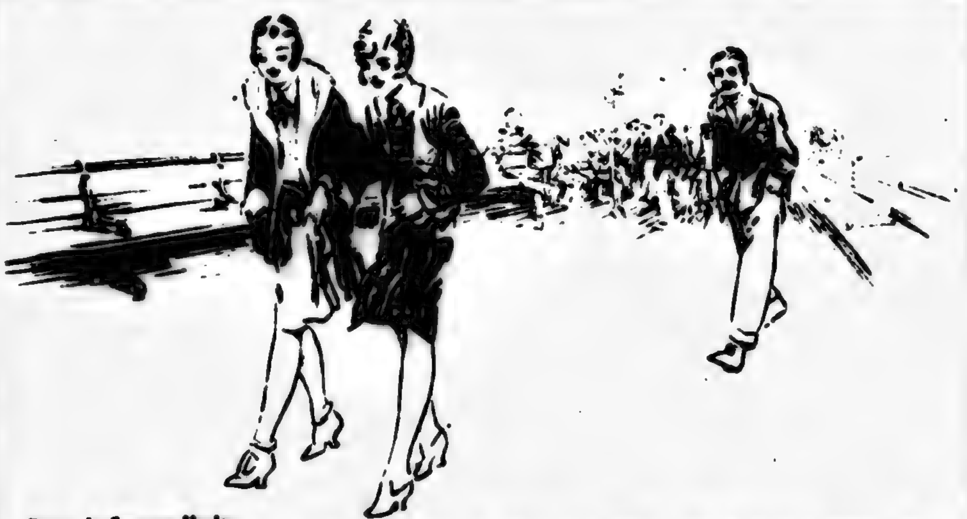
"They did!" replied the American abruptly. "But Larry don't particularly want to go home now, and he spent the money on rum."

"Well, anyway," I gasped in surprise, "I wouldn't call him lucky!"

"Oh, but you don't know Larry!" insisted the other with an earnest shake of the head. "He's the luckiest man on the island—when it comes to a gamble. Say, if you don't believe me, just you run after him now and toss him for a dollar. You'll see. He'll win nine times out of ten! It's a mighty queer thing, but it's an honest-to-goodness fact. Ask anyone on the island and they'll tell you the same. Larry *can't* lose!"

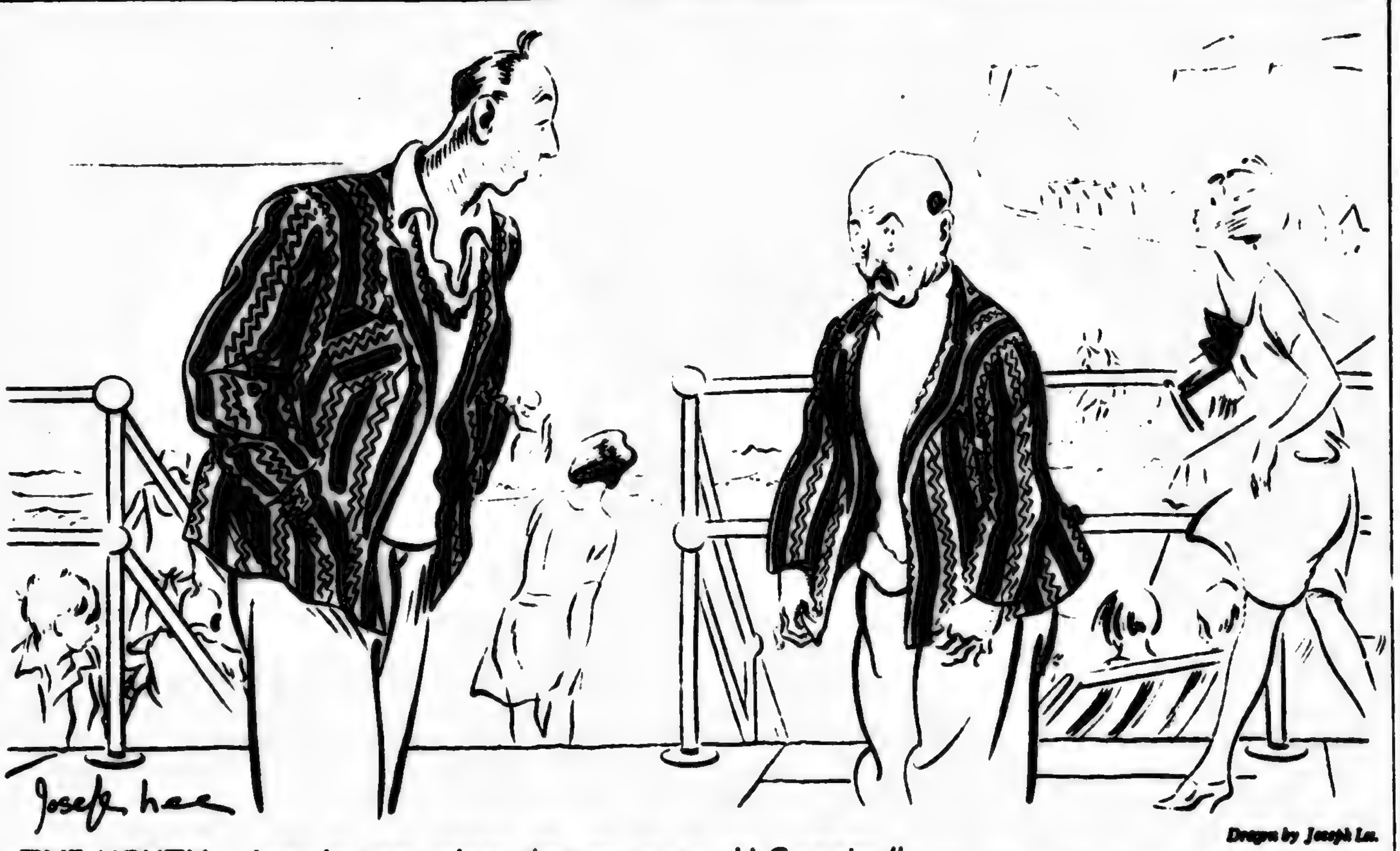
"Oh, I believe you," I interposed hastily, noting an indignant gleam in the American's eye. "But doesn't it strike you as an ironic twist of fate that his luck should have let him down so badly when his very freedom was at stake?"

"But it didn't!" snapped the saloon-keeper with a shrug of despair. "Why, Larry always had the devil's own luck. He won every one of those ballots—*where he went wrong was in selling his chances beforehand to get money for rum!*"



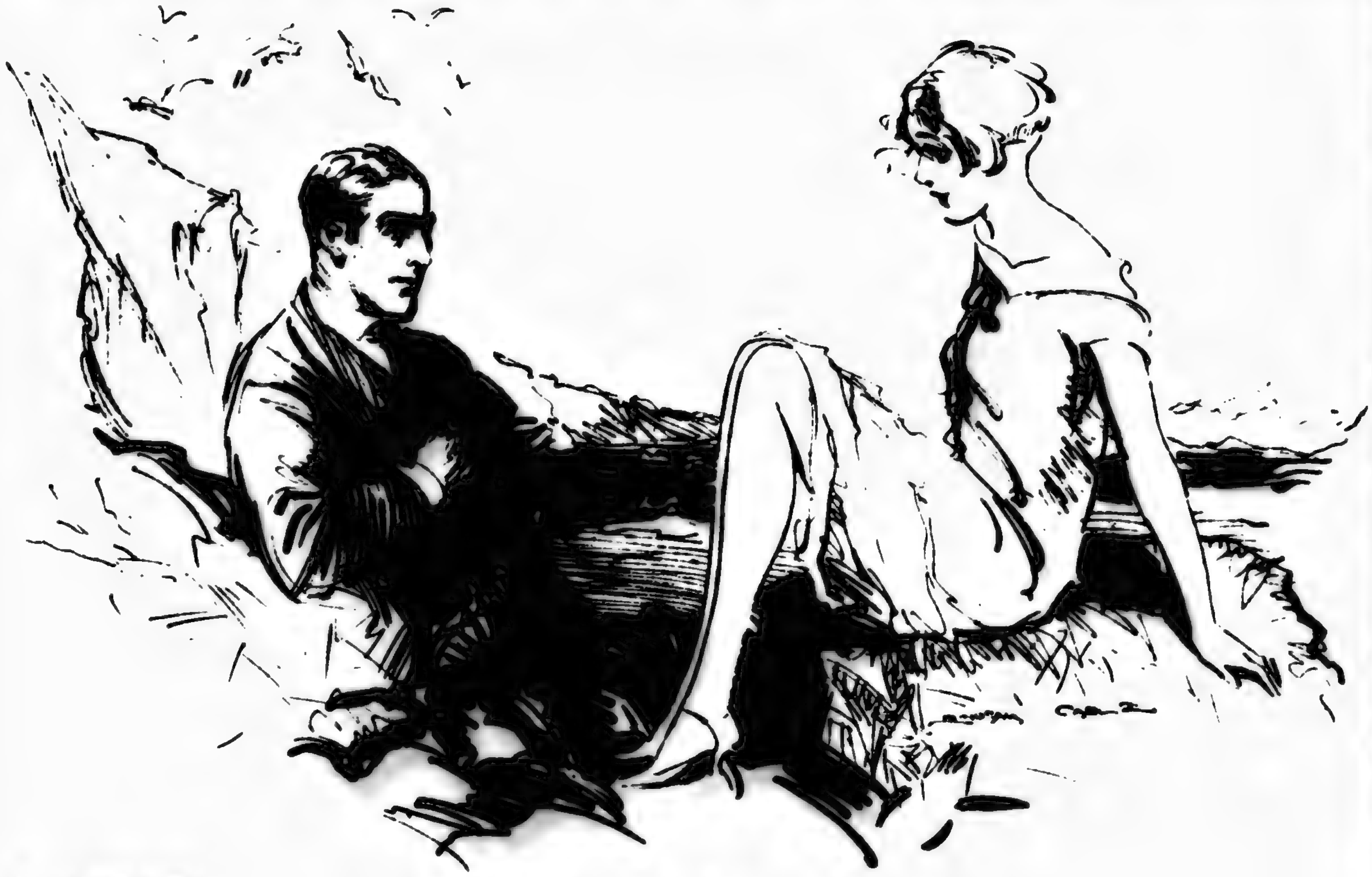
Drawn by Seymour Hurley.

THE EXPERT: "Look back, dear, and see if he's looking, and if he's looking, don't look!"



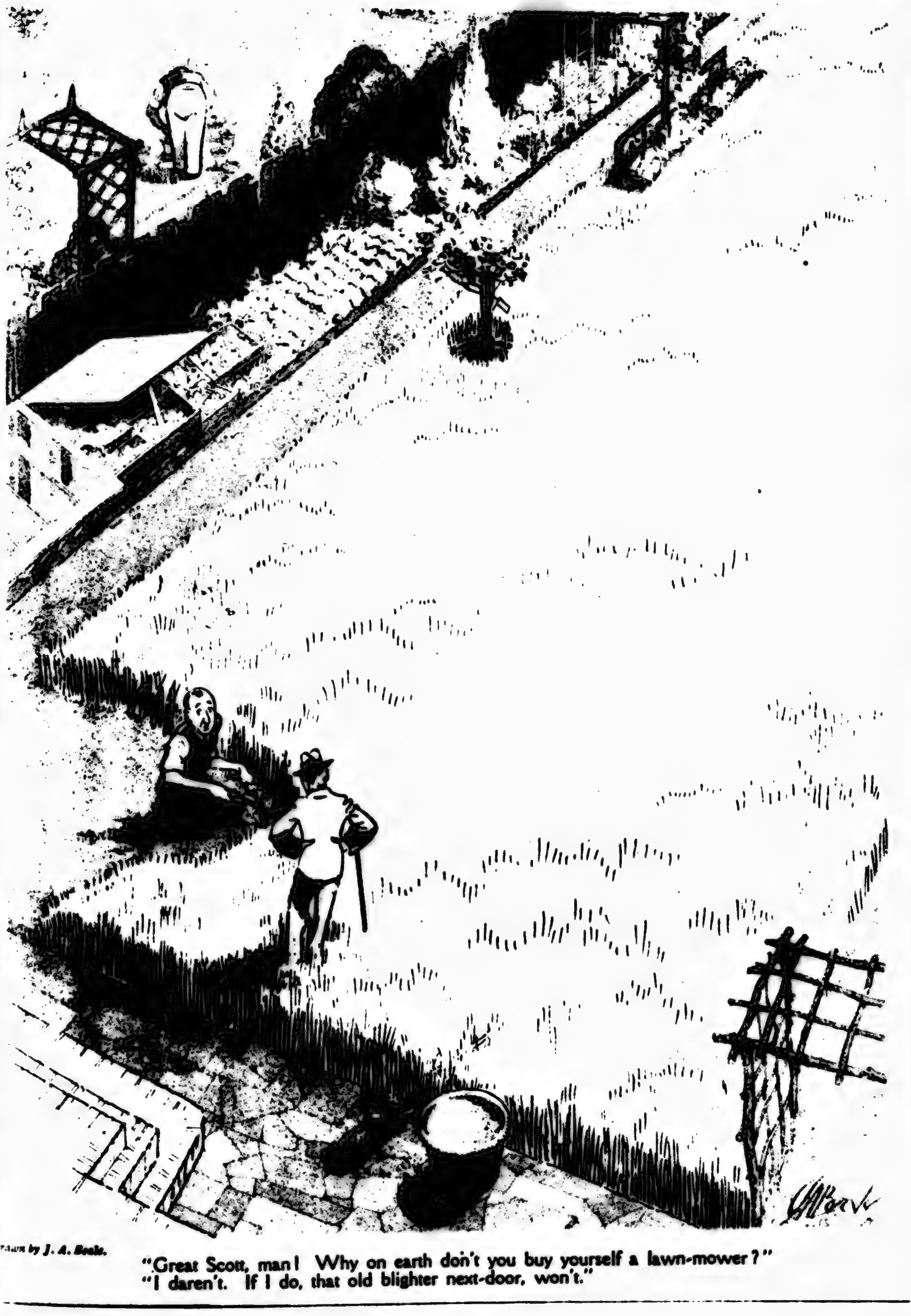
Drawn by Joseph Lee.

THE YOUTH: "I see by your colours that you are an old Cartovian."
LITTLE BINKS: "Oh, is that what it is? Well, to tell you the truth, my wife ran this little jacket up out of a remnant she had over from the drawing-room curtains."



Drawn by Lindsay Cable.

SHE: "Jack is an awful flatterer."
HE: "Did he tell you you were good looking?"
SHE: "No, he told me you were."

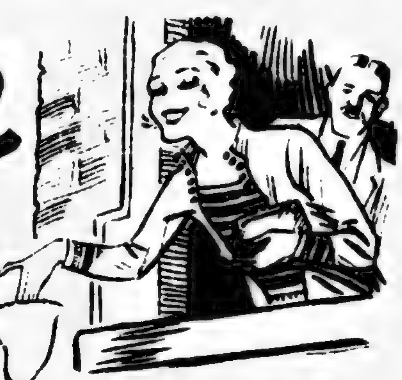


Drawn by J. A. Beale.

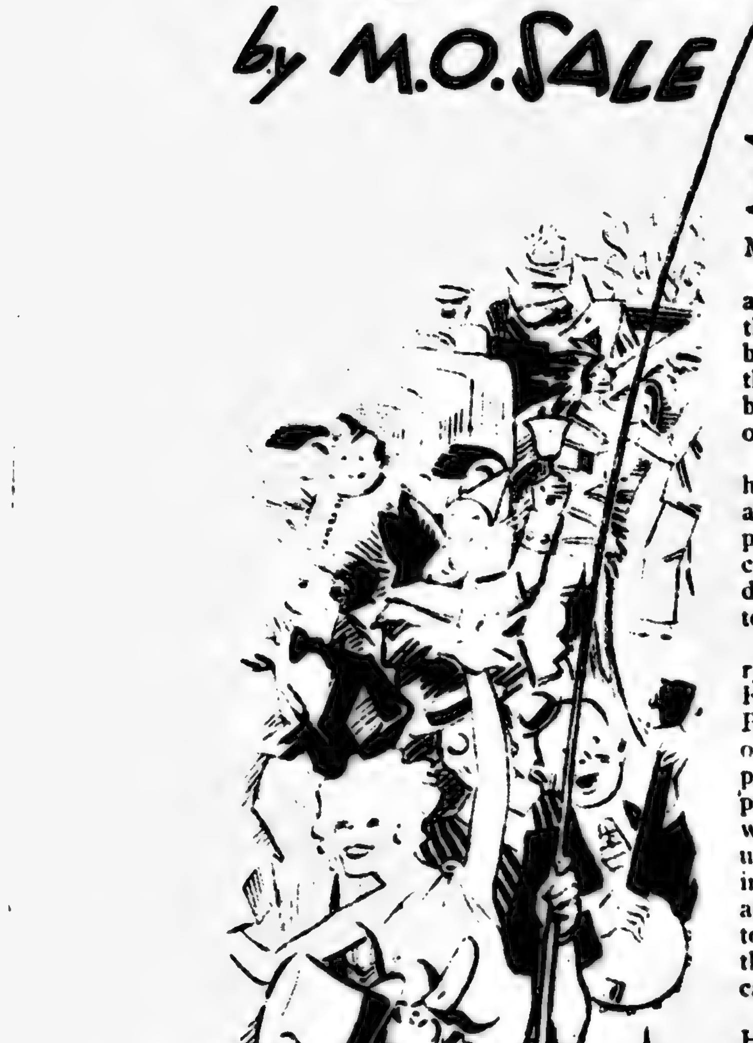
"Great Scott, man! Why on earth don't you buy yourself a lawn-mower?"
"I daren't. If I do, that old blighter next-door, won't."

Shock Tactics

by M.O. SALE



There is nothing like "wind-up" to sharpen the wits.



NEVER before had such an unruly scene taken place in the very respectable office of that very respectable Liverfield solicitor, Mr. Chas. W. Smerdon.

At the best of times medical students are no great respecters of persons, and this year the Liverfield members of that boisterous fraternity had decided that they would not be one jot behind their brothers of the Metropolis in the ardour of their collection for the City Hospital.

Acting on the excellent principle that, however worthy the cause, there is always a certain percentage of the public, which, from meanness or mere carelessness, avoids contribution, they determined to comb the City from end to end.

With this purpose in view, lorries carrying tableaux vivants of Æsculapius, Florence Nightingale, Sarah Gamp, Betsey Prig, and other eminent members of the medical profession, set out to parade the streets accompanied by saxophones, ukuleles, trumpets, and collectors with bags on long poles to reach the upper windows; while supernumeraries in false noses held up passing motorists at the city gates, and, penetrating even to the station, got a rich rake off from the restaurant cars and first class carriages.

The main procession, pasing down the High Street, came at length to the office of Mr. Chas. W. Smerdon, where two of their number detached themselves, a bold, bad lad with a Cyrano de Bergerac nose, a Harry Tate moustache, and Charlie Chaplin boots, and a girl whose blue eyes, peaches and cream complexion, and mop of bright red hair were calculated to wreak more havoc in the bosoms and pockets of susceptible citizens than any sort of make-up devised by the wit of man.

These two burst into the outer office, where they levied tribute of sixpences and shillings from the staff, and then boldly demanded to see Mr. Chas. W. Smerdon himself.

The two bandits thereupon knocked loudly at Mr. Smerdon's door, marked STRICTLY PRIVATE.

"Come in," said a pompous voice.

"Please forgive the intrusion, sir," the student began, "but may we hope for a really generous subscription from you for the City Hospital?"

Mr. Smerdon looked severely at the intruders over the top of his spectacles.

"You have no right to invade my privacy in this abrupt manner—no right at all."

"Sorry. Special occasion, you know. Good cause and all that," apologised the student.

"And the hospital *does* need money so badly," his fair companion put in earnestly. "People don't mind us coming bothering them like this, just once a year."

"Well other people may not, but I mind very much. I consider it a piece of impertinence," Mr. Smerdon rejoined. He pressed a bell. "Simpson," he called to his clerk, "show this lady and gentleman out."

"Not till we've touched lucky," the student rejoined, scratching his tremendous nose in a comical fashion. He was beginning to feel angry but he kept his temper. He didn't particularly care for this job of touting round for subscriptions, and only did it, in fact, from a strong sense of duty. He was, therefore, inclined to be irritable.

The girl knew this, and intervened quickly.

"Please, please, Mr. Smerdon, don't you understand. The population is growing. We're understaffed. We want new appliances. We need a new wing. We've no reserves. We are literally having to turn patients away."

"That's no business of mine. People who need the hospital's services ought to support it. I and mine don't. When we are ill we go to a private nursing home. I have no use for the hospital."

"You may, sir. You never know. The time may come. The hospital is a public institution."

"Then it ought to be supported from public funds," retorted Mr. Smerdon, surprising himself for the first time in his life by an exposition of Socialist principles.

"I daresay it ought. In the meantime we've got to carry on, as best we can."

"Well then good luck to you," said Mr. Smerdon, "other people may approve of this masquerading in business hours. I do not."

"You mean you won't subscribe anything?" demanded the student incredulously, rattling his collecting box.

"You may take that as absolutely final."

"Thank you," there was a wealth of sarcasm in the word. "Some day you'll be sorry for this."

"Good day," said Mr. Smerdon.

MR. Smerdon sat at breakfast. The room was a comfortable one, the breakfast solid. Everything about Mr. Smerdon was solid—solid and intensely respectable.

Probably there never was a more respectable man than Chas. W. Smerdon, even in so eminently respectable a provincial town as Liverfield. He had always found it a lucrative line of country. He hadn't a vice, or a human weakness, or a single, likeable, social characteristic. He was an Alderman, an Elder, a model for the local youth, a teetotaller, an anti gambler, a champion of every righteous cause, and an all round Pillar of Rectitude, and, in consequence, he transacted the legal business of all the other 'Pillars' in Liverfield who were quite a numerous and a wealthy throng.

Several days had passed since the raid on his office, he had been on a business trip to London, and had got over his indignation about it. Indeed he could discourse on the subject quite calmly, and was never tired of doing so.

"So you refused to give the young wretches any subscription at all!" exclaimed Mrs. Smerdon having heard the story recited for the umpteenth time.

SHE was an angular, hard-featured, little woman, and though she chose to act the dutiful wife, and allowed her husband the centre of the stage on ordinary occasions, he stood, secretly, in considerable fear of her sharp tongue and a sub-acid quality of killjoyishness about her which was in reality far more genuine than his own.

"Yes, I did," said Mr. Smerdon, "I'd have given something, of course, if I'd been approached in a proper manner but I dislike these rollicking slapdash London ways . . . and that reminds me, my dear. I shall have to go up to London very shortly——"

"What? Again?" Mrs. Smerdon raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"Yes, that council business I'm engaged on, you know, and there is a protest meeting against any restriction of the Betting Laws which I particularly wish to attend . . . Hullo! Yes? What is it, Mary?" he demanded as a parlourmaid came into the room.

'A parcel for you, sir."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mrs. Smerdon, "I do believe it's that umbrella you lost. You really are too careless with umbrellas and things you mislay. It must cost us pounds a year. Yes, it is," she unpacked busily, then a gasp of horror escaped her. "Good gracious! What's this? From the Hurstdown Park Racecourse Association Limited! 'Dear Sir. Enclosed umbrella was left in Tattersall's at our last meeting. As your name was on the ferrule I have pleasure in returning it to you, carriage forward. Yours faithfully, B. Gamble, Secretary.' So *that* is where you go when you visit London on business!" exclaimed Mrs. Smerdon in an awful voice.

The lawyer was so astounded at this wholly unexpected turn of affairs that it was some time before he found his voice, and then there was a note of anger in his protest.

"My dear, you have no right to say a thing like that. Remember the servants—we don't want them overhearing and gossiping about an unfortunate affair like this. You know perfectly well a racecourse is the last place in the world I should visit. . . . I—I've no doubt this umbrella business admits of some perfectly natural explanation. I don't know what it is. I can only suggest the first thing that comes into my head—that the person who originally robbed me of my umbrella went to—er—whatever the place is called—Hurstdown Park—and left it behind him there."

Mrs. Smerdon looked as if she would take a lot of convincing, but she said nothing.

"Or," continued her husband, holding up his hand and gazing at the ceiling as if a new thought had just struck him, "there is another alternative. Yes. Humph. I wonder. Well, we shall see."

Despite the high hand with which he carried matters, the pillar of Liverfield respectability was glad enough to escape from the presence of his better half, and his forehead was in a cold perspiration as he walked down the street.

However, he thought he saw light. Once or twice he even smiled to himself in a grim sort of way.

He came into the main road but, instead of taking the tram as usual, he walked on a short way with the air of a man who has come to a satisfactory resolution, and arrived presently at the hospital gates.

The porter was in the lodge. Mr. Smerdon button-holed him and pressed five shillings into his hand.

"On your hospital collection day a young man with a long nose, a moustache which he kept waggling up and down, and a very absurd pair of boots, called upon me. He was accompanied by a pleasant looking young lady—whether a nurse or a student I am unable to say—with blue eyes and very red hair. Can you recognise the young man from this description?"

"Oh, yes, sir, that would be Mr. Bailey."

"Well, I should like to see him, if it is possible. The matter is urgent."

"I'll find him, sir," said the porter, and kept his promise inside five minutes.

Mr. Smerdon took the student firmly by the elbow and led him aside.

"I want a few words with you, young man."

MRS. Smerdon was surprised to see her husband again within half an hour of his departure, especially as he brought with him a stranger she had never set eyes on before.

"My dear, I've missed my vocation. I really ought to have been a detective."

"Indeed? Why so?"

"Because I've solved the mystery of the lost umbrella," said Mr. Smerdon, who seemed to be in (for him) a genial and expansive mood. "It appears that they have a peculiar sense of humour down at the hospital. . . Now then, be good enough to speak up, young man."

Mr. Bailey, who was a cheery enough individual in the ordinary way, looked anything but cheery now.

"It's very difficult—I—er—I've got no excuse to make except that we—that is to say I—felt very sore when Mr. Smerdon refused to give us anything on collection day——"

"Yes," Mr. Smerdon put in grimly, "you remarked at the time that I should be sorry for it later on."

The young man hung his head.

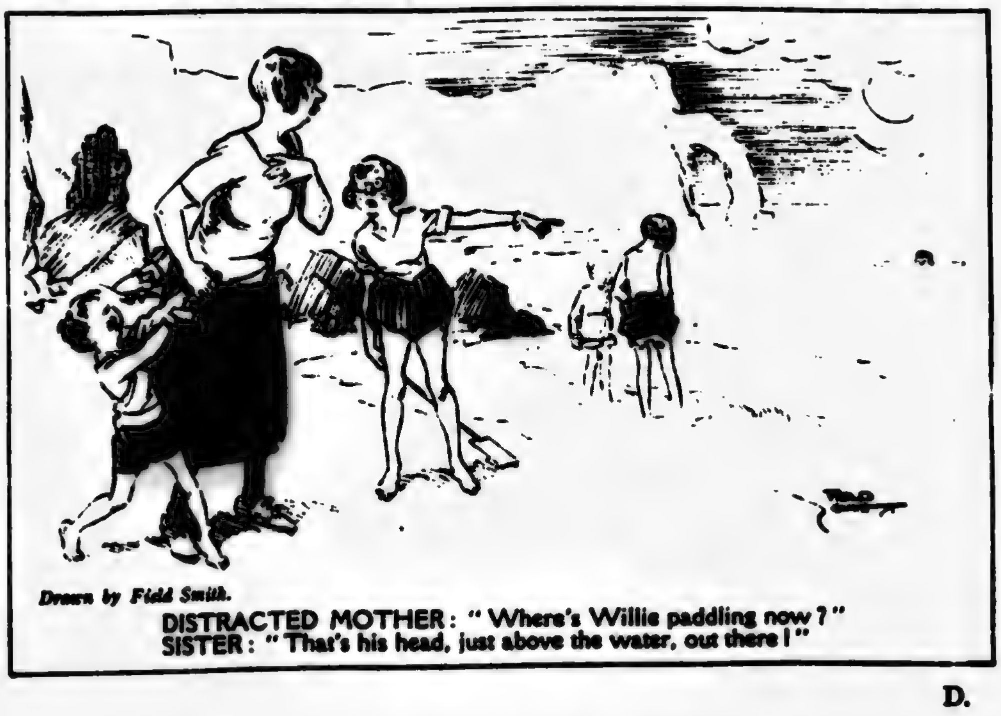
"To be as brief as possible, madam, *I* had the umbrella sent to him——" Mrs. Smerdon gasped—"a friend of mine at one of the London hospitals did it, who knows the Hurstdown Park people. Mr. Smerdon did not even lose his umbrella in London. He—er—lost it here. . . . In due course, if he had not acted on a hint that would have been conveyed to him and subscribed liberally to the hospital, other compromising articles might have arrived—a pair of lady's gloves from a night club, something or other from a restaurant in Leicester Square, a scented billet doux from some imaginary actress. Luckily, however, he has been too clever for us. . . . That's the whole story. I'm very sorry and ashamed for my part in it."

"I should think so indeed." Mrs. Smerdon withered him with a look of scorn. "You had better go."

"And if I were a younger man," exclaimed Mr. Smerdon angrily, as he shepherded him to the door, "I'd give you a damned good horsewhipping as well."

But outside the door his manner changed in the most surprising way.

"Thank you, thank you," he whispered, gripping the young man's hand, "you were a brick to do it. Fifty pounds is a lot of money, but it's worth every penny—the scrape you've got me out of. I'll send my cheque down to the hospital as soon as I get to the office, and," here he had to smile despite himself, "no more jolly old Hurstdown Park for me!"



Drawn by Field Smith.

DISTRACTED MOTHER: "Where's Willie paddling now?"
SISTER: "That's his head, just above the water, out there!"

OUR COTTAGE by the SEA

by J. W. DICK

The idea of the Simple Life appeals to some people. But, at times, the people are more simple than the life.

THE idea of the cottage by the sea was Marion's. I take no credit for it at all. Marion saw the advertisement in the paper, answered it, corresponded subsequently at some length with the owners and fixed the whole thing up. Indeed, she did everything except provide the money for the three week's rent in advance which we sent off some time in March.

We may be old-fashioned, Marion and I, but we still adhere to an old custom which began on our wedding-day and in accordance with which I have certain inalienable privileges as regards providing money. However, that is by the way; it is about this cottage I wanted to tell you.

It was as long ago as February that Marion came across the advertisement one morning and read it to me at breakfast:

The Simple Life. Really qunt. old wrld. cott. in Crnwl. to let smr. mths. or lngr. if desrd. Glrs. unspld. bch. and ctry. Far frm. mddg. crd. Rt. 20s. p. wk.

She translated it as she went along, of course.

"Doesn't it sound perfectly delightful?" she demanded when she had finished. "And *so* cheap! You could manage 20s. p. wk. couldn't you, darling?"

"It is just faintly possible," I replied guardedly.

"Good, then that's settled," said Marion briskly. "Shall we say June to September, or just June to August?"

"Oh, just June to August," I indicated, clutching at any straw. Why I rent a flat in town at all I don't know. I am always being bustled out of it and whisked off to somewhere else.

Given her head in a matter of this kind, there is no stopping Marion. She answered the advertisement, had a reply by return of post, and within the week my bank balance was reduced by thirteen pounds.

"It's an unlucky amount," I pointed out as I wrote the cheque. "I suppose you're satisfied the place is all right? No snags, eh?"

"It's a perfect *darling* of a place," Marion explained. "I've made the fullest inquiries. There's a wonderful garden, steps leading down to the beach, a beach hut—in fact, practically everything you could possibly wish. Thanks so much."

The thanks were an afterthought, and were for the cheque.

NO more was heard about the corner of Paradise we had agreed to rent for the modest sum of twenty shillings a week, until about a week before the appointed day of departure. It was then that Marion started in a very businesslike manner to collect all that mattered of our store of forks and sheets and things with the object of despatching them on what seemed to me a lonely and perilous journey to "The White Cottage, Porthaperro, Cornwall."

"I suppose this is the done thing?" I asked. "It seems a bit risky."

"I do wish you wouldn't be so sentimental over it," replied Marion. "Of course it's the done thing. They didn't actually say 'own cutlery and linen,' but it's recognised."

"I see," I said. "And as the cottage is presumably empty at the moment, I suppose we shall find the hamper in the old world garden when we get there. I hate wet sheets," I added.

Marion looked at me as one looks at children who ask foolish, but nevertheless quite amusing, questions.

"My dear man," she said, "you surely don't think I haven't arranged all that? There are two keys to the cottage. One is in the possession of the local stationmaster, and when the hamper arrives, the stationmaster will see that it is put in the cottage and the place safely locked up again. Does that satisfy you?"

"My dear," I said, "you think of everything."

Marion kissed me.

Now if it occurs to you that we lost that hamper, with all the family linen and the salt spoons and so on, you are utterly mistaken. Marion's carefully thought-out plans worked perfectly.

OH, yes, the hamper was there all right. As we stood and looked at it, where it almost blocked the narrow passage of the perfect darling of a cottage. I commented on the fact to Marion.

"Well," I said, "the hamper arrived safely."

But Marion made no reply. There was something on her mind. She was upset about something.

"It's a jolly little place," I said to cheer her up. "I simply dote on the garden."

STILL Marion said nothing. She was still upset about something.

As a matter of fact, so was I. But as becomes a man, I had been trying to put a brave face upon it.

There was something, not quite right about the cottage. It had struck us both at the same moment—almost before we opened the door, in fact.

"Have you got the advertisement with you?" I asked in a subdued voice.

Marion produced the newspaper cutting from the abyss of her handbag.

I read it twice with great care and returned it to her.

"It is true, as you point out, that it doesn't *say* 'Unfurnished,'" I observed. "But I am afraid it is equally true that it doesn't say 'Furnished'—or even 'frnshd.'"

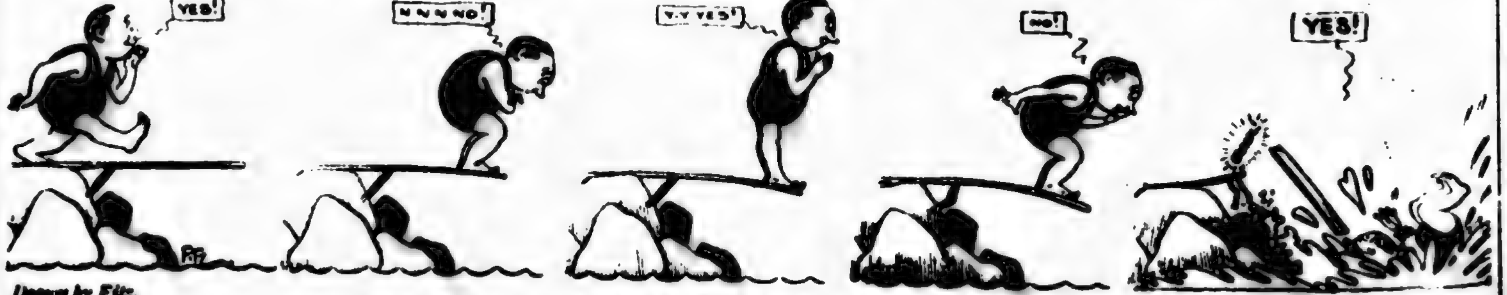
Marion broke a long silence.

"That is precisely the sort of foolish remark I should have expected you to make," she said.

"Very well," I replied.

IT remains to add that if any reader would like to rent a really qunt. old wrld. cott. in Crnwl. for the remainder of the summer I am prepared to drop a good bit on that thirteen pounds. Offers to me, c/o The Editor, please.

TO DIVE OR NOT TO DIVE? THAT IS THE QUESTION.


YES!
N-N-N-NO!
Y-Y-YES!
NO!
YES!

Drawn by Fitz.

TAKING THE PLUNGE—THE DECIDING FACTOR.

This way for the Drink of the Season

Take two fingers of Stone's Ginger Wine in a tumbler—

Fill up with Soda——add a slice of lemon——and——

you have it. No you haven't. It's gone. So's your thirst. Quenched out of existence by this long, sparkling drink with more "pep" and "life" to the tumblerful than any you have ever tasted. Stonoda—that's how some bright genius named it—short for Stone's and Soda, the drink of drinks for the hot and thirsty. Enjoy one whenever you like. However hot you are you can't catch cold. That's the Ginger Wine! One bottle of Stone's makes Stonodas galore.

STONODA

STONE'S GINGER WINE AND SODA

Stonodas can only be made from Stone's, the Original Ginger Wine, famous since 1740.

STONE'S GINGER WINE, FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

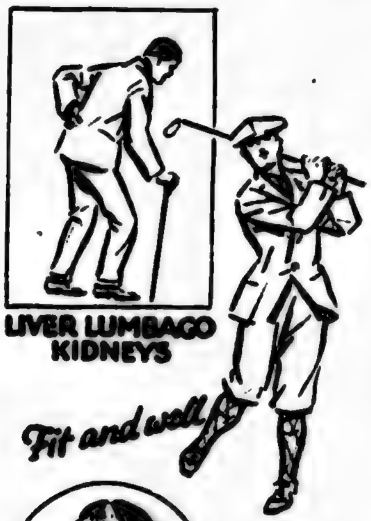
YEAST IS LIFE!

Irving's Yeast Vite Tonic Tablets

THE LIGHTNING PICK-ME-UP

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Century.

Contain NO Aspirin or ANY Harmful Drugs.



Relieves
HEADACHE, NEURALGIA ETC. IN 5 MINUTES

INDIGESTION
Enjoying a good meal

Over 113,000,000 Tablets made and sold in a year.

To estimate how great a work in the relief and prevention of disease is being actually accomplished by YEAST-VITE, think of this number of tablets set out in a row. They would stretch 780 miles, more than the distance from Land's End to John o' Groats. The nation's health is being steadily improved by this great vitamin-carrying tonic.

Irving's Yeast-Vite Tonic Tablets are Guaranteed to Relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc. ..	in 5 mins.
Indigestion, Flatulence	in 5 to 10 mins.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression	in 10 to 15 mins.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc. ..	in 10 to 15 mins.
Influenza, Colds, Fever	in 24 hours.

or money immediately refunded. (See below.)

Over 45,000 unsolicited testimonials have been received from doctors, nurses, clerks, factory workers, miners, railwaymen and people in all walks of life.

35117. Miss F. L. of Shipley, Yorkshire, writes: "The tablets have been splendid. I have not had a dizzy attack or a headache since taking them. I'll never be without them. I'd rather be without food."

3550. R. G. E., of Dalston, London, writes: "I have suffered the most awful pains in my chest and stomach. I bought a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite, took two tablets at 10 minutes to five, and by 3 minutes past five I was absolutely free from pain. The results were marvellous."

35510. Mrs. H. H., of Atherton, Nr. Manchester, writes: "Have been a sufferer for several years with spasms, stomach trouble and severe headaches. I was recommended to try your famous tablet, and after the first two doses I found instant relief."

35507. F. W. D. N., a London 'Bus Driver, of Shepherd's Bush, writes: "I don't think there are many people who have suffered more than I. I could not sleep or even have a meal without having to get up and walk about in agony with pains. I took a course of Yeast-Vite's and they started to ease me, and I have not had or felt anything for over two years. I am a London 'bus driver and have not known how to sit on a 'bus at times. I think Yeast-Vite's are splendid."

Help for the Suffering

On receipt of properly authenticated applications we shall be pleased to send supplies of YEAST-VITE tablets, free of charge, for use in hospitals, orphanages, and institutions for the sick.

Our Guarantee

Obtain a 1/3 bottle from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly, post us the empty bottle and carton, when we will refund your money immediately.

DIZZINESS DEPRESSION ETC.
Cured in 5 minutes

OVERWORK and WORRY
Fresh and energetic

HOUSEWORK A TORTURE.
NOW A DELIGHT.

Irving's "Yeast-Vite" Tonic Tablets are guaranteed to be safer, quicker, and more effective than Aspirin. Composed of pure medicinal Yeast, Vitamins, and other valuable ingredients. An eminent specialist has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B. *YEAST-VITE is rich in Vitamin B.* When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

CAUTION—Beware of Imitations! See the name "Irving's Yeast-Vite" on every carton and bottle. Refuse fraudulent substitutes which are worthless.

From all Chemists & Stores. 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per bottle.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES, 12/16, LAYSTALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1.

HOLIDAY IMPROVEMENTS WANTED

ARTHUR GROOM

What we need to make our Holidays happier.

TELEVISION and a televisor (or whatever they call it) in every seaside bedroom.

Less rain.

A train to every large seaside resort every five minutes and every train composed of Pullman cars.

Less rain.

A free newspaper insurance scheme against bad holiday weather.

Less rain.

Indiarubber suitcases.

Less rain.

Longer holidays and treble pay during the weeks one is away.

Less rain.

A state scheme for sending more pretty girls to the large AND small seaside resorts, and state protection for husbands who wink at same.

Less rain.

A vaccine against that "back-from-the-holidays-feeling"

Less rain.

A Summer home for Mother-in-laws.

Less rain.

A gadget which automatically turns off all the gases (or all the electric switches), all the water-taps; locks all the doors; posts a notice on the front door informing the newspaper boy and milkman that their services will not be required and automatically feeds the cat the moment one bangs the front door as one leaves for one's holiday.

Less rain.

A new Edgar Wallace story for every hour of the day and for every day of one's fortnight or three weeks. (Wake up, Mr. Wallace.)

Less rain.

A robot that will do one's work for one during the holidays. (To save expenditure these might be "For Hire").

Less rain.

Adjustable bathing costume instead of the usual misfits which are a feature of our seaside resorts.

Less rain.

Some new jokes for use at Seaside concerts.

Less rain.

Safety canoes, longer sculls, cleaner punt cushions, river traffic police, steamers and launches that can't create a wash, and death to all midges and mosquitoes on the river.

Less rain.

Charabancs that can fly at will.

Less rain.

Brighter cricket. (This was suggested to me by an incurable optimist and I am merely including it to demonstrate how terribly optimistic some people can be.)

Less rain.

More last trains on Bank Holiday.

Less rain.

A gramophone record that one can put on when friends ask the usual "back-from-your-holiday?" questions.

Less rain.

Guide books that really guide, and maps that really map out the district.

Less rain.

Seaside bands that can play and not merely make a noise.

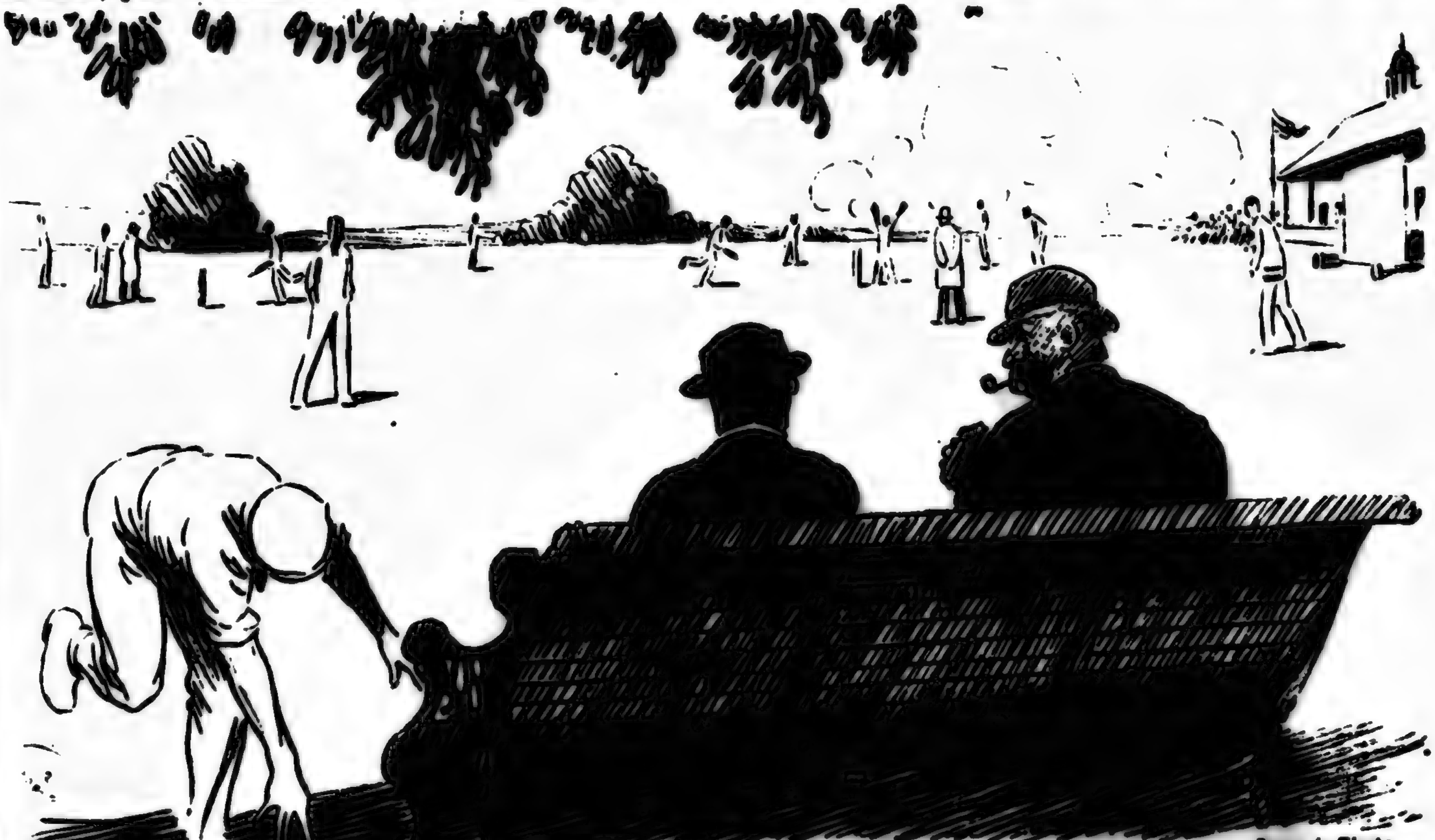
Deck-chairs that can't collapse and which can be erected by the pressing of a button.

Less rain.

Less rain.

Less rain.

LESS AND LESS AND LESS RAIN.



Drawn by Thorpe.

LOQUACIOUS STRANGER: "Don't try to tell me! I should think I ought to know a bit about cricket, seein' that my wife's brother is a fitter at the Oval gasworks!"

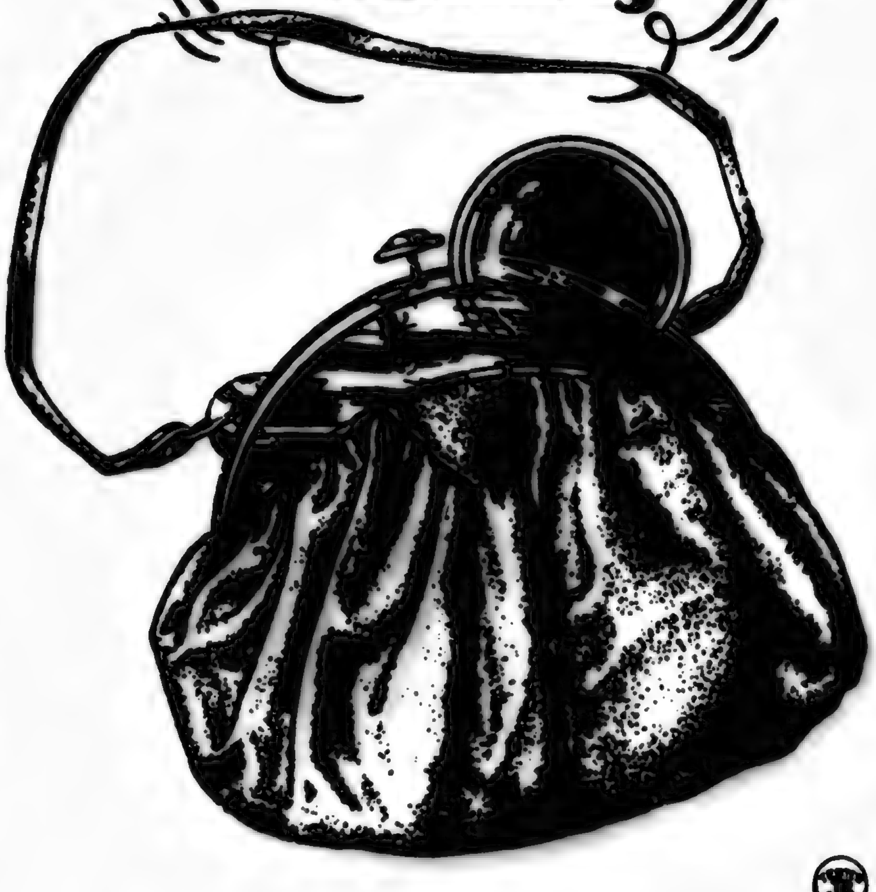
Start to-day!

saving the wrappers

How would you like to have a smart handbag without incurring any expense to yourself? You can obtain one by simply collecting 80 outside printed wrappers from Wright's Coal Tar Soap. In return you will receive a charming soft nappa leather bag mounted on a durable amber frame, daintily lined with silks of contrasting colours, containing a captive mirror and a useful pocket. These bags are of British manufacture and suitable for any occasion. They can be supplied in any of the following fashionable colours: Black, Navy Blue, Red or Dark Brown.

When you have collected 80 outside printed wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap, send them, together with your name and address, clearly written, not forgetting to state which colour you require, to Dept. 2, Leather Handbags, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 2, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

FREE
this splendid Leather Handbag



WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

SEASONABLE HINTS
BY
WILL DACEY
HOT WATER

English weather being what it is, the safest idea is to copy the Boy Scouts and "Be Prepared."

I HAVE just read a newspaper article entitled, "Heat-wave Hints," written by a medical practitioner. It was full of clever little schemes for holding the temperature down on a hot day. If we get another hot day this summer I intend to try them.

But, between the time of writing the article and the publication thereof, our versatile English summer had skidded a bit. Consequently I had to keep breaking off my reading of hints on how to keep cool to shout for more coal.

An old gentleman once told me that he remembered one summer, when he was a boy, when England was drenched in sunshine for nearly a week. He said it grew so warm that the popping of bursting thermometers made it seem like a Guy Fawkes Week.

He said that hens were laying fried eggs and that a fire-eater at the Aquarium got pneumonia through gargling a flame. He said that the papers were full of heat-wave articles written by journalist-medicos. He also told me that he was bitten by a sea-serpent, which came out of the sea at Brighton and was collecting palm leaf fans on the promenade.

It was at this point that his keeper came along and gathered him in. So perhaps it was not all true.

But we must have had a warm summer at some time and that summer must have started the heat-wave article habit. As soon as we find we can go out without an overcoat some doctor calls it a heat-wave and flies into print with a string of tips for cheating the climate. The following day the gentle reader takes off his gloves, unbuttons his ulster, finds a penny, and buys a paper containing an article telling him how to keep cool.

In order to meet the vagaries of our climate these medico-scribes should sprinkle their "Hot Weather Don'ts," with "Cold Weather Shouldn'ts," and allow the reader to pick and choose the bits which appeal to him. Like this——

FRECKLES AND FROSTBITE.

According to the calendar it may be warm at this time of the year, but according to the thermometer, it may not. Those who feel all unglued in hot weather would do well to follow the following general rules for riding heat-waves provided that it is still hot enough to do so. If not follow the alternative or suit yourself.

1. Don't run up or down moving staircases on hot days. If you wish to ascend, stand on the staircase which is going up and stand still until the staircase arrives at the top. Then step off with the right foot first. To descend, reverse the process but not the feet.

1 (a). Don't wait for moving staircases on a cold day. Gallop up the stationary one. It will improve your circulation and reduce the circumference of your equator.

2. Don't wear an overcoat if you see little jets of steam spurting out of the tops of thermometers. Carry it over your left arm, leaving your right hand free to swing a fan.

2 (a). Put on that overcoat and throw that fan away.

3. Don't run after fire-engines on a hot day. It may be a false alarm, and in any case, you can read all about it in the papers.

3 (a). Don't be afraid to run in this weather. Don't you ever make a quick move?

4. Don't try to remove freckles with emery paper. They are usually too deeply planted. Try a chisel.

4 (a). Don't talk about your chilblains. Other folks have their own troubles.

5. Don't eat ice-cream while sitting in a direct draught from an electric fan

5 (a). Don't be afraid to use a little coal. And shut off that fan.

6. Don't forget that the juice of a lemon squeezed into a cup of tea will make an ideal summer drink provided you can stick that sort of truck. If you prefer milk and sugar in your tea, have it by all means.

6 (a). A spoonful of cayenne pepper in a cup of tea will cause the temperature to rise. Also the temper unless you have been warned about it.

7. Don't feed a perspiring young baby with hot Scotch broth on a hot day. Let it cool first—the broth—also the baby.

7 (a). See that the baby has plenty of mustard on his steak.

8. Don't stop in the sea more than three or four hours on a hot day or any other day.

8 (a). Don't go in the sea without an overcoat.

9. Don't carry a hot water bottle to business unless it is empty.

9 (a). A hot water bottle (full of hot water) in the overcoat pocket is not such a bad idea.

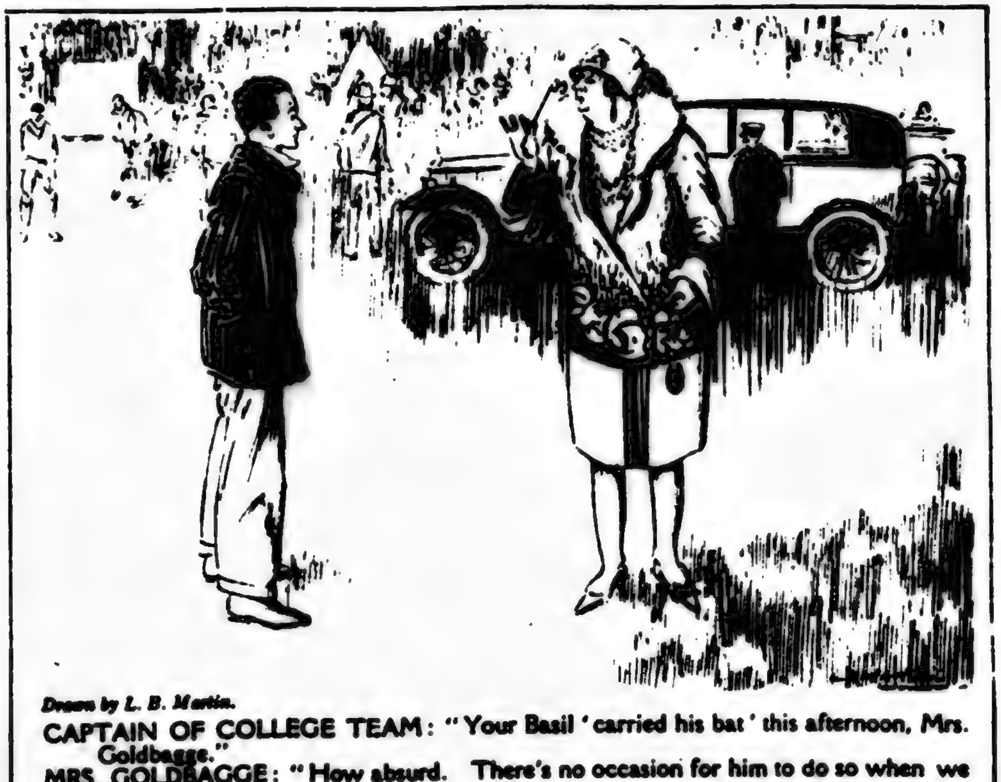
10. Don't forget that salads have a cooling effect.

10 (a). Leave green stuff to rabbits, eat plenty of suet dumplings.

* * *

And when all is said and done, you don't call this hot, do you? Why, when I was in the Chutney Islands——

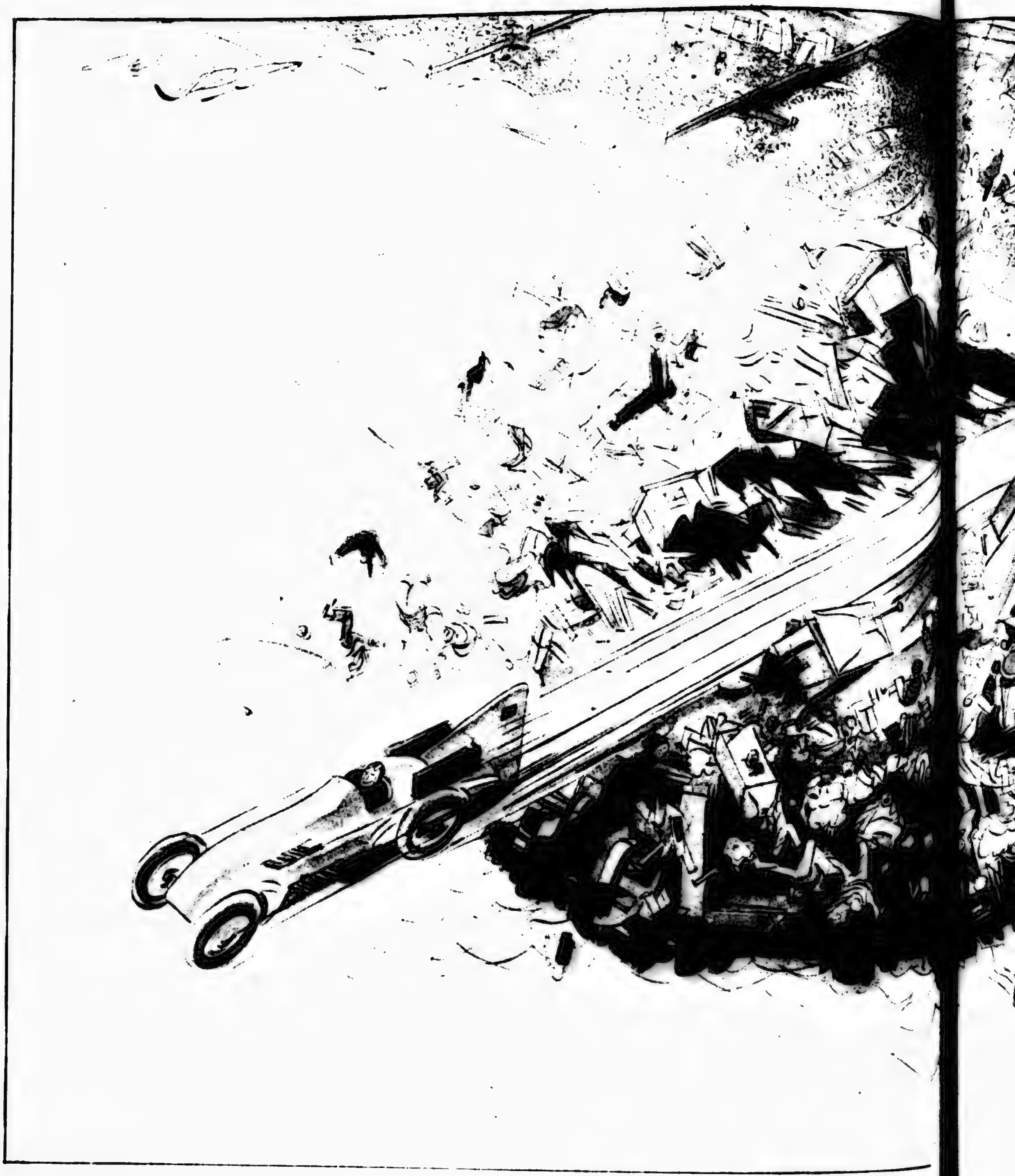
(a). Surely you don't call this cold. Why, I remember when I was in the Klondyke——



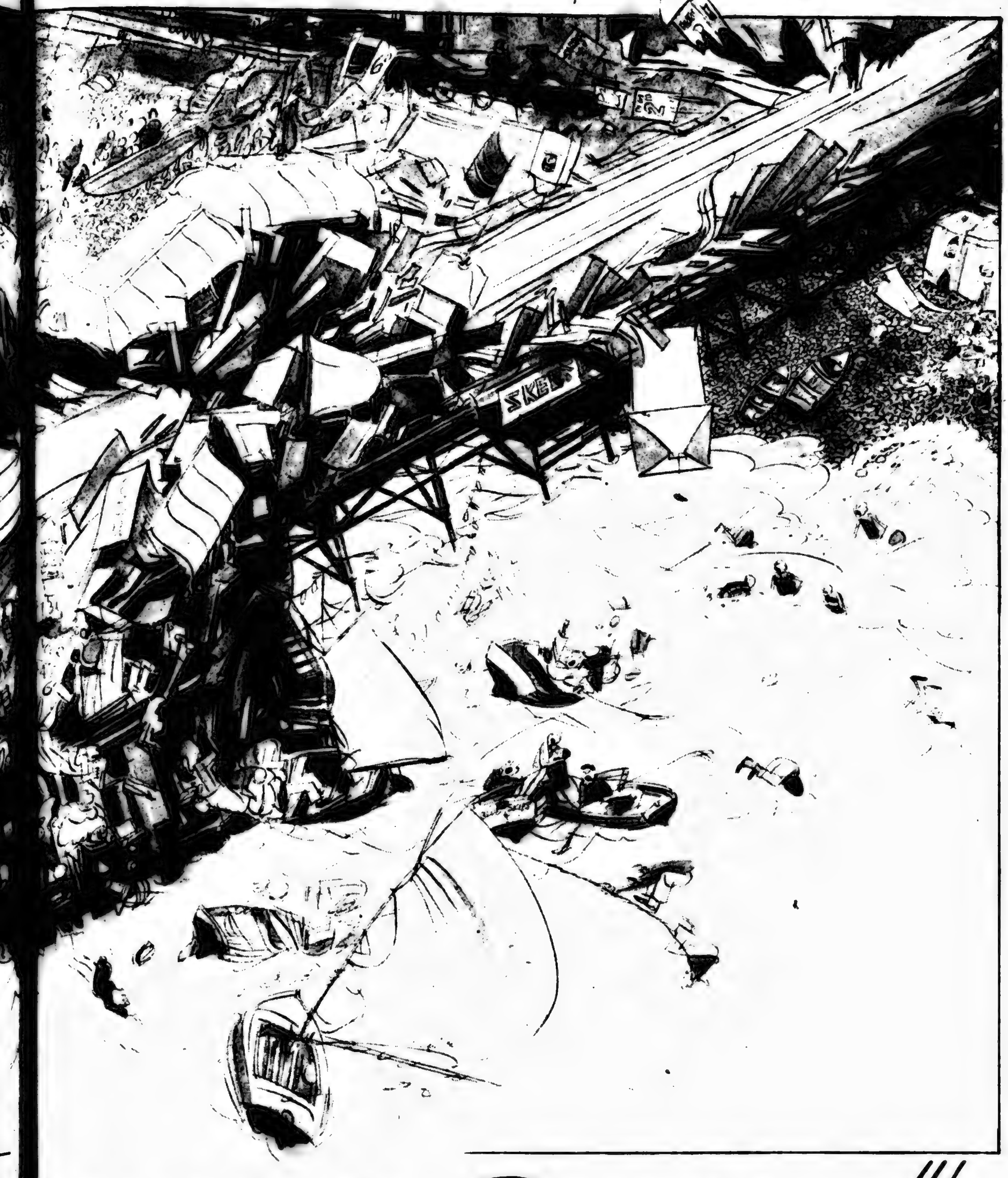
Drawn by L. B. Martin.

CAPTAIN OF COLLEGE TEAM: "Your Basil 'carried his bat' this afternoon, Mrs. Goldbagge."

MRS. GOLDBAGGE: "How absurd. There's no occasion for him to do so when we keep nineteen servants!"



CAMPBELL



DOES IT TO BRIGHTON !!!

MARMITE MAC'S MISSION

BY DUDLEY HOYS

A tale of the frozen Yukon where Men (strangely enough) are Men.

THE wind howled. So did the wolves. Across the vast, endless sheet of ice and snow lay ice and snow. Beaver mountain stretched ahead like a mighty flap-jack. And Marmite Mac, huddled on the sled behind his dogs, looked out with staring eyes upon the frozen wastes. Could he do it in time? Could he do it in time?

Shaking with an ague of anxiety, he wiped his moustache. It was frozen. Pieces broke off. He threw them to the dogs.

Growing fiercet and fiercer, the wind began to whistle. Mac tried to. He couldn't. His lips were cracked. So was he. The searing grip of nine hundred degrees (Fah.) was upon him. Desperately, he plied the long whip, made of knotted pemmican strips. It was a subtle device. The dogs leapt forward to bite it, he flicked it from their dripping jaws, and the sled advanced another few yards.

Ten days had he been travelling like this, ever since Spotted Jim, lying on his sick-bed, had asked him, nay, prayed him with tears in his eyes, to deliver the precious package. It was a trust. He must keep it. The package nestled in a pocket of his Kolinsky fur wrap.

On. On. It was a white treadmill. The huskies grew huskier. The froth from their slavering jaws froze as it formed, fell in jagged lumps, and tripped them up. The roaring gale dashed against clumps of spruce, hurled the packed snow from them, and left them spruce. Mac heard nothing. Saw nothing. Ate nothing. Knew nothing.

It was on the bleak Antipon Ridges that he met the worst. The hummocks here were thick. The sled bumped, rattled, swayed, turned upside down. Mac couldn't fall off. He was frozen to it. Viciously he plied the whip. Then Catsmeat Sallie, the leader, uttered a loud "Wuff!"

"I know I am," muttered Mac, "but one has to be cruel to be kind."

The sky seemed to descend. It was grey, vague, horrible. It reminded him of washing-day in the small kitchen at home.

"Mash!" he yelled, his voice a harsh whisper. "Mash! You whelps, mash! Mash . . . dogs . . . sausages. Sausages and mash . . ." Snow fever had got him.

Suddenly, out of the blinding vagueness, emerged a dark form. It was Two-Gallon Joe, the Indian tracker, so named because he never took less at one gulp. He was the last of the Washandbrushup tribe. Mac had saved his life a year ago, when he upset the glass of water Joe was about to drink in mistake for gin.

"Huh!" grunted Joe. "Me come with you. Danger."

He nodded. They travelled together for three weeks. Mac was delirious most of the time. Snow, ice, blizzards. Blizzards, ice, snow. One thing alone stuck in his mind and his ribs. The package. He must deliver it to Frostbound Harry at Snivvle Corner.

"Halt!" snapped out a voice, clipped, staccato, marcato. "Halt!" Just like that. But Mac understood. He halted. A big, burly man had stepped from behind a snow drift. It was Bags, of the North West Dismounted.

"Exceeding the limit," he snarled. This'll cost you forty shillings, or——"

Mac handed him a dollar. Bags touched his hat, and glanced at the licence attached to the near runner. "Capacity—two-seater. Make—poor. Dog-power—five."

All was in order. They struggled on.

A fortnight later the pemmican strips gave out. There was no whip. The dogs left them. For three days they tramped, Mac and Two-Gallon Joe pushing the sled in front. There was nothing on it. Then, early one morning, Joe spoke.

"No want sled. Leave him."

Mac nodded. Indian craft, Indian subtlety. He would never have thought of it. They left the sled.

The crowd in the Swillitdown saloon saw them coming, two figures staggering along the trail. Mac clutched at the package in his breast. The crowd clutched their glasses. Joe clutched at anything he could get.

They stumbled through the door. Mac threw a poke of gold dust on the counter.

"Bass," he growled.

What'll Charlie, the bartender, eyed him him keenly. "Hard or soft?"

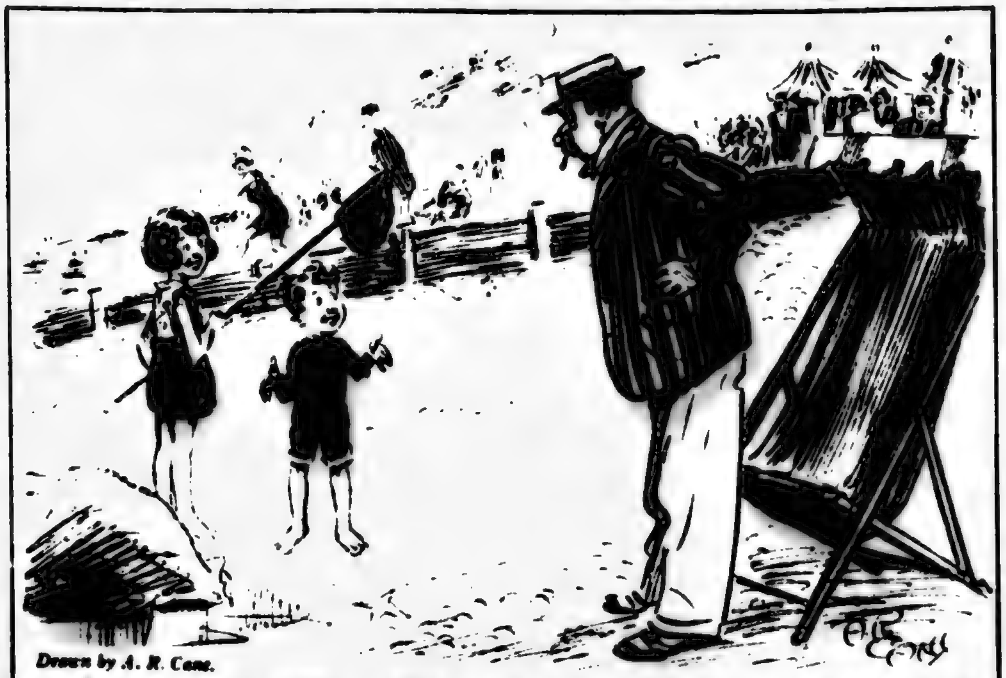
"Hard," barked Mac.

The bartender handed him his frozen drink—man's meat—and he bit great lumps from it.

"Stick 'em up!"

The saloon door was open. A bearded, furred figure stood there, outlined by the snow. They couldn't tell which was beard and which was fur. Two guns he held—one in each hand. Slowly all arms shot up. No use arguing. Mac dropped his Bass with a crash, and clutched at the package. The stranger eyed him.

(*Continued on page* 38.)



Drawn by A. R. Cane.

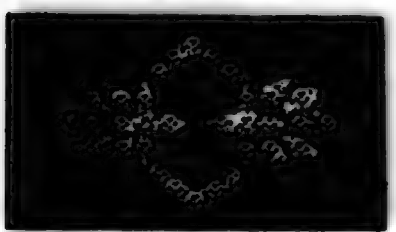
ANGLER'S SON: "Daddy! I found a crab as big as—er—as big as that— but it got away!"

CIRO JEWELLERY
As Sensationally Successful as Ciro Pearls

70. Exquisite design, mounted with selected Ciro Pearls and Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0 per pair.

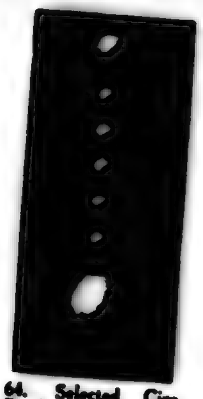
474. Selected Ciro Pearls, mounted in platinette, set with Ciro Diamonds.
£1 1 0 per pair.

4249. A chaste creation. Square cut. Ciro Sapphire or Emerald with Ciro Diamonds.
£1 1 0



4112. Brooch or Hat Ornament of original design. The mountings of platinette set with Ciro Diamonds.
£1 1 0

1049. Selected Ciro Pearls, mounted with square cut Ciro Diamond.
£1 1 0 per pair.



64. Selected Ciro Pearls on platinette chain. The drop Pearl may be either pear-shaped or round.
£1 1 0 per pair.

What the House of Ciro has achieved in the faultless reproduction of real pearls it has now extended to other precious jewels — Emeralds, Rubies, Sapphires and Diamonds.

"EVE" ***says:***

"Time was when artificial jewellery did not enter at all into the decorative scheme of the smart woman. Now its artistic value is such a self-evident proposition that it is seriously rivalling its more costly relations. Ciro pearls, exquisite in colour and shape, and the diamonds and other reproductions of precious stones, delicately and beautifully set, are perfect expressions of the craftsman's art, and fully merit their ever-increasing popularity."

546. A beautiful cross-over Ring with Ciro Pearls and Ciro Diamonds in platinette. Gold shank.
£1 1 0

597. Perfectly cut Ciro Sapphire or Emerald mounted with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0

5071. A Ciro Sapphire, Ruby or Emerald, mounted with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0

5066. Lustrous Ciro Pearl with Ciro Diamonds in platinette. Gold shank.
£1 1 0

530. Ciro Emerald, Ruby or Sapphire surrounded with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0

5017. Superbly cut Ciro Sapphire, Ruby or Emerald, framed with Ciro Diamonds in platinette.
£1 1 0

Ciro Pearls
AND
JEWELLERY

May we send you, post free, illustrated booklet No 28 of Ciro Pearls and Jewellery?

LONDON
178 Regent St., W.
48 Old Bond St., W.
120 Cheapside, E.C.
MANCHESTER
14 St. Ann's Square
LIVERPOOL
25 Church Street
BIRMINGHAM
121 New Street
GLASGOW
95 Buchanan Street

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 in. long, with gold clasp, or any of the Ciro Jewellery shown on this page. Wear it for a fortnight and if it does not give you entire satisfaction we will refund your money in full.

CIRO PEARLS LTD

And our own Showrooms at
EDINBURGH
Jenners
DUBLIN
Switzers
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE
James Coxon & Co. Ltd.
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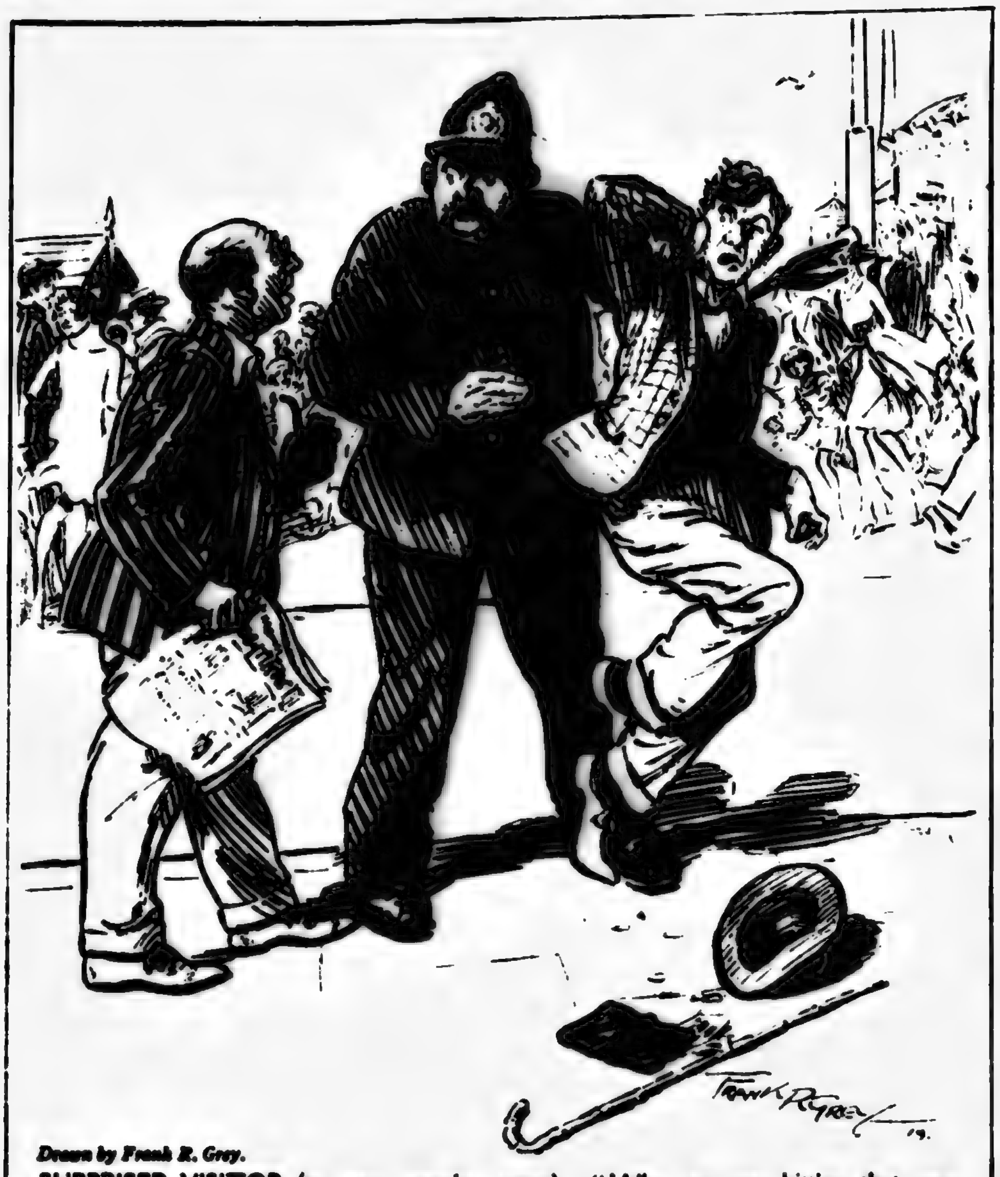
J. F. Taylor & Son, Ltd., College Green



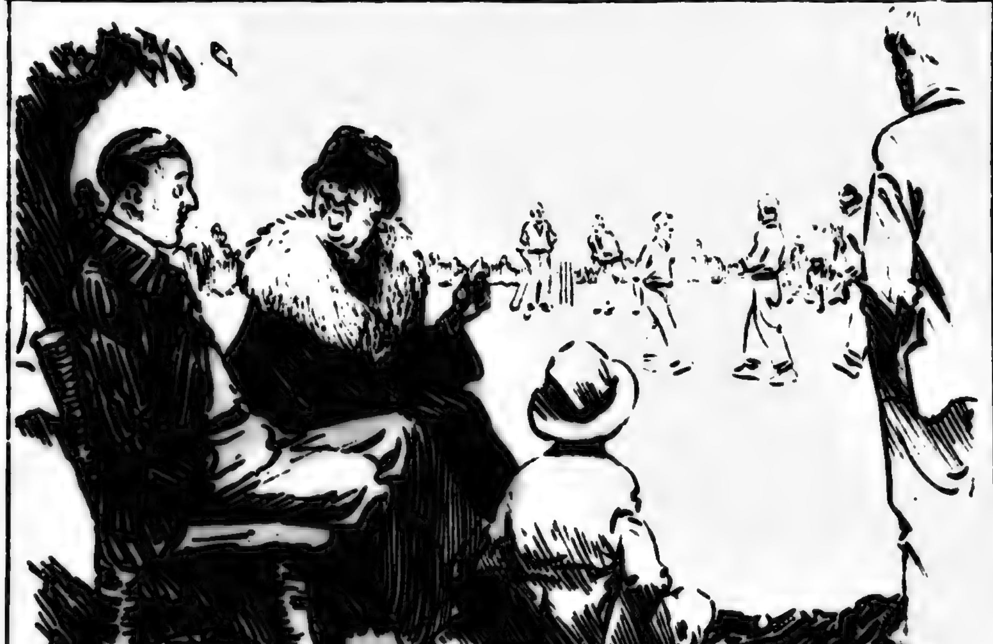
Drawn by Frank R. Grey.

SURPRISED VISITOR (to very popular resort): "Why are you hitting that man, constable?"

POLICEMAN: "He's been picking pockets, sir. If I catch him again, I'll half kill him."

VISITOR: "But, why not run him in?"

POLICEMAN: "I can't do that, sir. The Police Station and all the cells is let to visitors!"



Drawn by Peter Fraser.

OLD LADY (watching fielders changing over): "Wouldn't it save a lot of time if the bowlers kept wicket and the wicket-keeper bowled?"

Marmite Mac's Mission

(*Continued from page* 36.)

"No monkeying, boys," he barked

Swiftly he searched them. The tense silence was only broken by the loudspeaker broadcasting the massed bands of the Guards Brigade playing the Double-Eagle March, from 3LO. He reached Mac. His fingers felt the package. Mac made a movement. The trigger creaked ominously. Mac stiffened. A strange spasm crossed his face. The stranger took the package. Mac sneezed. He had a cold.

"So long, boys," said the stranger. The door banged. He was gone.

Mac picked up his shattered Bass and swallowed it. His seething mind began to clear. The package . . . the package! It must be retrieved, though he died in the attempt. A trust was a trust. He beckoned to Joe.

"Let's hike," he said.

OUT again into the blizzard, on to the Great Beyond, and beyond that. Twice they followed the wrong tracks. Even Joe, with eyes like a revue-chorus watcher and nose like a sanitary inspector, was baffled. They had followed a trail all day. They were certain it belonged to the stranger. Yet it ended abruptly, and they found themselves among a herd of moose.

Mac groaned and fell. He was done. Quick as thought, Joe leapt at one of the animals and made a noise like a The moose whinnied and came to him. He hoisted Mac on its back, mounted behind, and urged the beast forward.

THE days passed, one at a time. At last on a morning when the melting of the snow and the rise in temperature—significant signs to the skilled readers of the Great North's moods—warned them that winter was ending, they came upon a still figure in a clearing. It was the stranger who had taken Mac's package. He lay asleep.

Two-Gallon Joe stole forward. His fingers flickered over the sleeping form.

"You!"

"Huh!"

"Coo!"

Just those three tense words, and no more, the cold muzzle of Mac's gun presiding. Swift as a flash, swifter than two flashes, Joe snatched away the package. Then on again, towards Snivvle Corner, the goal of their sacred mission.

Two months later, on a Friday afternoon, Frostbound Harry, the grand old man of Snivvle Corner, was counting his grandchildren and saying to himself: "Is it possible?" Two figures hove in sight. Mac and Two-Gallon Joe struggled up. Mac handed him the package.

The old man shook as he undid the string. Inside lay an egg. Spotted Jim's last tribute to a friend of his youth.

"Yourn," said Mac, simply.

Bang! With a terrific explosion, the egg revealed its age, sprinkling them liberally.

The old man made a dignified yet hospitable gesture.

"Ourn," he said, quietly.

BLANFORD'S

SPLENDID
MEN'S
OUTFIT

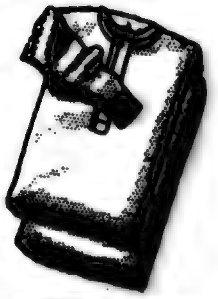
20 Articles in Suit Case

Delivered free on first payment of only 2/-

THIS complete Man's Outfit in beautiful leatherette suitcase is made up entirely of sound wearing, well finished articles of high quality. Thousands of these cases have been sold and given absolute satisfaction to our customers.

Fine leatherette, reinforced, lined, Suit Case, metal fittings and locks, measuring 20" x 11". Reinforced edges. As illustrated above.

Two first quality 'Oxford' Shirts, full cut, lined back and front, double-stitched, fast colour, or two fine 'Silkateen' tunic shirts, with collars. As illustrated above.

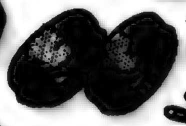


Two beautiful all-wool Vests.

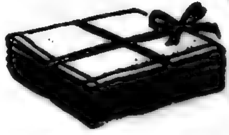
Two fine pairs of all-wool Pants, double spliced and sewn.

Two fashionable Silk Ties in best Spring patterns.

Two pairs of fancy Cashmere Socks. Very latest designs. Double heels and toes.



Two strong, real bristle, Military hair brushes.



Six full-sized Handkerchiefs.

One pair elastic web Braces.

Write for this magnificent Man's Outfit at once, price 55/- complete. Consists of twenty fully guaranteed articles. Delivered free on first payment of only 2/-, and 5/- a month after.

Send size of collar neckband, full postal address and 2/- postal order to:—

John Blanford LTD Dept. J.B.

119 and 120 BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.

The Gramophone that brings the Holiday Feeling.

THE NEW
Columbia
PORTABLE

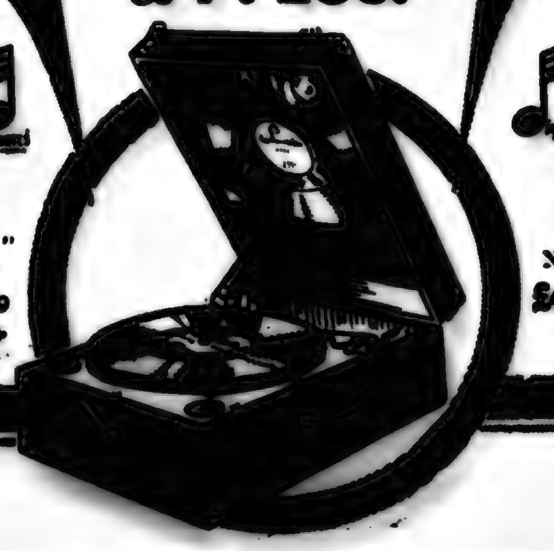
THE COLUMBIA Portable challenges comparison with any other portable gramophone. Never such Value! Never such Tone! On test always preferred above all others. Enormous production alone has rendered such a price possible. British throughout in every component part, its workmanship is of the highest possible standard, and its reproduction of records amazing in its beauty and volume. . . . . You are invited to hear and test it.

No. 112 (Standard) - £4 . 15s.
No. 109 (Junior) - £3 . 10s.
No. 113 (Double-Spring Motor) £10 . 10s.

REAL LEATHER MODELS:
No. 111N (Nickelled Fittings) £7 . 10s.
No. 111GP (Gold-plated Fittings) £9 . 9s.

Illustrated list of Columbia Portables post free—COLUMBIA, 102-108, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

£4 . 15s.



"Junior" Model No. 109 £3 . 10s.

No. 112 £4.15s.

THE GINK AND THE GARRAGE

by ERIC. D. BRAND

Hugo Blowback (please don't laugh) fell in love with a photograph.

ONE cold and frosty spring morning, Hugo Blowback, a clerk in the employ of Messrs Rank, Weed and Company, Cigarette Manufacturers, was assailed with a violent toothache, which caused him to carry out his work even more unsatisfactorily than usual. And when he had been reprimanded by his superiors for the umpteenth time he felt obliged to ask permission to go to the dentist.

Accordingly, at a later hour that afternoon, he was to be seen in the waiting-room of a dental surgeon, clasping his face with one hand and idly turning with the other the leaves of that popular theatrical journal "The Staid and Rheumatic."

The usual unconventionally posed portraits of footlight celebrities greeted his eyes, until presently he gave a gasp even deeper than those aroused by the twinges of his molar. For there stared up at him from a tinted photograph the lovely, greenish face of a young girl about twenty-one.

It was the most beautiful face he had ever seen. The likeness and the lettering beneath it were engraved in indelible ink on the yielding cells of his infatuated brain:

"The Honourable Lucy Lampwick, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Lampwick of Looney, who appeared for two minutes in a musical comedy at the Garish Theatre last week."

Hugo was so enraptured with the Honourable girl that he was oblivious of his name being called by the dentist's bell-boy, and the lad was forced to prod him sharply in the ribs before he awoke to realities and the necessity of having a tooth withdrawn.

When the dentist presently gave him a lungful of gas he dreamed for about half a minute of the girl in the paper, and surprised the ivory merchant, on coming to, by thanking him profusely for his kindness. Later, what with the gas and the girl, he went out into the street walking as if on air.

Hugo stopped at a bookstall and bought the current number of "The Staid and Rheumatic," and when he reached his bed-sitting room in Pimlico, he sat on the bed and opened the journal with trembling, eager fingers.

But with each page he turned his fingers trembled less and less eagerly, and the conviction steadily grew that he had wasted a precious shilling—for there was no photograph of the Honourable Lucy Lampwick.

At that moment he would have given his all—about one pound two and sevenpence—to have that cherished picture beneath his pillow instead of the patchwork pyjama-case which he had made himself from old tie ends. Though it was true her name and image would never be forgotten, yet he wanted to trace again the tantalising curves of her eyelids and her nostrils.

You may think him a poor sort of gink for going daft over a girl in a photograph—immeasurably above him socially—and you would be right—for he *was* poor. But then, there was so little in Hugo's life.

Except for Sundays, when his landlady helped him to a slice of beef large enough to be seen with the naked eye, and Saturdays, when he received his meagre salary of thirty-five shillings per week plus a packet of ten cigarettes (which he had, through the irony of fate, to give away because he detested smoking) there was nothing to look forward to.

So it is not surprising that he spent a sleepless night, mourning his lost photograph and bemoaning his idiocy in not having torn it out when he had the chance.

And the next morning, on his way to the office, he called at the dentist's and asked if he might see the copy of "The Staid and Rheumatic" at which he was looking the previous afternoon.

"It's gorn," said the boy-in-buttons. "It went into the dustbin this morning, and the dustman called 'bout ten minutes ago."

The boy-in-buttons little realised the tragedy of that simple statement, and merely thought Hugo had bats in the belfry when he turned brokenly away.

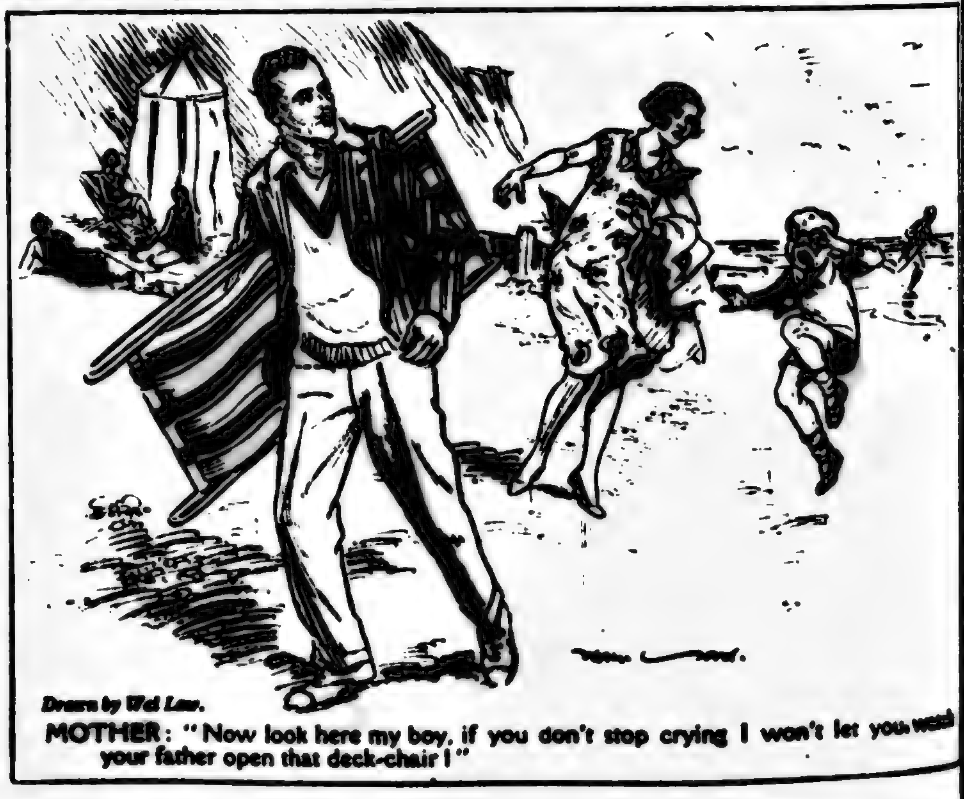
He reeled blindly, drunkenly along, communing thus with thoughts like bitter almonds. Little recked he of the curious glances and outspoken comments of pedestrians with whom he collided; without even muttering an apology he barged his way unceasingly on, until presently he fell slap into someone who refused to budge and only neighed sympathetically in his ear.

Were his eyes deceiving him, or was this really a horse and dustcart which loomed above him?

A little glad cry of gratitude was echoing down the street, as Hugo embraced the stout, old horse and wept upon its neck. For the idea had at once struck him with considerable violence that somewhere in this drab vehicle—he meant the cart, of course—lay the journal which contained his adored one's likeness.

Quickly he shinned up the short ladder which was propped against the side of the vehicle and quicker still shinned down again, as the familiar leather and khaki coated figure of a

(*Continued on page 42.*)



Drawn by Wal Law.

MOTHER: "Now look here my boy, if you don't stop crying I won't let you watch your father open that deck-chair!"

INSOMNIA

SOOTHING *the* NERVES *means* WORSE TROUBLE *later*

STRENGTHEN *them with* DR. CASSELL'S *for* NATURAL SLEEP

The greatest enemy of sleep

is fear that we shall not sleep. This fear is often quite unnecessary. As little as three hours of actual sleep during the night will maintain strength. You may hear the clock chime every hour—and yet have a valuable amount of rest.

A little of natural sleep is better than a great deal of drugged sleep. Avoid sedatives and "Pain-killers" if you can. They lower the system, and reaction—probably in the form of nervous pains—is bound to follow.

The nerves must be strengthened by nourishment, and there is no nerve nourishment equal to the four-fold action of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They enrich the blood and build up nerve and brain tissue by means of Blood Nutrients and Hypophosphites, while appetite and digestion are stimulated by valuable Stomachics and Digestive Enzymes. Dr. Cassell's do not *deaden* pain and restlessness, but strengthen the weakened system—*their effects are lasting.*

Miss E. Smith,

of 49, Radford Boulevard, Nottingham, writes:—"For the last few months I have suffered from severe headaches, and I was getting quite used to sleepless nights. After taking Dr. Cassell's I am feeling quite well again and always enjoy a good night's rest."

Mr. J. Baggaley,

of 105, Oldfield Street, Fenton, writes:—"I have been cured of sleeplessness by your wonderful Dr. Cassell's Tablets. For almost a year I have retired to bed about eleven o'clock and have still been awake at four o'clock the next morning; but now I go to sleep few minutes after getting into bed."

Start a course to-day and you will soon be enjoying healthy sleep.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

For the following disorders due to Weakening of the Blood or Nerve Systems:

Overstrain
Sleeplessness
Stomach Disorders
Neurasthenia
Children's Weakness
Breakdown

Neuritis
Malnutrition
Wasting
Hysteria
Nerve Fatigue
Brain Fag

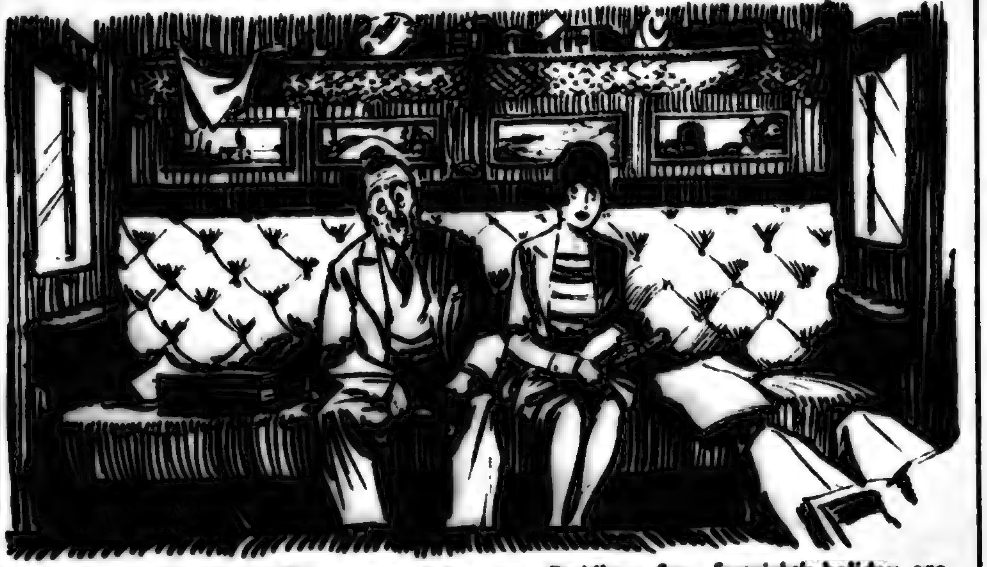
Indigestion
Palpitation
Kidney Weakness
Anaemia Neuralgia
Headaches
Nerve Pains

1/3

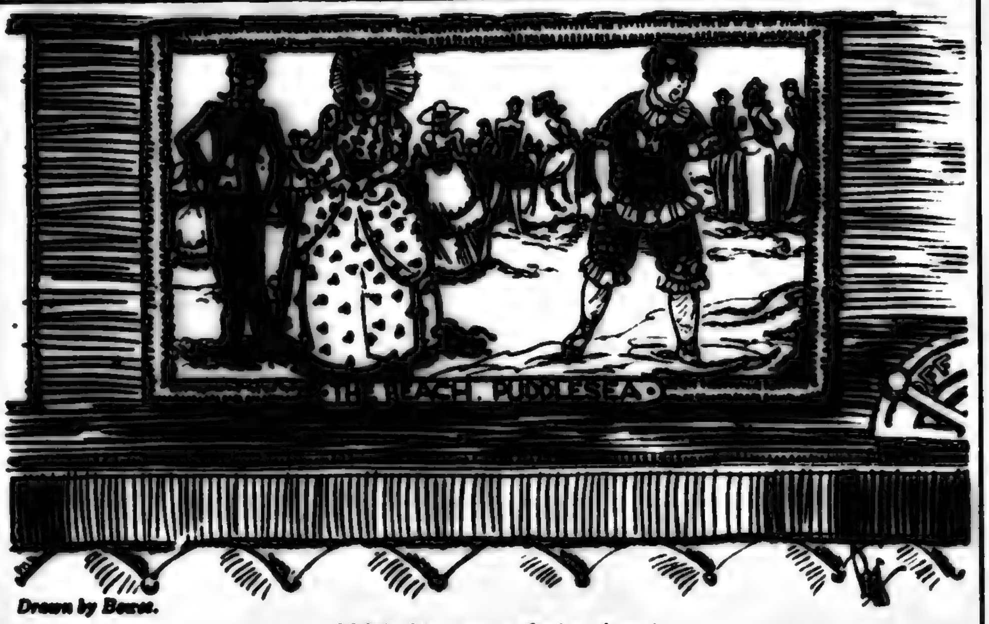
Family Size 3/-

Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd., Manchester.

THOSE RAILWAY CARRIAGE ADVERTISEMENTS.

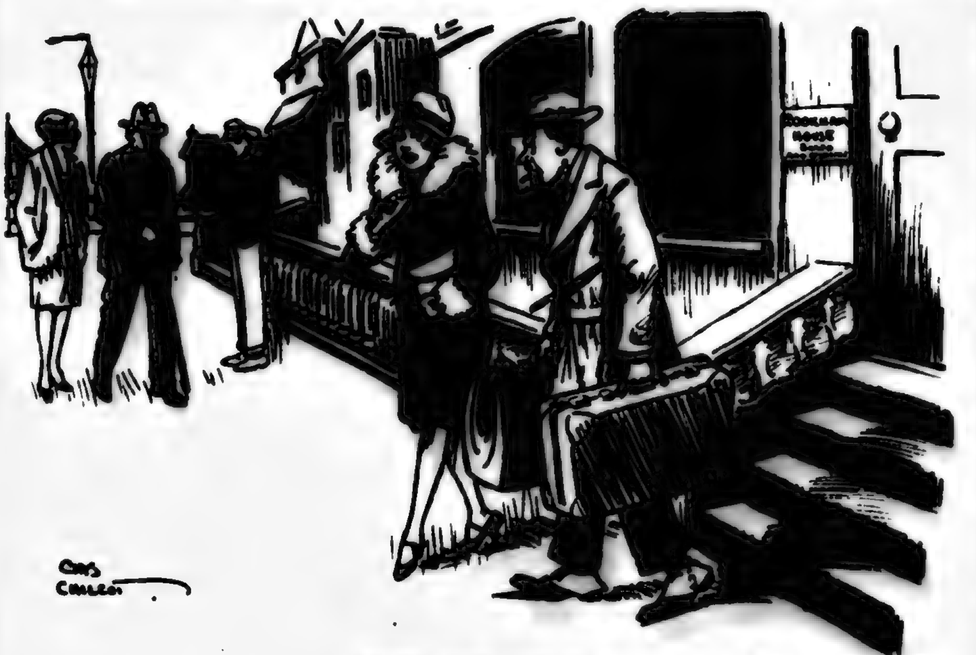


Is it any wonder that the Browns, on their way to Puddlesea for a fortnight's holiday, are looking so glum—



Drawn by Bowes.

—With this picture facing them!



Drawn by Charles Chilcot.

AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

SHE: "Are you sure we haven't left anything?"
HE: "You mean have we anything left?"

The Gink and the Garbage

(*Continued from page* 40.)

dustman hove into sight out of the gate of a neighbouring house.

Creeping beneath the cart, Hugo waited impatiently for the coast to clear; and presently the dustman was heard carolling "Less than the dust," as he retraced his steps with an empty bin swinging carelessly from his hand.

With a deep, shuddering sigh of anticipation Hugo crept to the cart and shinned once more up the ladder.

Impatiently he swept a hand (one of two, but I'm not sure which) across his eyes, and leaned further over the edge of the cart. Next moment he fell in—plonk!

Down, head first into the cart he dived with an adroitness which would have brought a blush of envy to the cheek of Annette Kellerman; and scarcely had he regained a sitting posture, when he heard the sinister sound of old army boots upon the ladder. The dustman!

With remarkable presence of mind he stretched out flat on his back and rustled gently like a sheet of paper.

But soon other things began to occupy his mind and clothes; for another dustman hoofed up the ladder on the off-side of the cart and decanted over him another half hundredweight of rubbish. And Hugo quickly realised that he would be suffocated if he didn't do something.

Groping around in the refuse, Hugo found a tubular roll of cardboard. It served him as an air tube, for with one end of it pressed to his mouth he was able to breathe while the hard working dustmen covered him more and more completely with garbage.

For what seemed like half an hour, and indeed was, he lay there in his snug retreat, breathing evenly through his improvised ventilator.

AND then the periodic increase of pressure on his chest, to which he was growing accustomed, suddenly ceased, and he became aware, from the steady movement of the vehicle, that the dustmen had completed their arduous toil and were now on their way back to the refuserator, or whatever the place is called where they shoot the rubbish.

Squirming from his nest like a gigantic mole, full of grit and determination—but mostly grit, he at last emerged into the light of day and saw that, as he had expected, he was alone, for the dustmen were safely ensconced out of sight on the shafts beside the slowly-moving horse.

Burrowing with hands and feet he was soon ejecting pound after pound of refuse, as he searched for the red and green covers of "The Staid and Rheumatic."

Eventually, trembling so violently with fatigue that he hummed like a tuning fork, Hugo saw the object to secure which he had braved so many adventures.

And then, for the first time, he became suddenly, sickeningly aware of a date at the head of the page. It was October 17th, 1899. Like most of the papers in the dentist's waiting-room, "The Staid and Rheumatic" had been there for more than a quarter of a century, and Lucy Lampwick was old enough by now to be Hugo's mother.

YOU simply must stride with a swing when you put on a pair of shapely free-and-easy '232' Grey Flannels.

New or old, they're *friendly* "bags" that wear and wear almost "till doomsday."

And—of course—they're cut and tailored as finest cloth deserves to be.

On sale everywhere from Piccadilly to Penzance, from Burlington Arcade to Berwick-on-Tweed.

They'll serve you loyally at work or play—try a pair to-day.

Ask to see also '232' Men's Blazers and Suits and '232' Junior for Youths and Boys in Suits and Blazers.

* * *

Prizes Value £12,000

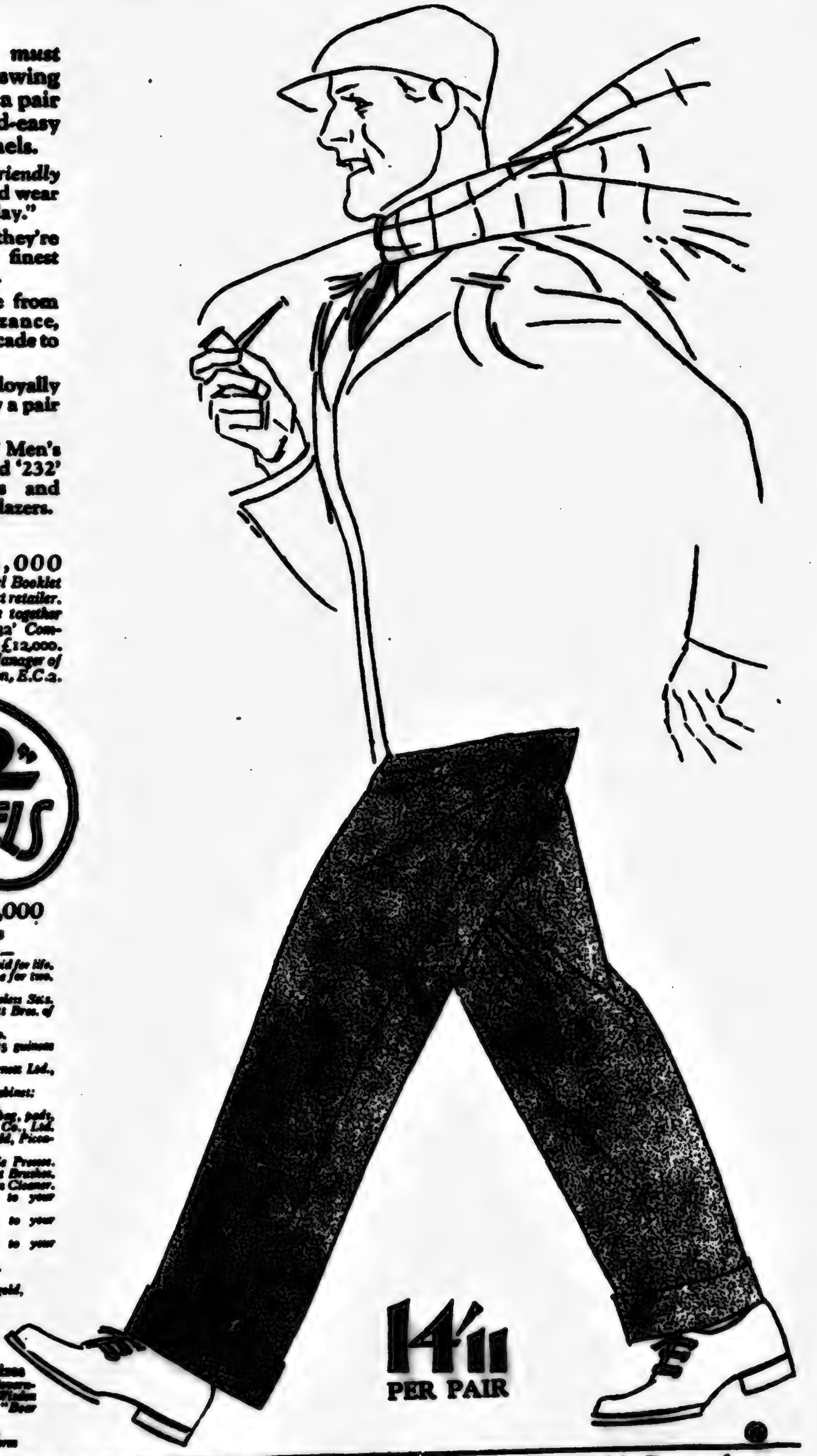
Write for the '232' Flannel Booklet and the name of your nearest retailer. These will be sent post free together with details of the great '232' Competition offering prizes value £12,000. Write to-day to '232,' "Manager of Sales," 38 Wood St., London, E.C.2.

232 FLANNELS

First Prize £10,000

for correct results

"Must be Won" prizes include:—
£1,000 Life Insurance Policy paid for life.
Motorways—return trip to Nice for two.
Two "Compactom" wardrobes.
Two "Langham" Portable Wireless Sets.
Your Car Repainted by Markett Bros. of Bedford.
David Drage "Melforte" Piano.
Lady's Dress and Coat value 75 guineas by Idare et cie.
Gold Cigarette Case by B. Barnett Ltd., Burlington Arcade.
"Easiwork" de luxe Kitchen Cabinet.
A Year's Free Petrol (British).
Complete Cricket Equipment—bag, pads, gloves and bat by Wisden & Co., Ltd.
A Silk Dressing Gown by Budd, Piccadilly Arcade.
20 of the famous "ACME" Tie Presses.
"VARSITY" Clothes and Hat Brushes.
A "Goblin" All-British Vacuum Cleaner.
1 Year's Free Subscription to your favourite weekly journal.
1 Year's Free Subscription to your favourite newspaper.
1 Year's Free Subscription to your favourite magazine.
2 Stalls for any London Show.
Six "Revelation" Suit Cases.
Two Dunhill Lighters, 9 ct. gold, Lady's and Gent's.



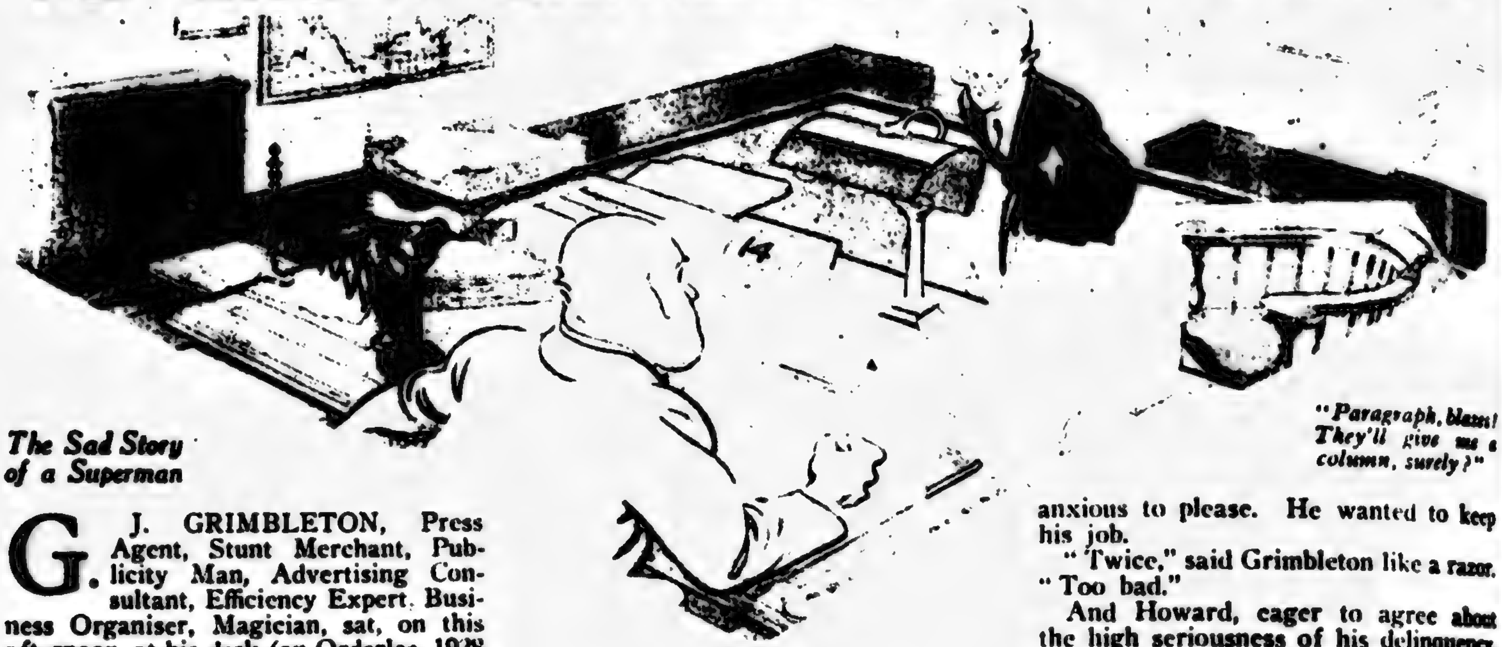
14/11 PER PAIR

2,000 consolation prizes *including: Dunhill's Pipes, Government Savings Certificates, Wisden Cricket Bats and Balls, "Bear Brand" Hosiery.*

Competition Open Now.
Ask your retailer for entry form

LIGHT DARK & SILVER TONE 64 FITTINGS Obtainable Everywhere

The GREAT GRIMBLETON by V. I. Hilton



"*Paragraph, blast! They'll give me a column, surely?*"

The Sad Story of a Superman

G. J. GRIMBLETON, Press Agent, Stunt Merchant, Publicity Man, Advertising Consultant, Efficiency Expert. Business Organiser, Magician, sat, on this afternoon, at his desk (an Orderlee, 1928 New Improved, Super-Advanced Model —Everything in its Proper Place, Sir!) and mused.

Reproachable in the ordinary way—a man of that standing musing. But this was not an ordinary day. Things were, in truth, pretty quiet. And that state of affairs was rare with Grimbleton.

He mused. He looked around his large, airy, sound-proof office—built by Baun Brothers, Better Builders; lit by daylight, and furnished with forethought and discrimination. It lay in Kingsway —" the only decent street in London" —vide "How to Live Well" by G. J. Grimbleton.

His office—the birthplace of a hundred and one Big Ideas. He toyed with his pen—a Write-Right de Luxe Safety Lever Self Filler Never Be Without One—As Indispensable as y'r Heart, and Just as Good! Copyright by Wright Bros., Inc. He traced out figures—other people's fortunes he had made.

Wonderman . . .

He looked at his filing cabinet—(a Gottit—You Find Just What You Want in Two Twos)—looked at it through the smoke arising from his cigarette—a Milward-Swinnerton, the Veribest, the Cigarette the Man Above You Smokes, the Cigarette that is the Password to Society, Every Puff a Pleasure. And in the smoke he saw visions.

And these were his visions:

Irma Cooper-Lorraine, once obscure, now Known—Known with a Vengeance, thanks to Grimbleton. Packer's Pills—On Sale Everywhere—thanks to Grimbleton. Flodora Face Cream—Used by All the Leading Beauties (and some of the lady tennis players) thanks to Grimbleton.

Miss Audrey St. Clair Laemmuele—not a bean, old chap, not a bean—the prettiest woman in the world, thanks to Packer's Pills, Flodora Face Cream and —Grimbleton! Wonderman! All, all thanks to Grimbleton.

What a wonderful man. What a life of achievement. He is still musing. Don't judge him harshly. Conceit? Well, perhaps. But, remember, he's a Press Agent. It's in the blood. People tire eventually of doing things for others. Here's Grimbleton been making other people all his life. . . . (Permit a personal puff.)

"Making other people." What of himself? The man behind the scenes. He picked up a book from his desk: "G. J. Grimbleton, an Autobiography." His photograph adorned the cover. The man behind the scenes? Not quite. The book had enjoyed a large circulation ("with G. J. Grimbleton's compliments"), although it is not known whether any of the recipients had enjoyed the book, and every important newspaper in the United Kingdom had a copy against his death.

His death!

HE eased his collar (a Delaunay-Dickinson, Neat and Nifty, the Collar for Men Who Care) and shifted his gaze to a corner of the room where stood his street-wear. His hat—a Van Blandenberg, You Love to Lift It, A Man's Hat, Your Hat, His Hat, Our Hat, Their Hat, My Hat—A Gentleman's Crowning Glory. His gloves—Parshalter's Gloves, They Fit!—Oh, Boy. Put it There! And his stick—A Beaulieu-Maxwell Underslung. Carefully Weighted, Properly Balanced. The Stick you'll Stick to!

His death!

He cleared his throat and picked up a pencil. An X-L Model Uneedit—The Pencil that is Different. (A poor slogan, that, by the way, he thought. Thought out—no, *turned* out by a rival firm, an English firm. *He* was of American stock. But, of course, you guessed that.)

He sketched on his writing-pad. At the top were the words, "Nellie, Nurse your Nipper; If that's Nix, go Nap on Nestle's," his American adaptation of the famous Nestle slogan. Which reminded him of that other one he had for Nestle's: "Whether it's the first or twelfth, feed it on Nestle's and give it health," Hm; send that off at once. In the meantime . . . . Death!

He rang his bell. Secretary Howard came in. "You rang, sir?" Deferential, anxious to please. He wanted to keep his job.

"Twice," said Grimbleton like a razor. "Too bad."

And Howard, eager to agree about the high seriousness of his delinquency, murmured that it was too bad, and was told not to let it happen again, and promised.

Then: "Take down this letter, Howard. Advertisement Manager, Daily Thump. Please reserve 52 front pages for our clients The New-Day Bootlace Company. At £1,000 per page, less our usual discount. How much will that make, Howard? About fifty thousand, eh? Hm. . . . Buy the paper."

The Great Grimbleton relapsed into reverie.

"I've been thinking, Howard," he said, "what a wonderful life I have led."

"Wonderful, indeed, sir," agreed Howard.

"Think of all I have done," said Grimbleton.

Howard thought.

"Think of all the people I've made, and the products I've successfully launched on the market."

"I'm. thinking, sir."

Then details. Irma Cooper Lorraine.

"The Society woman," from Howard.

"No, she had *some* money; she was the actress, you know. Packer's Pills. Flodora Face Cream. Miss Laemmuele. Gascoyne . . . All, all thanks to Grimbleton. Say, Howard, he's a wonderful man."

"He is, sir."

"I am."

"You are, sir."

"What a life of achievement."

"What a life!"

"It's got to end sometime, Howard."

Howard said "Yes, sir," but forgot to add "Alas." So Grimbleton said it for him. And repeated: "It's got to end sometime."

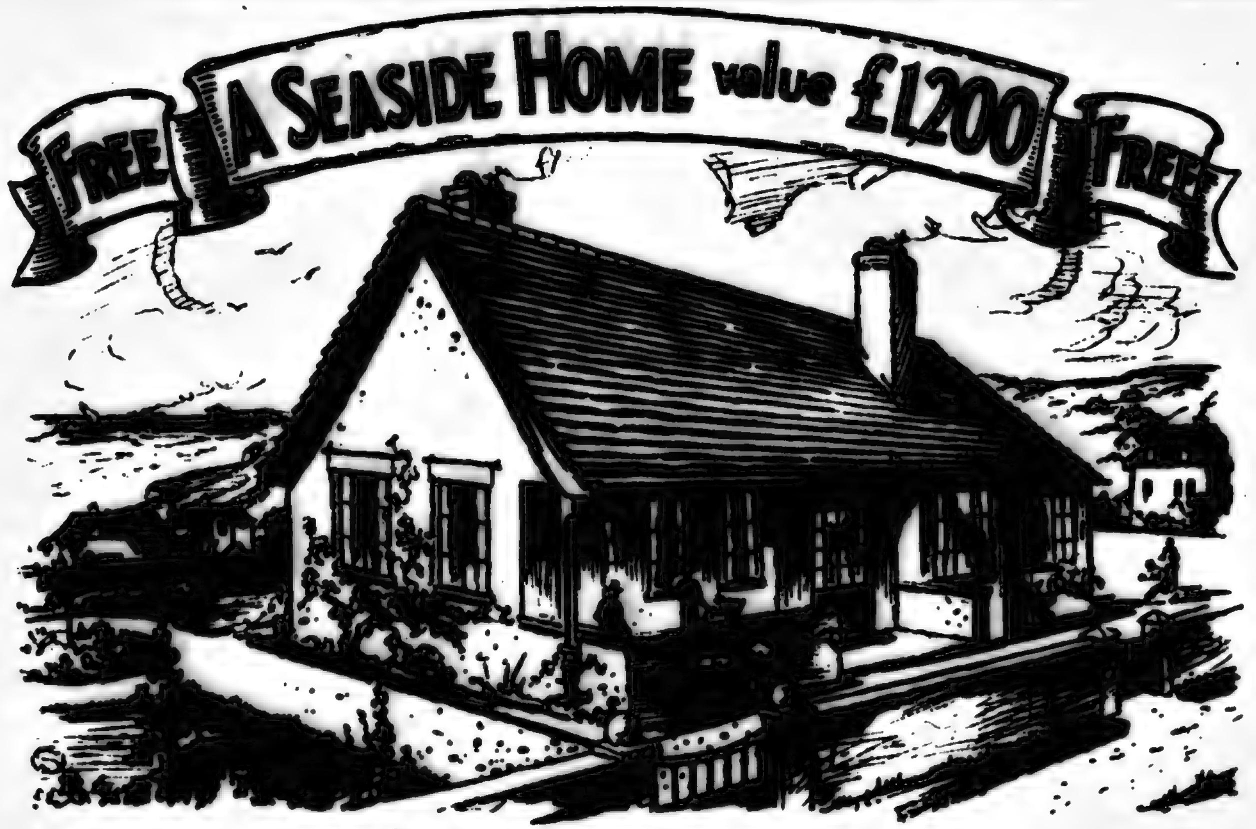
This time Howard did not miss his cue, but cried passionately, "No, no, the nation won't be able to stand it."

"I know," says Grimbleton. "But I also know there's no No—No about it. It's got to end sometime."

"No, no," wailed Howard. (Another pound a week, surely?) "Oh, 'oh," he broke into sobs. (Call it thirty shillings.)

"Come, come," said Grimbleton. "Cry

(*Continued on page* 46.)



A Reader of "John Bull's Holiday Annual" may secure it free

Seems too good to be true, but it is true, nevertheless! Four similar Seaside Homes at Peacehaven have been given away free previously, and the names and addresses of the winners will be forwarded with pleasure upon request.

THE FREE GIFT HOUSE DESCRIBED

The picture is of the fifth free gift freehold Seaside Home and land value £1,200. It is situated in Victoria Avenue, Peacehaven, and commands magnificent views of the hills and valleys of Downland as well as the English Channel. You can see it at any time convenient to yourself. It is a fascinating labour saving home comprising large living room, three bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, larder, and other domestic accommodation, with a verandah at the front. The garden is artistically laid out with paths and flower beds.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

To participate in our Free Gift Seaside Home offer you must complete the application form and forward £1 towards the cost of a Peacehaven plot. You can pay the balance by monthly instalments as low as £2 per month. What could possibly be sounder than investing in freehold land at a rapidly rising Seaside Resort like Peacehaven where land has trebled and quadrupled in value during the past three or four years! Peacehaven has grown in seven years from a hamlet of 24 to a thriving town with a population of approximately 5,000 people. It will continue to progress and eclipse all its previous triumphs.

PEACEHAVEN'S AMAZING GROWTH

As is well known Peacehaven lies on the south coast between Newhaven and Brighton. The Peacehaven Estates have a five mile frontage, facing the sea, and are acknowledged to be the most bracing, invigorating and healthy resorts anywhere round the coast of Britain. Only a short 'bus ride from Brighton and just over an hour's journey from London itself, Peacehaven has developed into quite a busy little town with all the attractions, accommodation and facilities that are usually associated with rapidly rising seaside resorts.

HOW TO GET THERE

Any train to Brighton or Newhaven will get you there and our conveyances will meet you at either station by appointment, without cost to you.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME BY FUR FARMING

There is a demonstration Fur and Wool Farm at Peacehaven, with almost 400 Fur and Wool bearing rabbits. Here a week's preliminary instructions is sufficient to enable you to start operations with highly profitable results. Our booklet entitled "FUR FARMING IN ENGLAND" sent post free on request.

CUT OUT AND POST THIS APPLICATION FORM

Strike out the paragraph which does not interest you.

To the Secretary,
PEACEHAVEN ESTATES Ltd., Peacehaven, Sussex.

Herewith I forward the sum of £1, which please place to my credit as a first payment towards the cost of a £50 site of Freehold land on the Peacehaven Estates. The site shall contain not less than 2,500 square feet. Please select the best available site of this value, which I agree to purchase. I reserve the right to change the site for any other available, of the same value, that I may prefer previous to the issue of the Title Deeds. I also reserve the right to pay the balance in monthly instalments of £2 each, or by cash within 60 days at a discount of 5 per cent.

Please send me full particulars about Peacehaven, without obligation and post free.

Name ....

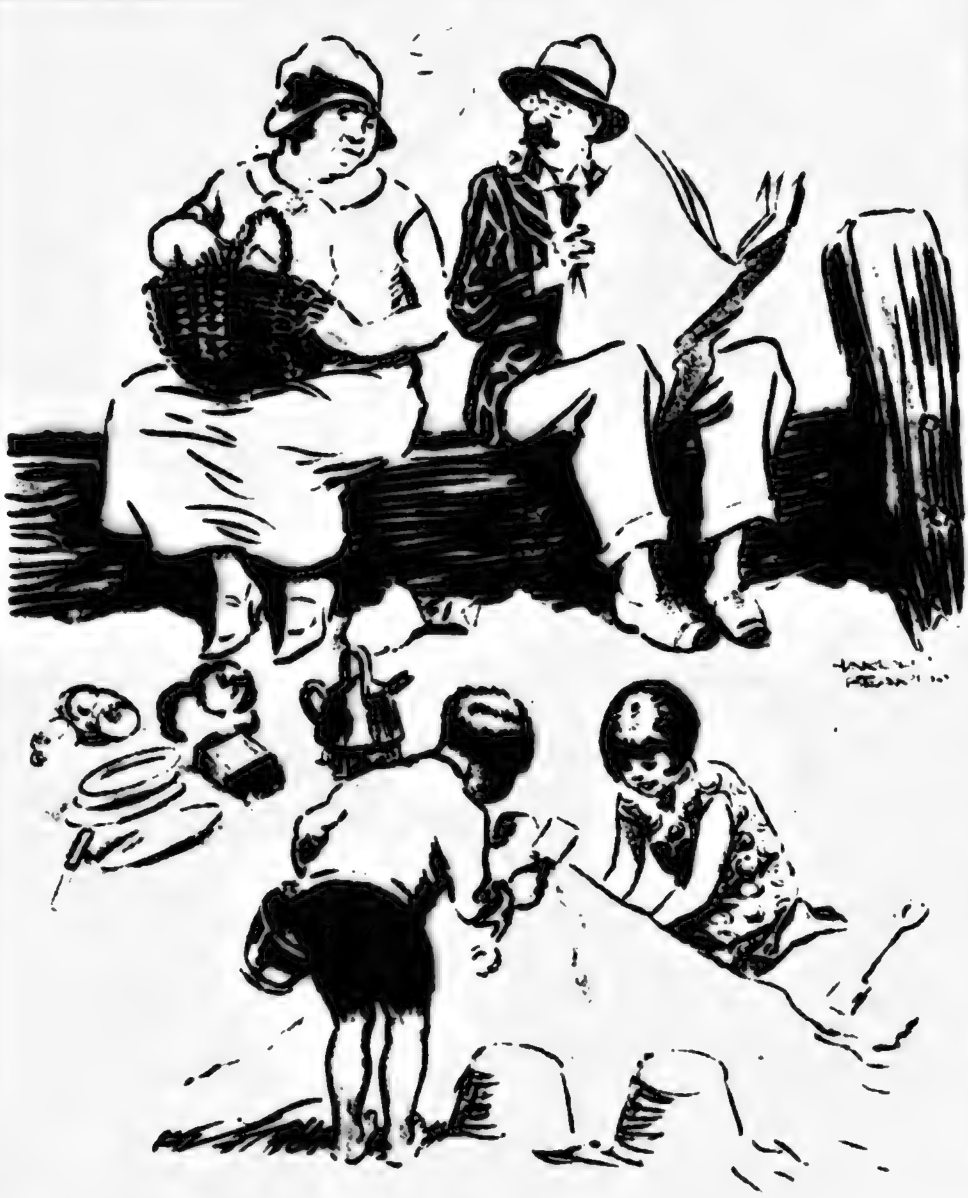
Address ....

Occupation .... *Date* ....

Every purchaser of a Freehold Site of Land on the Peacehaven Estates until October 15th, 1928, will be put on the list of purchasers in respect of the £1,200 Presentation House and Land. A copy of our new 80 page booklet illustrating the life and history of Peacehaven will be forwarded to each person.

FILL IN THIS FORM AND FORWARD TO-DAY

The John Bull Holiday Annual.



Drawn by Harold Beards.

GROCER'S WIFE (about to picnic): "Watching the children playing in the sand reminds me, George—I've forgotten to bring the sugar."

The Great Grimbleton

(*Continued from page 44.*)

some more, Howard," and Howard complied, reckoning on a couple of quid at a conservative estimate.

"Tell me," said Grimbleton, suddenly, "how will the nation take my death?"

"Well, sir, that depends on how the newspapers tell them to take it."

"Ah, Howard, you old rogue!"

"Not at all, sir. Given a nice little paragraph . . ."

"Paragraph, blazes! They'll give me a column, surely?"

"Column, sir? I should say two columns at least. How modest you are, sir."

"Ah, Howard, it is my one failing. Modesty. See, what did you last estimate? Two columns. You are a little reserved, Howard, and afraid to let yourself go. Never be that."

"Columns and columns, sir." (Most meek.)

"Tut, tut, Howard. I give you the chance to vindicate yourself, and you muff it. Columns and columns. This is deplorable. Why flirt with your senses? Why evade the truth? Why not speak right boldly up and say 'A PAGE'?"

"A whole page, sir," said Howard quickly.

"Of course, man. No advertisements lurking in the bottom right-hand corner."

"No fear, sir. Just the one big advertisement. *Your* advertisement. And, may I add, your well-deserved advertisement."

"You may. Go on."

"Your well-deserved advertisement. And, sir, when you get to the foot of the page, you'll see 'Continued on page eight.'"

"Good for you, Howard. And some photographs. That one of me. . . ."

"I know the one you mean, sir. Yes, lots of photos. And, sir, if the resignation of the Government comes on the same night as the death of Grimbleton, then, sir, I say it will play second fiddle."

"Howard, you're wonderful. Think of the different features 'Death of Grimbleton.'"

"No, sir. Rather 'Superman Grimbleton Passes.'"

"That's it. And World Mourns Grimbleton. Nations' Anguish. Plural. You'll be able to do an article, Howard. Grimbleton—A Striking Tribute from a Confrere."

"And another one, sir. Grimbleton as I Knew Him. Capital H for Him, sir. Grimbleton, the Man and the Machine—by a Personal Friend. And, maybe, sir, the Sunday papers will give you pride of place instead of the newest murder."

"Ah, that is a lot to expect, Howard. Still, maybe. I believe they did it when King Edward died, so . . . ."

"Well, I mean to say, sir, it *follows*." (Fifty shillings if it's a penny.)

And fifty shillings it was. Howard ran off to do the letter. Grimbleton lifted his 'phone receiver, his mind made up on something.

"Hullo, hullo! Is that the *Evening Star*? This is—er Mr. G. J. Grimbleton's secretary, talking . . ." Then, impressively and reverently: "Mr. G. J. Grimbleton is dead."

"Oh," said the voice at the other end, profoundly uninterested.

"Yes," said the corpse. "I thought you'd like to know so as to have plenty of time to get up a good long report. Most of his life particulars you'll find in his autobiography, a copy of which should be in your office . . ."

"Oh," said the voice, "*that* chap. Yes, we've a copy somewhere here. Righto. Thanks. Good-bye." And, giving the dead man no further chance of discussing himself, the newspaper-man replaced his receiver.

GRIMBLETON composed himself to wait. Often it was that he pulled out his watch—a Panzzani Paramount-Jewel, the Watch that . . . . But enough of that!

When the big hand had, with exasperating leisure, completed two circuits, the newsboys with their intermittent murderous shrieks told the world in general and Scotsmen in particular that the final editions were out. Grimbleton called Howard and sent him forth to get a copy. "Get two," he added. "One for yourself."

And when Howard returned, he told him to go into his room and peruse his copy. It was a good paper, said Grimbleton, so impartial.

Then he looked for the eight columns —at a modest estimate—re the late G. J. Grimbleton. But found nothing. He went right through that paper, and found nothing.

He slammed on his hat to go. Howard rushed in, grinning most unsecretarily.

"Well . . . well?" Terror was in Grimbleton's voice.

"I don't think it *is* well, sir. Look. This paper. A line here under the News from All Quarters. 'Mr. G. C. Grumbleton is dead'—why, sir, what on earth . . . ."

But Mr. G. C. Grumbleton, better known as Mr. G. J. Grimbleton, was dead. Heart failure, aggravated by Missprint.

Assets £47,000,000

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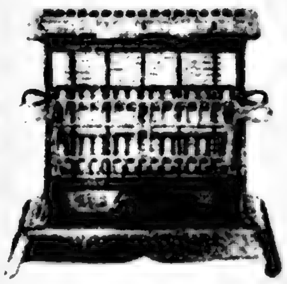

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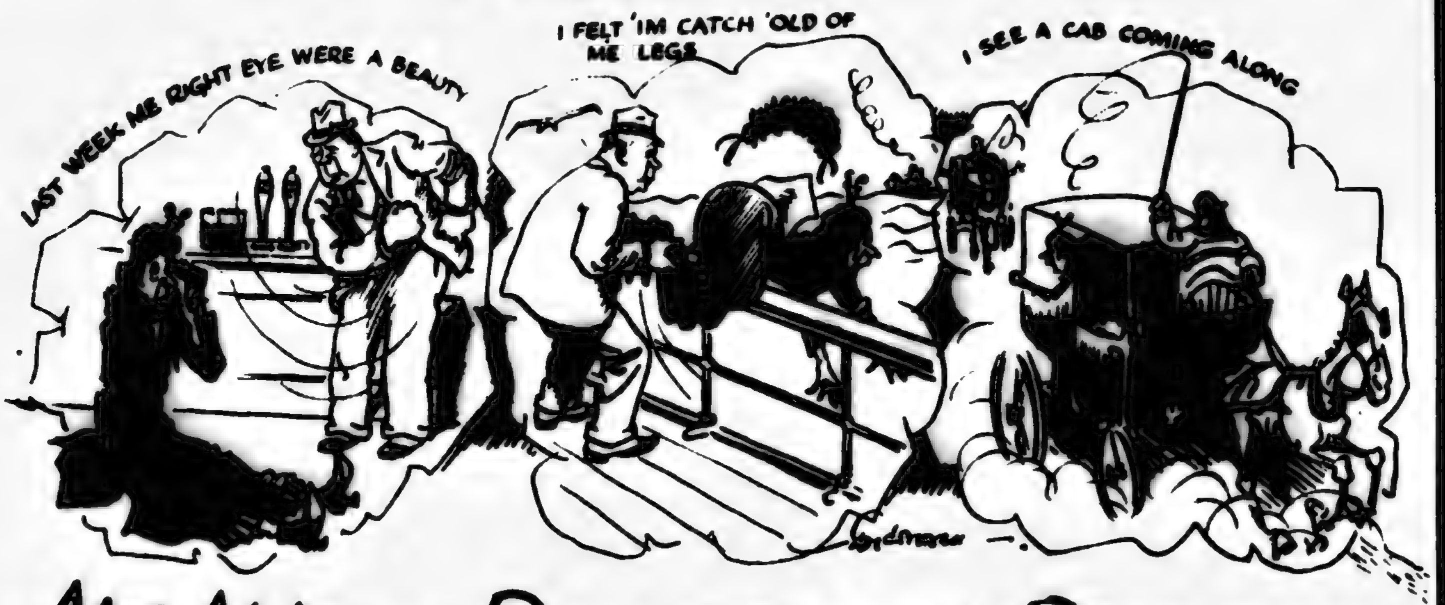
LAST WEEK ME RIGHT EYE WERE A BEAUTY
I FELT 'IM CATCH 'OLD OF ME LEGS
I SEE A CAB COMING ALONG

MRS. MAY ON PROFESSIONAL DROWNING

by THOMAS LE BRETON

'Erb and Perc were two accomplished villians, but they made a bad break when they decided to match their wits against a woman's.

I DON'T say as I were down and out because I locked me door and no landlady could turn me out—not if she got fifty summonses. Likewise I weren't down because I were afeard as she'd come upstairs and come in if I went out, so I 'ad to wait till I see 'er safe outer 'er room.

But it were like this. Perc Olding 'ad been making up to me somethink ferocious; borrered ev'ry penny I 'ad, and then said as 'e'd give me in charge if I follored 'im and annoyanced 'im a-arstin' for money. 'E said as when I could stand 'im a tonic I might speak to 'im, but not before.

I've buried two but 'e were worse nor either, so as I sometimes felt as I could never love 'im no more.

Last week me right eye were a beauty what 'e give me for just a telling of 'im what I thought of 'im while we was in the Seven Bells.

I couldn't go to work for a week and 'ad to say as 'ow I'd got the flu, so it were a fack as I got shocking stoney. I don't say as I were broke on Sat'day night but I'd on'y got tuppence 'apenny in the wide and everybody knows what a scandalous price they charge for even a small port.

But, when Perc called, me being so sweet, I forgive 'im when 'e perdooced some fish and taters, and said as 'ow 'e'd got an appointment at the "Crown," and I could come too if I were nippy.

Perc said as 'ow 'e were a going to meet a friend at the Crown but it turned out it were 'is brother 'Erb—as if 'e couldn't say it were 'is brother instead of calling 'im a friend. I knowed 'Erb, 'aving seen 'im pinched for jumping on a lady friend of mine what 'ad on'y called 'im a thief and a murd'rer for bringing 'er 'usband 'ome one pay night without a copper in 'is pocket.

'Owever 'e were quite the gent this night, and we 'ad two ports each and 'im as nice as pie, calling me old ducks just as if 'e'd never seen me before.

"What about you and me and Perc 'aving a week end at Southend ter-morrer," 'e says, "I'll pay exes, and you look as if a good blow would do you good."

"She's 'ad it quite recent," says Perc, "'aven't you, Gladys, old dear?" says Perc, the brute, and I knowed then as I'd soonest love 'Erb nor 'im. In fack I did think of chucking Perc; for 'is name were against 'im; but me second were named 'Erb so it sounded 'omely and reminding like of 'appier days.

But I didn't know then what I know now, and if ever there was a whitend stepelker it were both of 'em.

WE went off to Southend next morning, 'Erb 'aving took week-end tickets, and they was as nice as pie so as I begun to 'ave me sushpishions, because it ain't nat'ral for two gents to take a lady out and never want to fight or nothink. Then 'Erb arst me if I didn't admire an 'ero, and I guessed something nasty were coming.

"Depends," I says. "One 'ero as I knows on went through fire and water to save 'is life. So what sort of an 'ero do you mean?" I arsts.

"I mean the bloke what plunges into the sea and saves the 'eroine's life," 'e says. "Say yours f'r instance."

"Not mine," I says, "because I'd sooner die than go in a boat and be drownded."

"But suppose as it's quite safe and made yer fortune?" 'e says, and then I knowed as they was up to somethink.

Then 'e said 'e'd soonest lose the best thirst a man ever 'ad than lose me, and 'e looked so loving that I begun to think as 'is were true love, though I did ought to know as no gent loves true unless 'e's going to get somethink for it. But we 'ad a nice lunch and 'e would 'ave me 'ave two ports and so I tried to like 'im everso.

But arter we 'ad got away from the resteroont, 'Erb begun again. "Sup you was to make a fi' pun note by j getting yer clothes damp?" 'e says.

I didn't like to be so rude as to s I didn't want no fi' pun note when I d so I arst 'im to explain.

"Fust of all," 'Erb says, "you got t pertend as Perc is your 'usband and y don't neither of you know me."

"Well," I says, "seeing as Perc wa to marry me I don't see no 'arm in th if so be you paid me a fiver for it."

"It ain't much more nor that," 'E says, "on'y to fall into the water off th pier and let me rescue you. You see I' pertend as I happen to be passing at th time and in I'll jump before you can g yer 'ead wet. Then Perc will sing ou 'Oh, me wife—me dear wife—save 'e me 'ero and Evan will reward you.'"

I just stared and 'Erb goes on, "Th when I save you, Perc will take the 'a round and 'e'll see as everyone wi shrubscribe and you and us will g 'alves. 'Ow's that, old ducks?"

I says as I'd think about it, not mea ing to 'ave nothink to do with bei drownded. Safety fust is my mott but 'Erb 'ad got my return ticket and didn't like to say much till I got 'old o it.

It were just arter Church time and th parade and the pier was crowded, a the women did stare at me with tw gents awful affeckshonate—jalous, o course. But when we went on the pi Perc and me walked arm in arm a Erb 'e walked be'ind as if 'e didn't kn us.

That ought to 'ave made me supers tious, but some'ow I were on'y thi ing what a skinny lot the women w and 'ow they must be jalous of m 'aving such a fine figger, when Perc sa as 'e 'ad somethink funny to show m on the lower deck, where no one w when they 'ad their best clothes on.

"If you bend over," says Perc, "y

(Continued on page 50).

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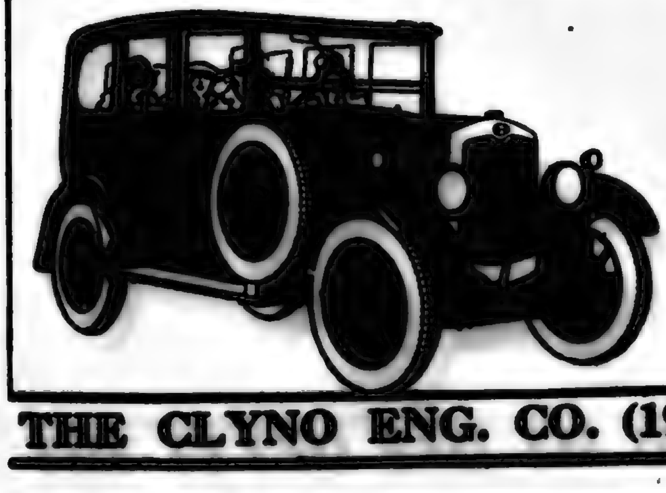

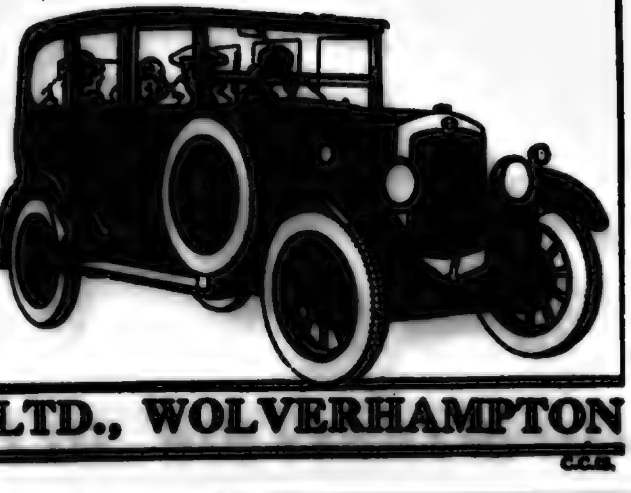

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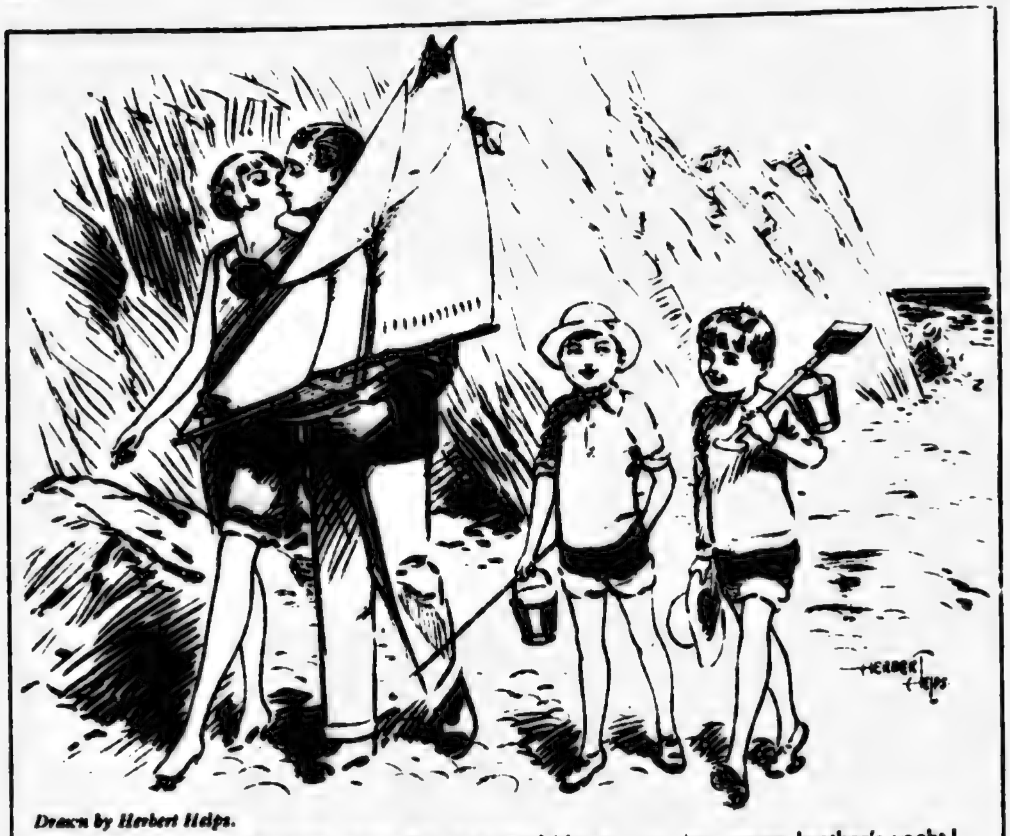

Drawn by Herbert Helps.

Perhaps it was not kindness alone that prompted him to carry her young brother's yacht!

Mrs. May on Professional Drowning

(*continued from page* 48).

can see thousands of crabs running about. Ain't they funny?"

Me, never being superstitious, bended over the rail and then I felt 'im catch 'old of me legs and tip me over.

Down I went and I thought over me faults what I might 'ave 'ad, and about the sins of the rest of us. I didn't see no crabs nor nothink but I struggled up, but this time I were almost full of water so I knowed as I were too 'eavy to swim.

I WERE in bed when I come alive again, but when they give me some 'ot brandy and water I were able to whisper as the water were already inside me, and I'd 'ave the brandy neat.

Later on, arter I'd 'ad a sleep, they told me as a gent on the pier just over where I'd falled in, jumped in after me and saved me at the risk of drowning 'isself. "Somethink like an 'ero," they says. "and yer 'usband," they says, "'as gone with 'im, and 'e were that grateful as 'e collected pounds for 'im."

When they says as my clothes was dry and I could jine me 'usband, they give me a bill for eight and six.

"Well," I says, "you'd better fetch me 'usband for I lost me purse in the water."

They seemed to think as I'd know where 'e were, but when they found as 'e 'adn't told me they made inquiries among the customers, and I 'eard as 'im and the 'ero was staying somewheres in Westcliffe, and one gent said as 'e 'eard me 'usband say as they would 'ave a swim fust thing in the morning, and then they'd catch the train to London.

I got up very early and off I goes on to the parade and 'id meself in one of them love boxes where you can sit and on'y loving couples come.

Two hours I waited wondering 'ow I were to get back to London let alone 'Ackney when at last I see them a coming as large as life laughing and talking with towels over their arms just like two dukes, thinking 'ow they'd bested me, I reckon.

They went down to the water, what I couldn't 'a done then for fear of it coming along and swallering me, but I walked along the cliff till I see them going close under the cliff and soon coming out so as no lady could look at 'em. Then they walked into the sea and started to swim out.

Then I see me chance—feeling like the 'eroine I were, I climbed down the cliff and found their clothes and a suit case—a big 'un. Into the suit case I stuffed most of their clothes, all but their boots in fack, and I then climbs up the cliff again.

BUT when I were near the top I 'eard me cognomen called out. "Gladys!" 'Erb calls and both come swimming arter me as 'ard as two whales.

Luckily there was a cab coming along and I stopped it and told the cabby to drive along. Then when 'e drove off I looked back and there were those two ruffins, with on'y bathing whatyercallits on, and their boots in their 'ands shouting for me.

But I'm a most remorseful lady, and I see as they 'ad swindled me, on'y I 'ad a idea. I opened the suit case and felt in their pockets and there was seven pound seventeen and fivepence and the return tickets. I tored two of them up and kep' me own, and then I put the clothes back in the case and pushed it under the seat.

Then I meant to tell the cabby to turn round and drive to the station when looking back I see a cab coming along at an 'undred miles a hour and 'Erb leaning outer one winder and Perc outer the other.

"Drive round the first turning—quick," I says to my cabby and round one 'e goes. "'Ere," I says, leaning out, "'ere's a bob over, drive like anythink to the pier and when you see a gent with a red tie and brown boots and a wart on 'is nose, name of Jones, tell 'im to get in and come quick to me, and 'e'll give you double fare."

Then out I slips and 'e drives on and in a minute I see the other cab stop at the top of the street and 'Erb shouting, "That's the cab—catch it," and their cabby drives arter it.

I'd gone into a shop and I see their cab drive past, the cabby whipping up 'is 'orse cruel, and when it were out of sight, I went up the street and called another cab and drove to the station.

The train weren't to start for a quarter of a hour, what made me mad, and I told the porter I'd report 'im for keeping it back, but that didn't make 'im do 'is duty. So I went into the ladies' waiting room and watched.

I never knowed the minutes go so slow, and just when I thinks it were safe to get into the train now, in comes my two beauties running and looking into all the carriages. One 'ad a old waterproof over 'is bathers, and the other a old great coat, so I supposed as they'd borrered 'em, for they wouldn't 'ave stole such rubbish.

When they'd gone the length of the train and not finding me as they reckoned on, they went to the booking office to wait for me and I run to a carriage and got in sharp.

But one of 'em must a been watching the train for I 'eard a shout as made me 'eart stand still in me mouth and then the train begun to move out.

FOR the life of me I couldn't 'elp but put me 'ead outer winder to laugh at 'em what were a silly thing to do, for they 'adn't knowed what department I were in and that give me away.

Erb shouts, "Stop 'er," and Perc calls out "Thieves and murder," and I were afeard as the train would stop. It were going frightful slow too, and 'Erb runs like lightning and jumps on the step of my department and tries to open the door.

There were a old gent in it with a umberella and I sings out: "There's a lunatic coming to murder us all," and 'Erb did look awful with 'is 'air on end, and 'is mack near off, and showing as 'e 'adn't got no shirt on, and the old gent sings out "murder" and digs at 'im 'ard with 'is umberella.

It took two shoves and then I 'elped with my little 'and in 'is 'air, and 'e rolls off and I see the porter coming to pick 'im up.

I wonder who paid that eight and six—I know I didn't, and I wonder 'ow them two got back to 'Ackney.

I never see 'em for months arter and then I were walking out with a gent as were a prize fighter, so I laughed scornful at 'em.

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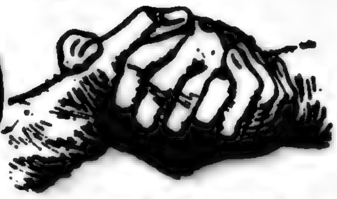

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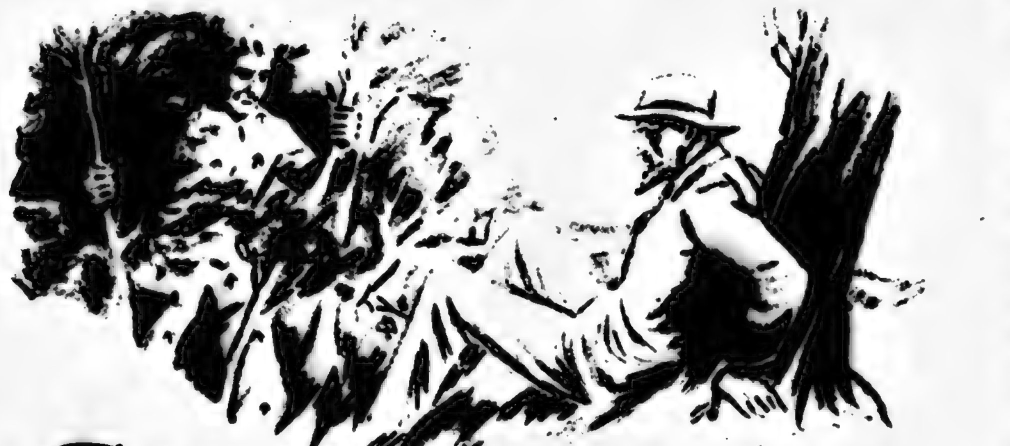


Escape

by C. HEDLEY BARKER

In which the Professor spends an interesting afternoon.

THERE was a sustained buzzing of bees. Butterflies flitted here and there. The sun, ninety million miles high in the heavens, seemed but a hundred yards away, so brilliant was it, and so prostrating its heat. The huge house on the hill lay, with all its windows wide open, like some monster panting for breath. Not a leaf stirred. Only the bees and butterflies were busy. It was a lazy, langourous afternoon in mid-July.

The inmates of the house were taking their afternoon siesta. All except one. Professor George Langley Dick, O.M., F.R.S., etc., had just waked. He rubbed his eyes, yawned, and looked around him, expecting to see (as he invariably did on awakening), the capable and massive figure of Bates sitting patiently near by. But, there was no sign of Bates.

A pleased and idiotic smile appeared on the face of the professor. Bates was all very well. A fine fellow to have about the place. Invaluable for keeping away would-be interviewers. But, he had an iron jaw, a jaw like the ram of a battleship. The professor hated iron jaws, and big hands like hams. Bates, too, was inclined to be familiar, a failing which, the professor supposed, was the result of long service. And, now, the professor was rid of the ubiquitous Bates for the first time in years. It was a delightful feeling . . . the same kind of feeling, he remembered, that he had experienced years ago on hearing that Dunkley, the hated fifth form master, had suffered collision with an omnibus.

Furtively, the professor, still smiling his idiot smile, tip-toed across the room and secured his hat. He crossed the lawn, skirted some bushes, and came to some iron gates. He tried them. Locked.

"Dear, dear!" he muttered. "The times I have told Bates always to leave these gates open. One can't trust a servant even to obey a simple order. Well, one cannot go back for the key. Dear me, no. That wouldn't be politic. One must climb."

An exceedingly nimble man for his age, the professor had shinned up and was over the wall before you could say knife. He cut his hands a little on the broken glass, but he seemed quite unaware of that. He was intent only on enjoying the beautiful afternoon. Few people could get such enjoyment out of a summer afternoon as the professor. The simplest things moved him to a pitch of excitement that could only be described as hectic; things like the sight of a primrose, a butterfly, or a leaf blown by the breeze.

"Oh, frabjous day," he sang, "calloo, callay! sing tra-la-la, sing ho, sing hey!" Then, he suddenly stopped as he saw someone coming along the road. "Another of those hateful interviewers," he muttered. "Ever since I discovered a new method of testing the dermatoptic sense of lepidoptera, my life has been burdened with them. Research cannot nowadays be conducted in private. One no sooner arrives at a certain conclusion than a horde of these—these leeches descend on one. Happily, the simplest ruse suffices to disarm them."

Saying which the professor demonstrated as much by taking from his pocket a false moustache and beard, which he speedily assumed.

The approaching pedestrian passed on without giving the professor a second glance.

"Dangerous," said the professor to himself, "to keep to the road. I might meet some more inquisitive person."

He turned into a shady wood, where, after strolling around happily for a little while, he sat down with his back to a tree. He had been sitting there for some minutes when he saw a sight that gave him a start—the face of a man peering out of a bush opposite.

The man emerged from his hiding-place. He was perspiring profusely. He wore a suit of broad arrows.

"Dear me!" said the professor. "A convict! You quite startled me. I was, you see, in a brown study. Has it ever struck you that a fly performs over three hundred wing-strokes per second? I assure you that such is the case. The muscular system of insects is colossal."

The convict smiled as at a grim joke.

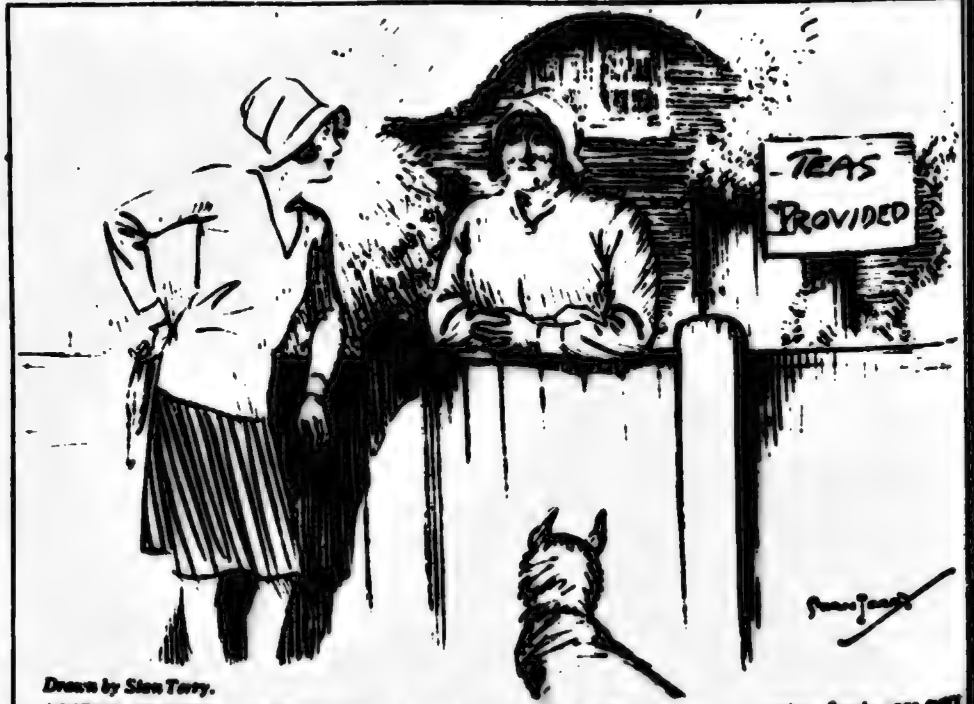
"I have settled views," went on the professor, "on the sense-organs of insects. I do not believe, for instance, that the metamorphosis of a typical insect is——"

"Have you," put in the convict, "settled views on crime?"

"Criminology," said the professor, "never interested me. I never read the newspapers. I am afraid I am not what you would call a man of the world. You would doubtless find me almost childishly uninformed on a great many subjects with which the average man would be familiar. My life has been entirely given up to research of a specialised kind. Upon my own subject, I am, I am proud to believe, the last authority. But, criminology—Sanskrit to me, sir, Sanskrit."

"Anyway," said the convict, "you have intellect. You're capable of form

(*Continued on page* 54.)



Drawn by Stan Terry.

WEEK-ENDER: "Down here, I suppose you are always sure of getting fresh eggs every morning?"
COTTAGER: "Yes, miss,—unless the train be late in from Lunnon!"

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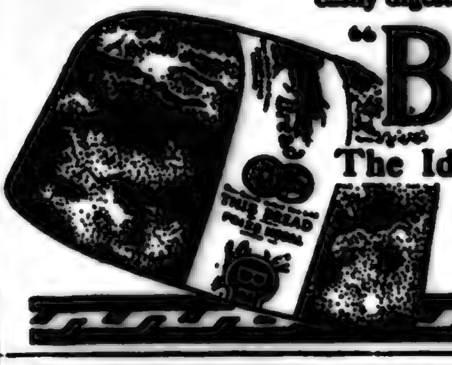

"Bermaline"

The Ideal Wheaten Malt Bread

All good bakers bake "Bermaline." For name and address of your nearest "Bermaline" Baker write Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., "Bermaline" Factory, Ibrox, Glasgow.

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What a Blade!

2/3 for 6
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TEST A SAMPLE BLADE.

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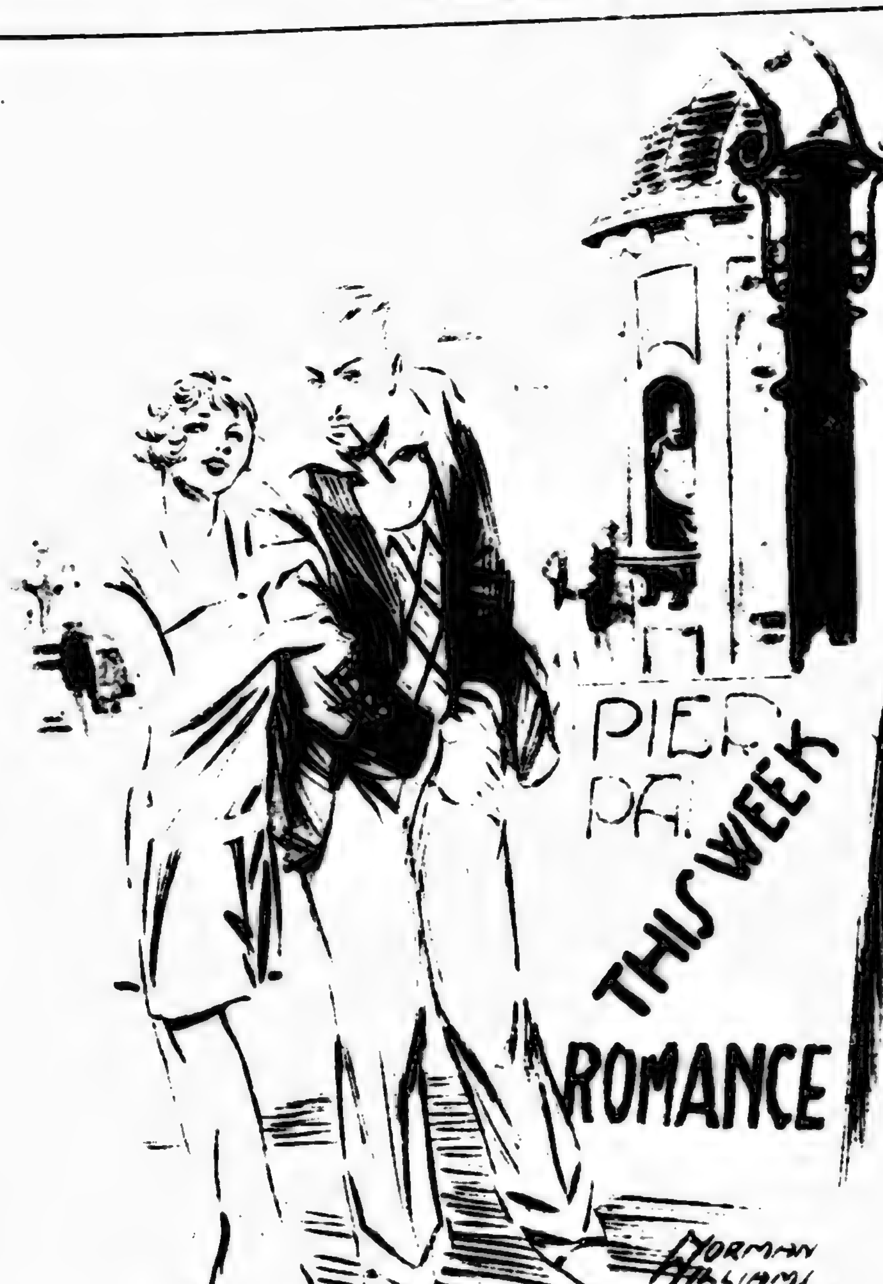
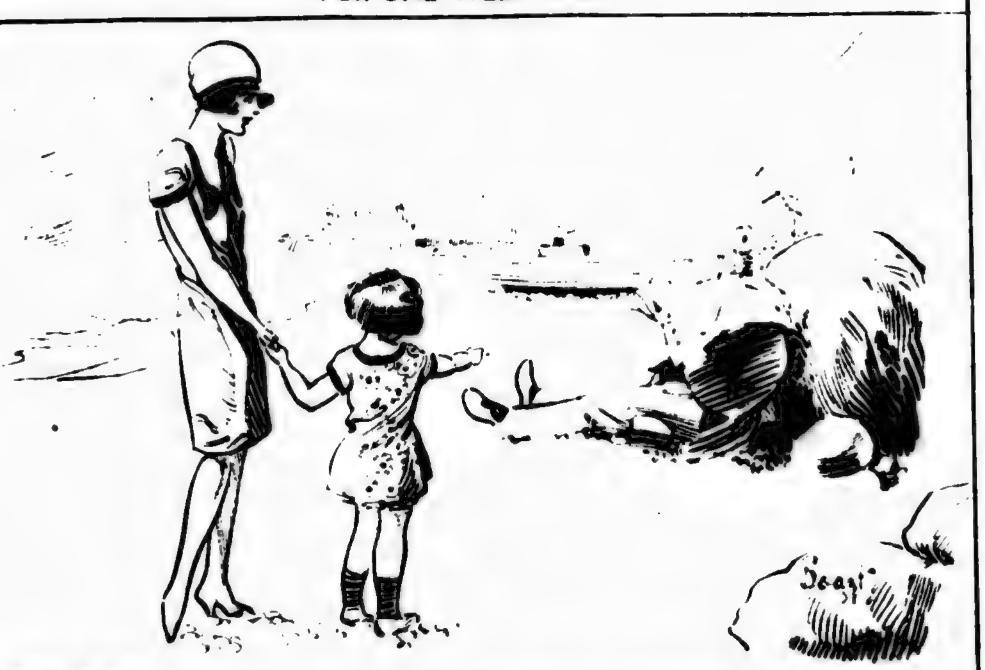


Drawn by Norman Williams.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.



Drawn by Beast.

SMALL CHILD: "Look, mummie! Isn't that poor gentleman short-sighted?"

Escape

(*Continued from page 52.*)

ing a judgment. I'm going to lay my case before you. Of course, I needn't lay it before you at all. I'm stronger than you are. I could stun you with my fist, half-choke you—anything. But, I'm opposed to violence.

"Briefly, my case is this. Years ago, more years than I care to remember, I was happily married. My wife was young, impressionable. She had been used to a life of luxury. Unfortunately, I wasn't able at the outset to support her on the scale to which she had been used. She soon began to find the eternal scraping and economising unbearable. I have said that she was young, and impressionable. Another man came into her life. He was handsome, and he had wealth. They ran away together. I followed, and——"

"Yes?"

"Shot him."

"Did you kill him?"

"Yes. In a struggle. The weapon went off accidentally. I swear it."

"And, why have you—ah—laid your case before me?"

"In the hope that you will help me to escape."

"How?"

"Obviously, I can't escape in these clothes. You can change with me. You could say I threatened you. You, being an old man were helpless."

THE professor beamed. "I'll do it," he said, "I can help you even further. See!"

He whipped off his false moustache and beard. "I wear these," he explained, with the simple delight of a child, "to protect myself. My face is well-known to the public, and my life has lately been made unbearable by interviewers.

When the change was effected the professor was amazed. "You might almost pass for me!" he exclaimed. "By the way, should you meet my man Bates, and he insists upon your having tea, do as he wishes. He won't know that you are not Professor George Langley Dick, O.M., F.R.S. A plebian person. Very thick-witted. I would help you with money, but, alas, I haven't a penny-piece in my pockets. Good-bye, good-bye, and—ah—God-speed."

"Had to tell the old fool some yarn," muttered the convict, as he peered cautiously from the edge of the wood some five minutes later. "Violence is to be deeply deplored—when you've got a broken arm."

He was passing the huge house which had lately sheltered the professor when a massive man stepped out: a man with an iron jaw and hands like hams. One of these hands grabbed him like a vice.

"You baint the perfesser," said Bates, "but you got his clothes on. Reckon I'll have to find out about this. Come inside."

Life knows some sad moments. One of the saddest in that convict's life was the moment in which he read the inscription on the brass plate outside the gate. It ran:

"Dr. W. J. S. Rogers."
"PRIVATE ASYLUM."

Protect your Skin

HOLIDAYS coming! Will the sun be kind? You're hoping so, but are you afraid of him—afraid for your complexion? Let MEL ROSE "New Century" Cream set your fears at rest.

Use it daily. It has all the soothing, protective qualities of the famous MEL ROSE Tablet—and something more.

You'll find it a sure protection for face, neck and hands in the brightest sunshine or the roughest wind.

Sold in Tubes. Get one to-day and try it.

SHEPPEY'S

MEL ROSE

"NEW CENTURY" CREAM

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

In Tubes at **6d.** and **10½d.**

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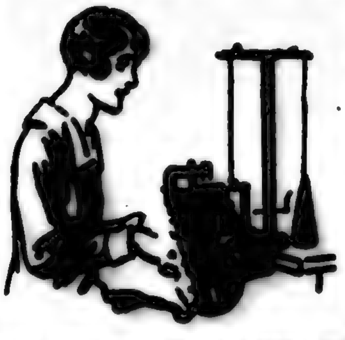
You Can Be Making Money at Home

In every spare moment with the

IMPERIA KNITTER



Miss BARNES, CHESHAM, writes:—

"I would like to inform you how proud I am to own an Imperia Knitting Machine, which has turned many a dull evening into a pleasure and money which has enabled me to go for a summer holiday by the sea for the first time. So all my thanks to the Imperia Knitter."

Time is indeed money with the IMPERIA KNITTER. Every moment you can give to it means work done and returns soon total up to a useful little sum. You can very well make a pound a week without neglecting your home duties and with more time to spare you can, of course, make more money. It is pleasant and interesting work too, and the IMPERIA KNITTER is so easy to operate that a child can work it. You can begin learning to-day and start earning to-morrow.

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CICFA

Removes the Cause of

INDIGESTION

in both Stomach and Bowel

Because it Supplies the Natural Digestive Ferments.

The cause of Indigestion is always lack of Natural Digestive Ferments in the Stomach and in the Bowel.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Stomach, the Albuminous foods like eggs, meat, etc., are not digested, with consequent Heartburn, Acidity and discomfort.

When those Ferments are deficient in the Bowel, the Starchy foods like bread, beans, potatoes and bananas are not digested there, with consequent Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, and the misery of Constipation.

When CICFA is taken, Digestion becomes normal in both Stomach and Bowel, with gradual disappearance of pressure, Acidity, Flatulence and Constipation, because CICFA SUPPLIES the NATURAL DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.

That is why CICFA REMOVES THE CAUSE OF INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

Sharp Neuralgic Headaches.	Dull Heavy Headaches.
Acid in Stomach with Heartburn.	Acidity causing Gout and Rheumatism.
Tongue Coated in front.	Tongue Coated at back.
Complexion Blemishes.	Complexion Impaired.
Appetite variable.	Eating disliked, Biliousness.
Pains darting through Chest.	Pain and Constipation.
Burning Spot behind Left Shoulder Blade.	

Twickenham.

"Gentlemen,—I write this to let you know I have been taking Cicfa tablets for chronic pains in the chest and stomach after eating, and have been a different man ever since I started using them. I have been taking them about seven weeks and they are the best things I have ever used in my life for the chest and stomach complaints.

"I worked in misery and pain for weeks before I started using your Cicfa tablets. I had tried so many other medicines and none of them had done me any good at all, and I began to give up hope of getting any better. My wife can vouch for this being true. I used to have pains if I only ate bread and butter, and now I can eat anything. I begin to feel now that life is worth living after all. I can tell you life is not worth much when you are at work day after day in pain, but since I started taking your tablets I can work and be happy at it, and laugh and joke with my mates.

"You may make what use you like of this letter. I am a working man in a nursery and I am digging most of my time.—Yours truly,

(signed) E. JOHNS."

THOUSANDS OF BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

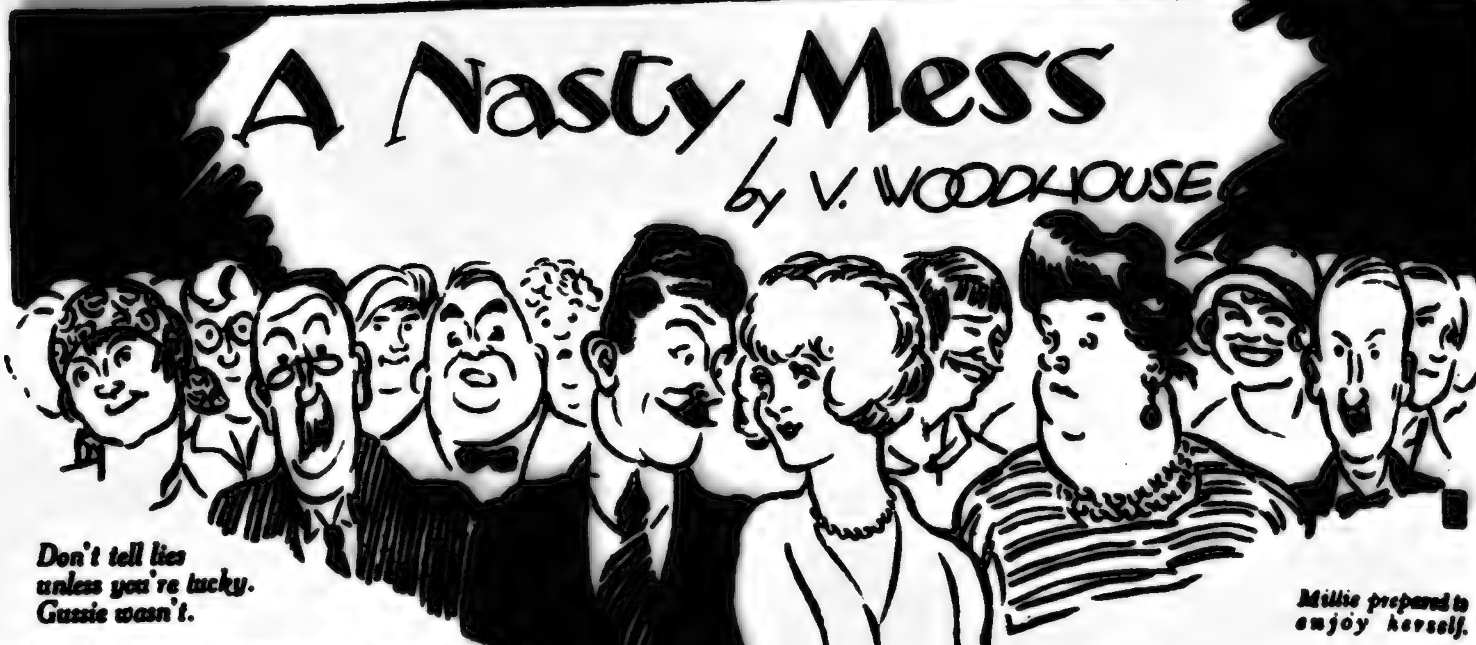
Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/-.

The CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1

J.B. Holiday Annual 28/6/23.

A Nasty Mess

by V. WOODHOUSE



Don't tell lies unless you're lucky. Gussie wasn't.

Millie prepared to enjoy herself.

FREE for a fortnight from serving in the Kensington Bon Marché, Millie Wells was thoroughly enjoying her annual holiday at Brightville-on-Sea.

She had only been two days at this salubrious south-coast resort when—how did the acquaintance start?—Mr. Augustus Gubb had come into her life, and Millie's instinct told her that Augustus was Visibly Impressed.

But Millie's instincts were somewhat at fault. Augustus Gubb, who was also enjoying a fortnight at the seaside, may have been visibly impressed by Millie but his intentions were strictly dishonourable in so far as he had not the remotest idea of continuing the acquaintance when his holiday came to an end.

She was a nice little thing to pass the time with. She was evidently struck all of a heap by Augustus—which tickled his vanity—but of serious intentions Mr. Gubb was entirely innocent. Nevertheless this circumstance did not prevent Augustus making love to Millie.

Yes, there's no getting away from the fact that Augustus Gubb was a Nasty Mess who was out to enjoy himself regardless of broken hearts.

Behold Mr. Gubb meeting Millie by appointment after dinner on the parade. He is dressed to kill. White shoes and socks, white flannel trousers, a blue blazer with brass buttons, a white shirt, a club tie of black with light blue stripes—was Augustus ever at Eton?—with a "gent's natty boater" perched on his head.

"What's the programme?" he asked nonchalantly.

"Oh, I leave that to you," fluttered Millie.

"What about a peep at the Pierrots?" suggested Augustus.

"Oh, that would be jolly," agreed Millie with enthusiasm.

"Then that's that," said Augustus with finality.

Mr. Gubb offered his arm in courtly fashion and Millie took it. Mr. Gubb pressed her arm to his side and Millie did not object to the pressure.

"I hear they're awfully good," said Millie, as the pair made their way to the Kursaal at the end of the parade, "I know I shall enjoy myself."

"So shall I," agreed Augustus meaningly as he exerted further gentle pressure on her arm, "I always enjoy going about with a pretty girl."

"Oh, *do* you!" exclaimed Millie threatening to withdraw her arm.

"But I seldom get the chance of escorting such a pretty one as you," continued Augustus, adroitly covering his *faux pas* with gallantry.

"Oh, Mr. Gubb!" murmured the mollified Millie.

"Call me Augustus," he urged, "or better still, call me Gussie."

"Very well—Gussie," agreed Millie falteringly.

They reached the Kursaal and Mr. Gubb, with a lordly air, demanded two of the best seats which, in a moment of enthusiasm on the part of the management were called fauteuils.

They entered the Kursaal and were conducted to their fauteuils. Augustus deposited his hat under the seat and prepared to enjoy himself. So did Millie in company with the rest of a large audience.

I do not think, however, that Millie became engrossed in the really excellent entertainment. Augustus saw to that!

It is somewhat difficult for a girl to rhapsodise on the charms of Tennessee or on how the Blues came into being when a masculine arm has insinuated itself round her waist, and a moustache—with waxed ends—is tickling an ear into which sweet nothings are being softly whispered.

After all, the auditorium was dark—a circumstance upon which the wily Mr. Gubb had counted.

It was also dark when, the entertainment over, the pair found themselves on the parade outside.

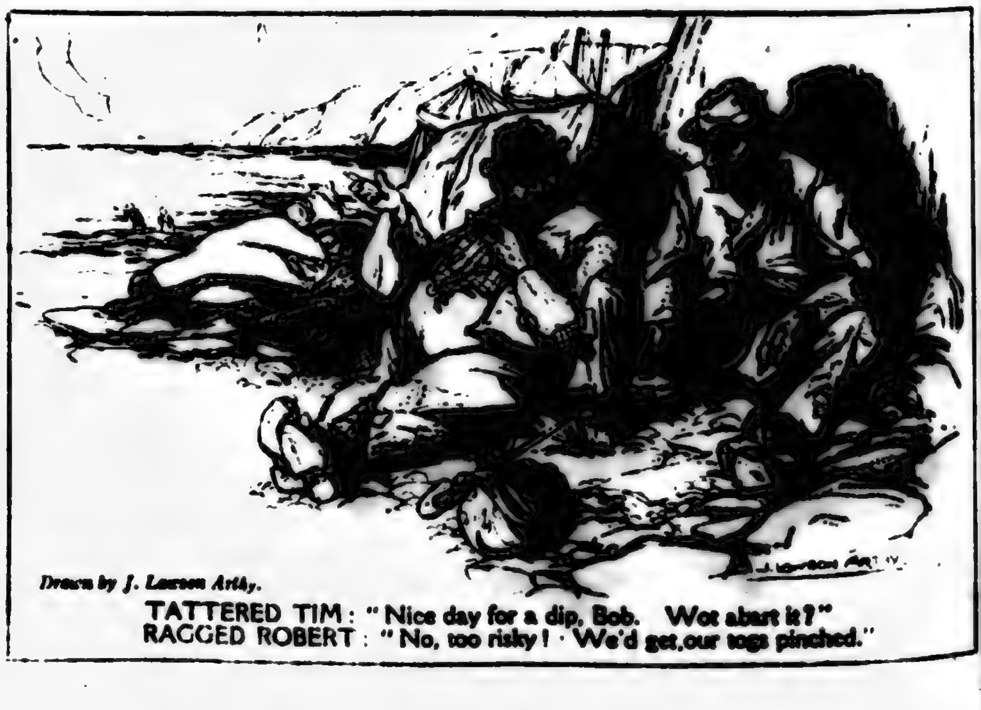
"I must go now," said Millie, "and thanks awfully."

"But it's only ten-o'clock," protested Mr. Gubb.

"They'll be saying things if I'm late in at the boarding-house," explained Millie.

"Let the old cats squawk," said Augustus stoutly, "the front door isn't shut till eleven is it?"

(*Continued on page* 58.)


J. LAWSON ARTHY.

Drawn by J. Lawson Arthy.

TATTERED TIM: "Nice day for a dip, Bob. Wot abart it?"
RAGGED ROBERT: "No, too risky! We'd get our togs pinched."

Are you a good judge of FICTION?

THOSE heroes of fiction—have you the feeling that you have met them before or are they entirely new creations of flesh and blood? Those plots—are they worn threadbare or do they keep you "guessing"? When you have finished a story do you say "Not bad," or "By Jove! What a yarn!"

So that you may revel in what, in our opinion, is the finest collection of stories ever gathered together under the one cover, we offer to send you a specimen copy of the "20 STORY" Magazine (price One Shilling) entirely free and without obligation. Give yourself a treat by accepting this exceptional offer to-day. Fill in the coupon below and forward it to the "20 STORY" Magazine, Dept. J/H, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A twopence-halfpenny stamp MUST be enclosed with your application to cover return postage.

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J/H

BAD LEGS

National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester. The only institution in the world founded and solely devoted to the cure of Bad Legs & Allied Complaints.

A treatment which permanently cures bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when other doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse, and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE, TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT.

The worst and most hopeless of cases are cured by Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed to cure, Tremol cures. Seize your opportunity and get cured now.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CURES BAD LEGS IN YOUR HOME.

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING.

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.

CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY.

CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED.

A Large Illustrated Book, giving full particulars of this powerful Treatment, and a Legal Guarantee to Cure, together with a Beautifully Illustrated Album of Coloured Plates showing how the Treatment cures and a List of Cured Patients in your own district, will be sent free of charge to every bad leg sufferer. The publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information, and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals, and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can cure yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward J.R.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, DESCRIBING YOUR CASE, AND THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.

In addition to this free offer to all who write, the National Infirmary will give free consultations to sufferers who call. Hours: 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each week-day (Sundays excepted).

Post this coupon to us to-day for Book and Free Advice, or call for free consultation.

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Please send me your valuable book, and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed..
(Mr., Mrs., Miss., or Rev.)

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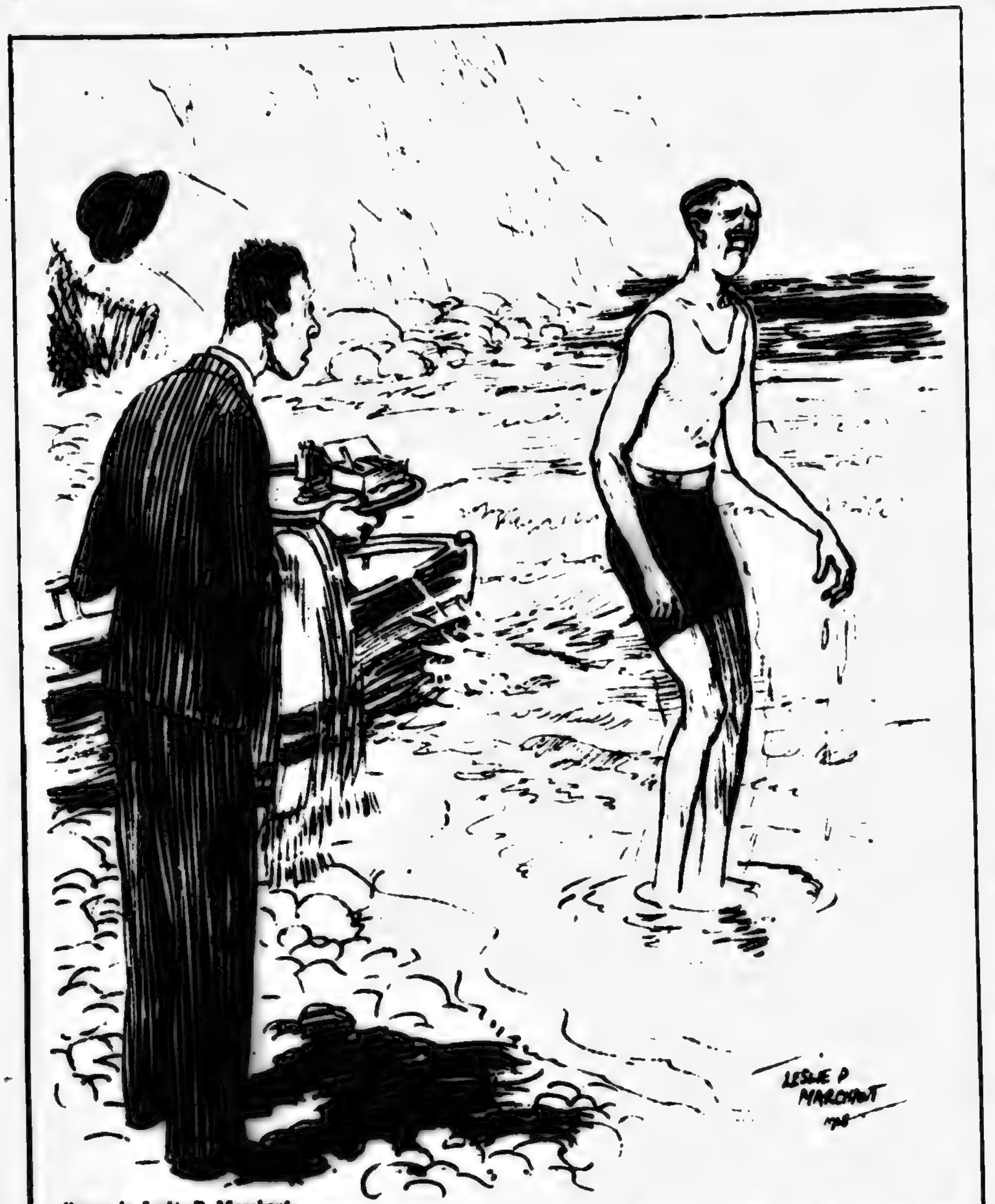
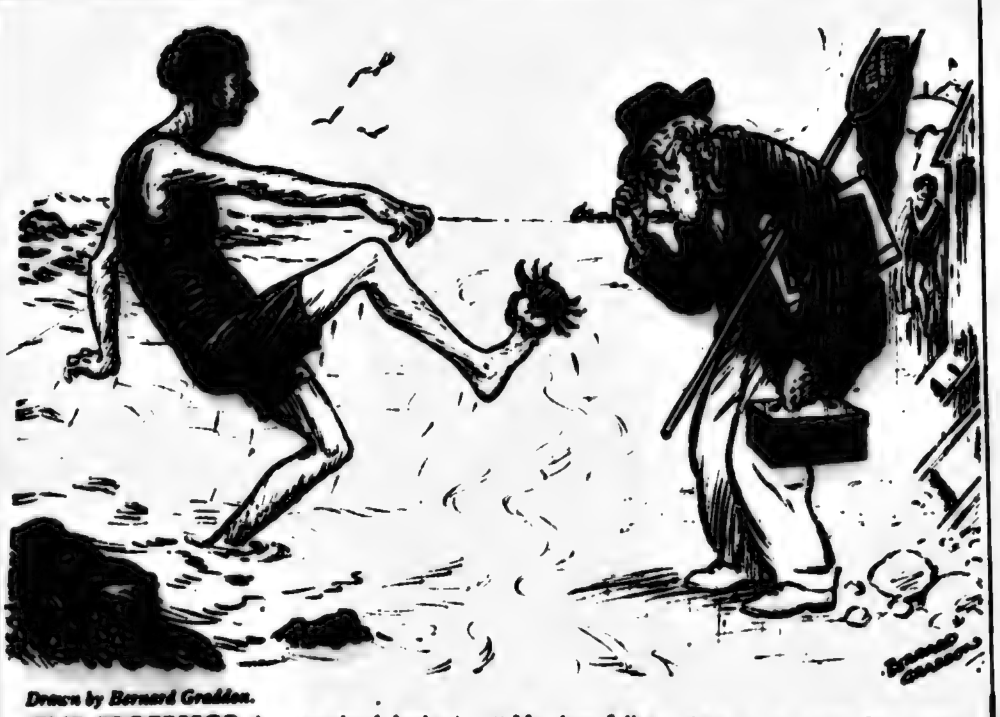
National College of Health, Ltd.



Drawn by Leslie P. Marchant.

VERY SUPERIOR PERSON (to his valet): "Damme, Perkins, what the deuce do you mean? This water's cold!"



Drawn by Bernard Graddon.

THE PROFESSOR (to agonised bather): "My dear fellow, there is no cause for excitement. I assure you it is just a very ordinary type of crustacean and, as a specimen, absolutely valueless!"

A Nasty Mess

(*Continued from page* 56.)

"N—n—no," agreed Millie doubtfully.

"Very well, then," urged Augustus as he piloted his companion to a secluded seat far from any lamps.

LET us draw a veil over the next fi teen minutes! After all, love making is very much the same everywhere. Suffice it to say that one quarter of an hour had passed before Millie allowed herself to be kissed by Augustus for the first time.

"My angel!" cried the conqueror.

"You do love me?" asked Millie anxiously.

"Love you!" echoed Augustus, and then with a celerity born of long practice he "said his little bit." Withou actually committing himself he conjured up an alluring picture of roses round the cottage door, visions of delightful domesticity and ever-loving manly devotion. It was an effective performance and Millie's heart was touched.

"Give us another kiss," demanded Augustus eagerly.

"No, no. Not now."

"Why not?"

"I want a cigarette," said Millie firmly.

Augustus was too old a hand to play anything but a waiting game.

"All right, sweetheart, here you are," he smiled indulgently as he extracted from his case a cigarette and handed i to her. Mr. Gubb then struck a mat but the wind extinguished the flame.

"Blow it!" apostrophised Mr. Gub always the gentleman.

"That's what the wind did!" sa Millie with a laugh.

Mr. Gubb took off his hat and sheltered the next match from the breeze.

"Thanks," said Millie.

BUT Millie never lit that cigarette She dropped it as if she had be stung and the next moment M Gubb was almost knocked off the seat b a vicious smack on the cheek.

"What the devil . . .!" exclaimed t astonished Augustus.

"What did you say your name was?" asked Millie truculently.

"Augustus—Augustus Gubb," he a sured her.

"Oh, is it! That's a good one. J as good a one as pretending to be sing when all the time you're a married m I suppose, even now, you won't ad that?"

"No!" replied Mr. Gubb firmly b untruthfully.

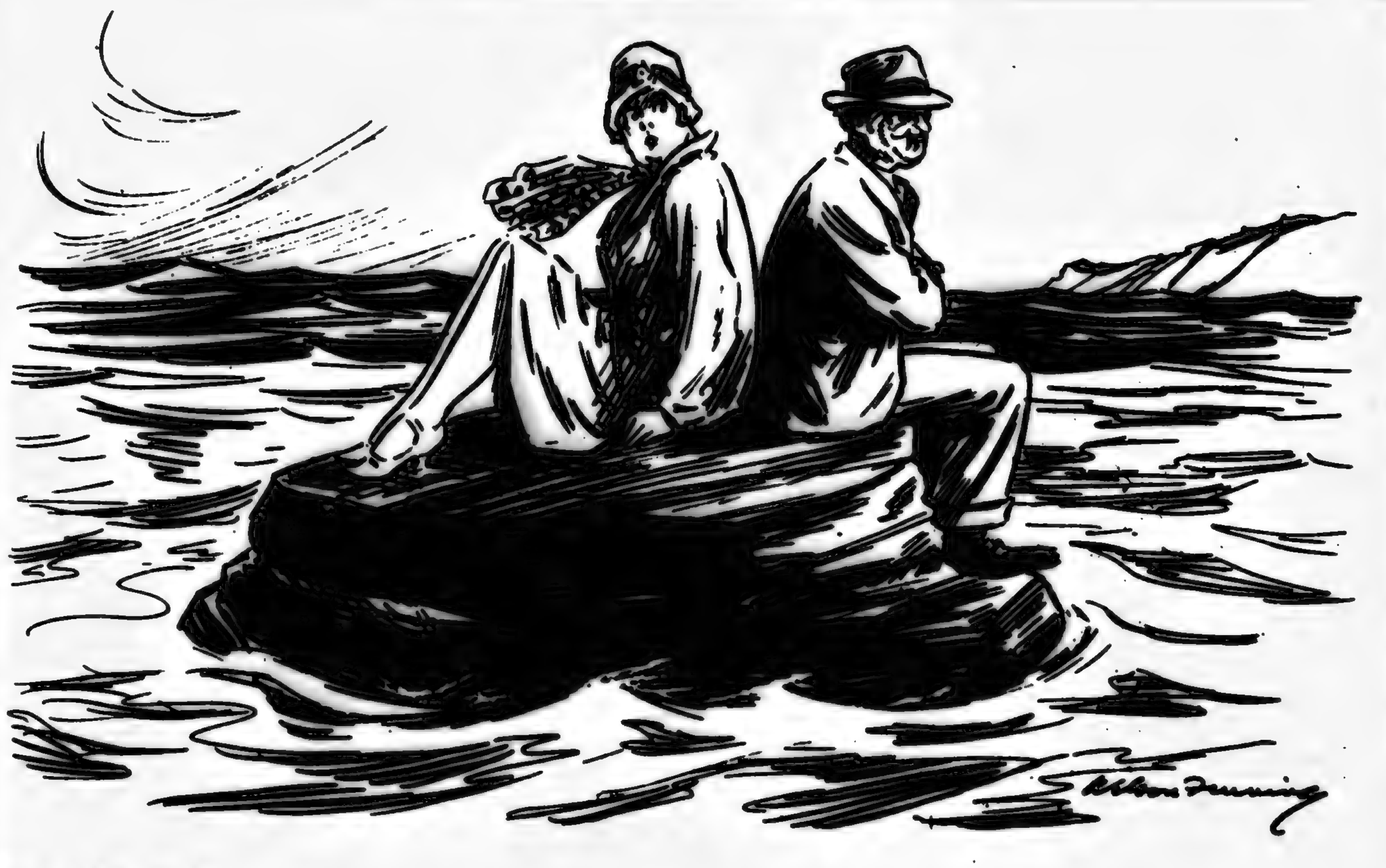
"Liar!" retorted Millie as she rose indignantly and the next moment the d tracted gaze of Mr. Gubb saw an a feminine figure disappear into the nig

"Little spitfire!" he exclaimed [illegible] ing a stinging cheek.

"But what the deuce made h think . . ."

Retrieving his hat a thought s him. Hastily going towards a lamp h looked inside and there, plainly wr on the lining, the name of Horace B stared him in the face!

He had taken the wrong hat on le ing the Pierrot show!



Drawn by Wilson Fenning.

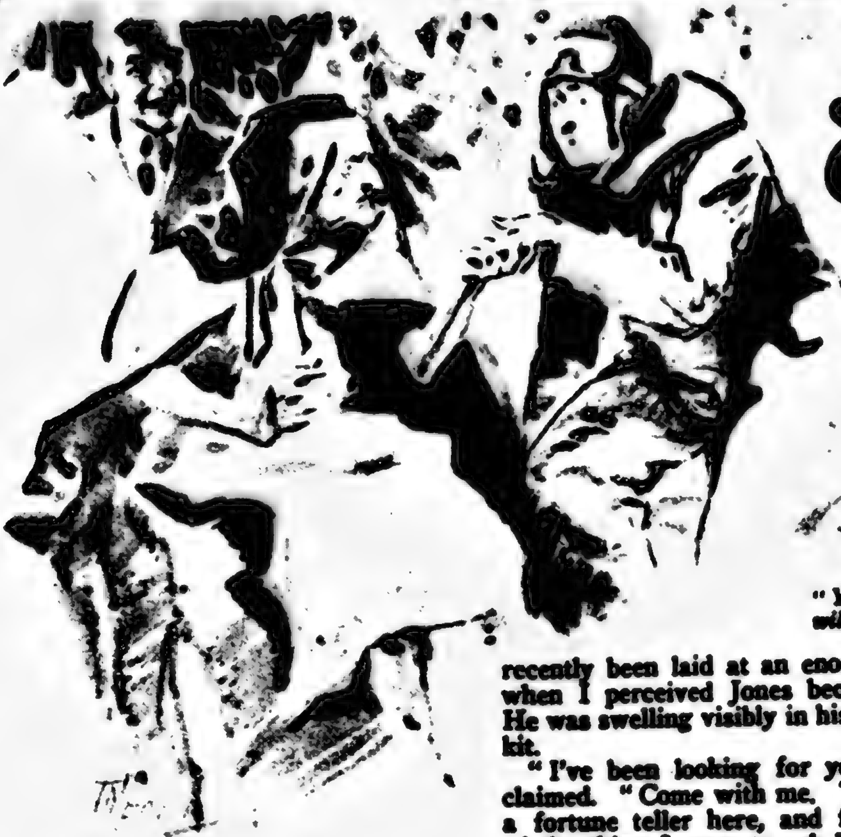
WIFE: "It strikes me, Henry, it would have been cheaper if we had stayed at home and sat out on the rockery in the middle of the lily-pool!"

"They really are delicious"

128
Bovril Sandwiches
from a ¼lb. Bottle

How to make a Bovril Sandwich—Cut the bread fairly thin, butter liberally, and spread the Bovril sparingly, because it is so highly concentrated.
128 Triangular Bovril Sandwiches (3" × 3" × 4") can be made from a 4-oz. bottle of Bovril.
Bovril Sandwiches made with Hovis Bread are delicious.

BOVRIL
for Sandwiches



"Your flight will fail!"

The Gypsy's Warning

by Mossford Oliver

and what Happened to Jones.

FLYING, like shareholding, is all very well as long as no sudden drops are experienced, but generally speaking the amateur who takes up aeronautics sometimes finds that though it is easy to rise in the profession, yet it is much easier to fall, with the probable result that one takes up flying in a much higher region with permanent and undetachable wings, unless the airman, in this life, happens to be something very graceless, such as a bookmaker or an income tax man.

Thus, when Jones, my next door neighbour, informed me he had bought a light aeroplane I felt it my duty to warn him of the grave consequences which might ensue.

"You might," I pointed out, "come to a sticky end."

"I might fall into a bucket of whitewash and get drowned," he answered sarcastically. "Flying nowadays is as safe as houses."

"If you mean a safe as Government houses," I murmured, "I'd rather cross Niagara on a buttered tight-rope.

"Besides, there's money in it," he exclaimed, with a Harry Lauderish chuckle. "Colonel Brimson wants to start a flying club, and in order to encourage aviation in the district he is offering a prize of one thousand pounds to the first local amateur who succeeds in flying to Ireland and back. Particulars will be announced at the Hospital Fête at Brimson Hall on Saturday. I'll take you over there by air, if you like."

I declined with thanks and gave him the names of three or four reliable undertakers, a kindness which he did not seem to appreciate. Saturday, however, found me parading the Hall rose garden with the good Colonel himself who extolled the various attributes, for he loved his gardens and his newly erected Italian fountain even better than his cellar and his fiery temper. We were passing the ornamental lawn, which had recently been laid at an enormous cost, when I perceived Jones beckoning me. He was swelling visibly in his new flying kit.

"I've been looking for you," he exclaimed. "Come with me. They've got a fortune teller here, and for the fun of the thing I want to ask her whether I'll win that thousand or not."

Resigning myself to the inevitable I followed Jones to where a dark gypsy-like woman sat under a tree. For quite a modest sum she told Jones the story of his past life and when she broached the usual subject of a long journey, he grew quite excited.

"What sort of a journey?" he asked quickly.

"A journey by air," she replied slowly, staring into his palm.

"By Jove, it's marvellous how some of these women do it!" he whispered to me, utterly oblivious of the fact that his flying helmet and goggles did not denote a deep-sea diving expedition.

"You will go on a long flight," mumbled the gypsy, gaining confidence, "but ——" she gazed into Jones's round face, "——it will fail."

Jones jerked his head away and reddened.

"Good job I don't believe in such rot," he said stiffly, and walked away.

The old crone peered at me.

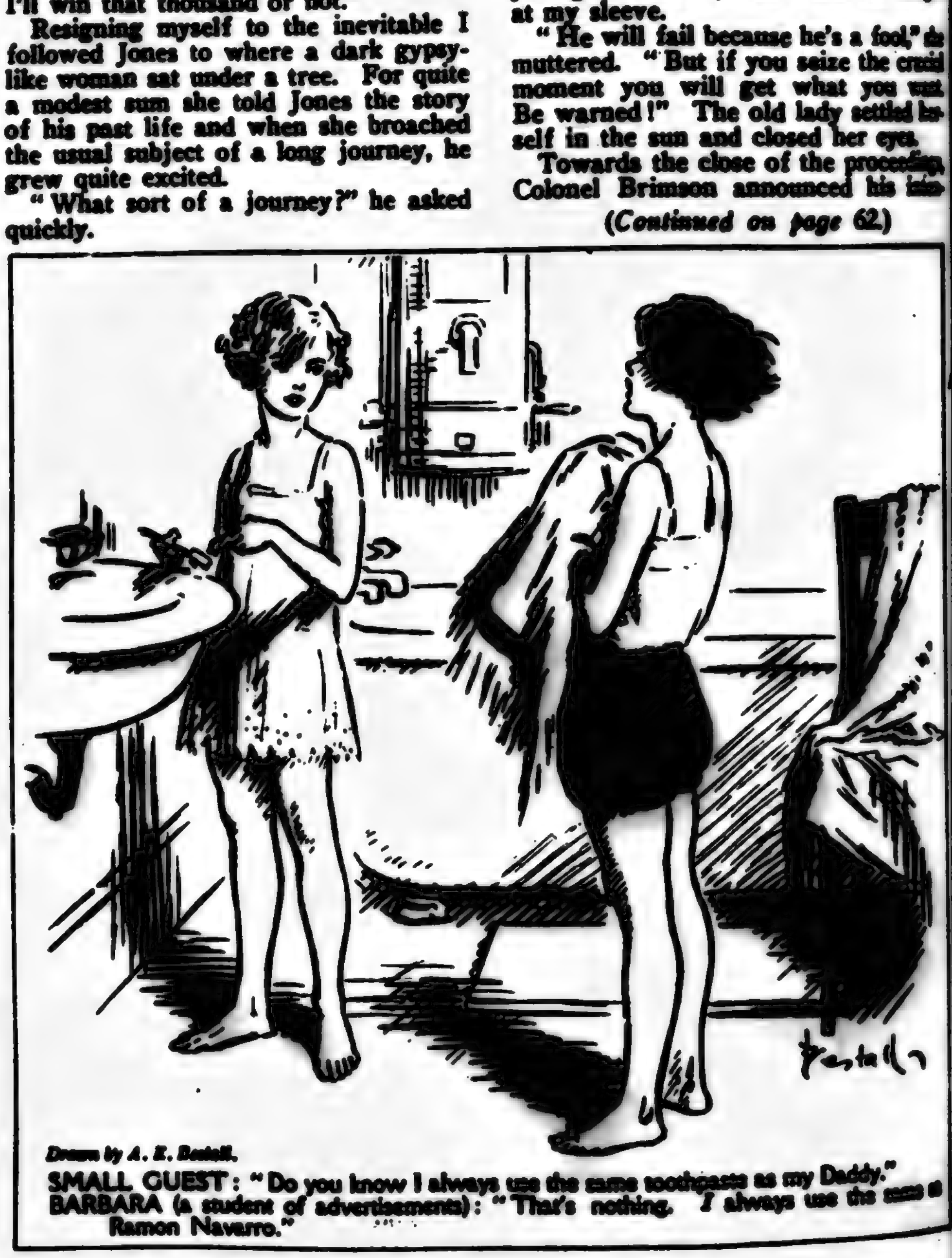
"Cross the gypsy's hand with silver," she crooned.

I threw her a shilling and was preparing to follow Jones when she caught at my sleeve.

"He will fail because he's a fool," she muttered. "But if you seize the crucial moment you will get what you want. Be warned!" The old lady settled herself in the sun and closed her eyes.

Towards the close of the proceedings, Colonel Brimson announced his inten-

(*Continued on page* 62.)



Drawn by A. E. Bestall.

SMALL GUEST: "Do you know I always use the same toothpaste as my Daddy."
BARBARA (a student of advertisements): "That's nothing. *I* always use the same as Ramon Navarro."

Lift Out Corn—root and all

Easily and Painlessly.

Have you tried remedy after remedy for your corns? And have your corns still stayed on, making your feet a burden to you? That is the time for Radox. Eventually, corn sufferers always come to these really effective Bath Salts. A few 15 minute Radox footbaths and the corns loosen and come out, root and all, between the fingers! Read this letter!

"I had a particularly bad corn on my little toe. It was very painful and at times I could hardly walk. I tried all kinds of so-called corn cures, but although some of them relieved it for a time, the corn always came back again as bad as ever. As a last resource I decided to try Radox Bath Salts, and I am now absolutely free from foot troubles. I gave my feet a good long bathe every night for a week, and then removed the corn easily and painlessly. I am certain that if I had not tried your Radox I should still be suffering. I also use Radox as a shampoo for my hair, for which I find it is very beneficial." Miss M. A.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salt softens the hard outer layers of corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist. Price 1/6 per Half Pound Pink Packet, 2/6 double quantity

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen feeling."

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Philip Emanuel, *Advertisement Director,*
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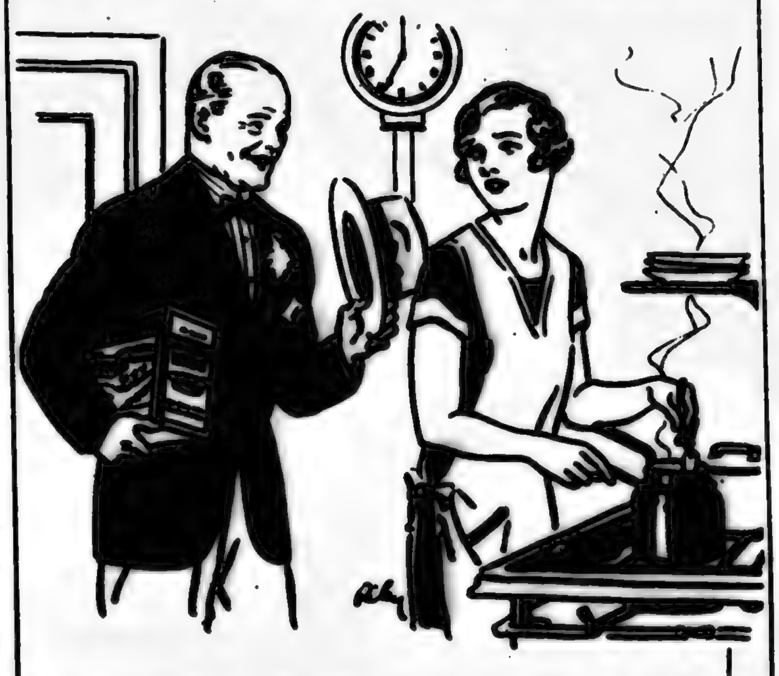
MR. HAYLAND HEARTY—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND



You've started cooking early, Cousin Mary . . .

Cousin Mary: Ours is a large family. I have to get three off to the City and two to school. All of them want breakfast about the same time. Can you wonder I have to start cooking at seven o'clock?

Mr. Hayland Hearty: I can understand it if you serve that sort of breakfast. But why do so? Haven't you heard of Shredded Wheat? Shredded Wheat is already cooked when you buy it. All you have to do is to serve it with milk—hot or cold, whichever one prefers.

Cousin Mary: I have to cater for large appetites. Do you think Shredded Wheat would be enough?

Mr. Hayland Hearty: There's nothing better for anyone. The whole family will find it an ideal food. It is made from the pure, whole wheat in the form of crisp rolls. Two of them are all one needs for a *substantial* breakfast.

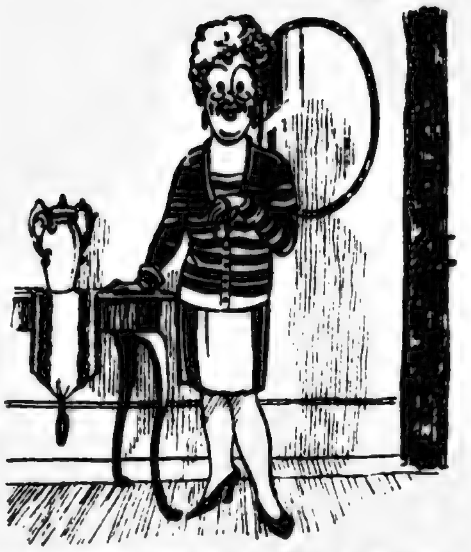
Cousin Mary: I suppose it is rather an expensive dish?

Mr. Hayland Hearty: Bless you no. It is the cheapest ready-prepared cereal food on the market, and when you consider, too, the money you'll have saved in gas or coal you'll realise that there's nothing more economical. Try it to-morrow morning—and enjoy an extra half-hour in bed.

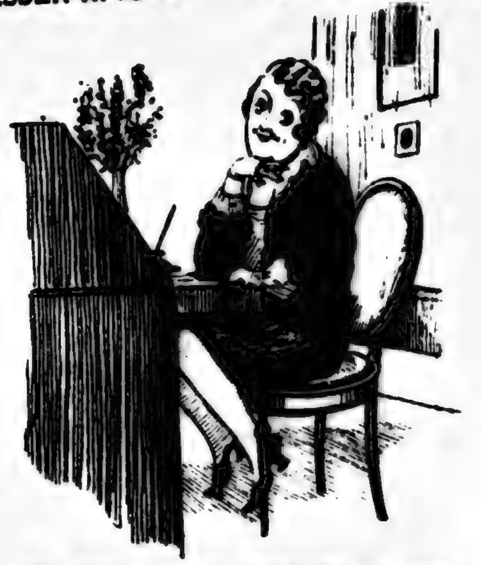
Cousin Mary: I certainly will.

SHREDDED WHEAT
100% FOOD
EIGHTPENCE
(In U.K. only).

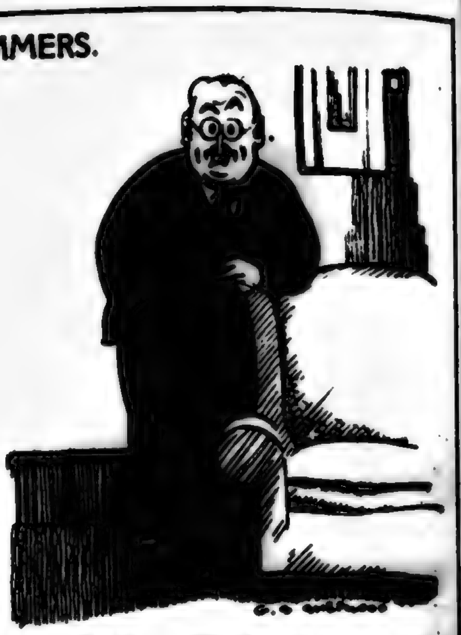
SOME LESSER-KNOWN CHANNEL SWIMMERS.



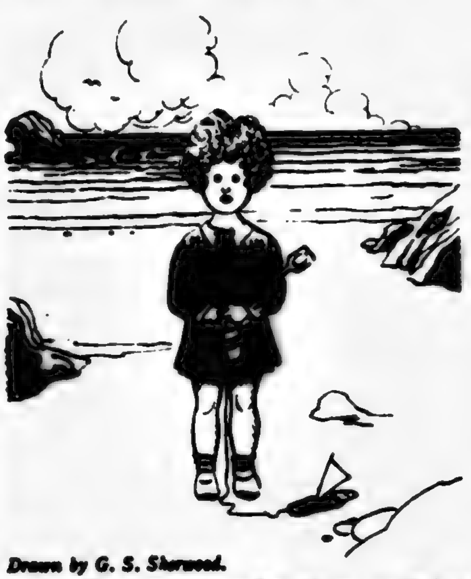
Aunt Maud who was supported by Uncle Fred, and consequently disqualified.



Miss Brown, whose plucky attempt, sitting on a rubber swan, was spoilt by a puncture —it is thought—by a wandering swordfish.

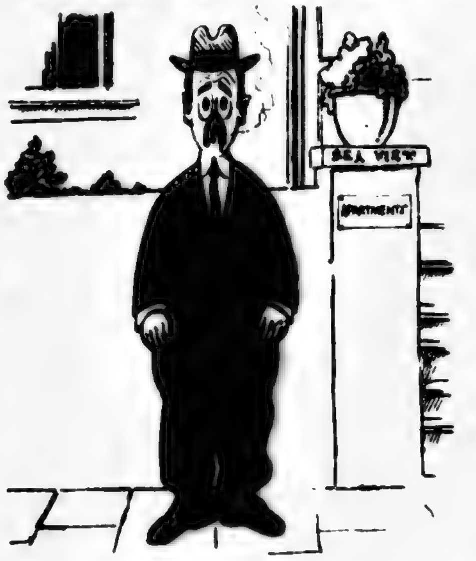


Mr. Timkin: Mistaken for a porpoi and hit on the head by an oar when only fifty-six miles from Dover.

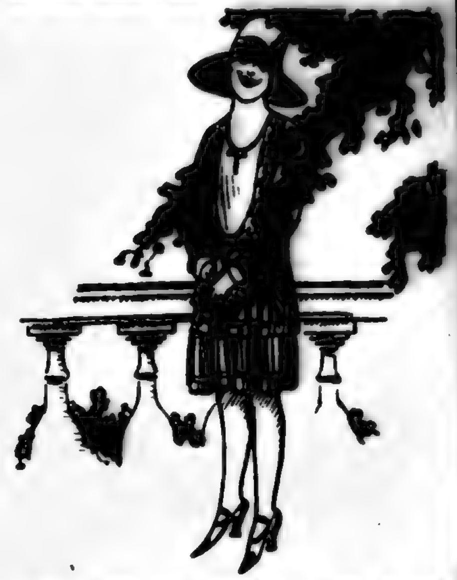


Drawn by G. S. Sherwood.

Little Elsie, who paddled three yards but was compelled to give up on account of wet clothes, and it being tea-time.



Mr. Smith who swam five yards, but was forced to return by his wife.



Mrs. Jones, who swam strongly for a yard and a half, but was frightened by a dead jellyfish into abandoning her effort.

The Gypsy's Warning

(*Continued from page 60.*)

tion of awarding one thousand pounds to the local aviator who first succeeded in crossing and recrossing the Irish sea, starting and finishing on Newpool golf links. Jones immediately gave his name in as a competitor.

"Good-bye, old man," I said, later in the evening. "I'll think as well of you as I can. You know your days are numbered? You've only had the machine a couple of months. Are you prepared to swim part of the way?"

"My boy," he said, jubilantly, lighting a cigar. "You have no initiative, no vision. I'll prove to you that such a thing *can* be done. Would you like a little bet on it?"

I looked from Jones's flushed face to the Grecian vase which I had long coveted, on his sideboard. It depicted Zeus sending his thunderbolts.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said carelessly. "I'll back you ten pounds to your Grecian vase that you fail."

He eventually agreed, whereupon I urged him to mention the matter in his will as his sudden demise might be the logical outcome of his failure. He would have it, however, that failure was impossible and the succeeding days found him, and the whole district, anxiously waiting for the first fine Saturday.

At last it arrived, and early one morning, Jones, looking pale and preoccupied clambered into the cock-pit, clutched the joy stick and amidst throaty cheers rose to vanish into the crimson dawn.

The morning gradually wore into the afternoon and as no news was received high hopes were entertained of the aviator's success.

It was late afternoon when I rushed into the Jones's house and found them all at the dining-room window, anxiously scanning the sky over the golf links.

"Have you any news?" cried Mrs. Jones quickly, at my entrance.

I nodded and sank to a chair.

"You needn't look for him any longer," I said quietly.

Mrs. Jones swung round and clutched my shoulder.

"Is Henry lost?" she gasped.

I gazed at her in sorrow.

"Not lost," I said, "Not lost, b gone before——".

"Gone before?" exclaimed Wi Jones.

I cleared my throat.

"Yes, gone before the magistrates. H came down, unfortunately, in Colon Brimson's grounds. His machine to up the rose garden, smashed through couple of hedges, ruined the new erected Italian drinking fountain and itself into the Colonel's ornamental la To crown matters he put his head in th lion's mouth by threatening Colon Brimson when that gentleman on th verge of an apoplectic seizure refused t award him the prize."

I crossed over to the sideboard.

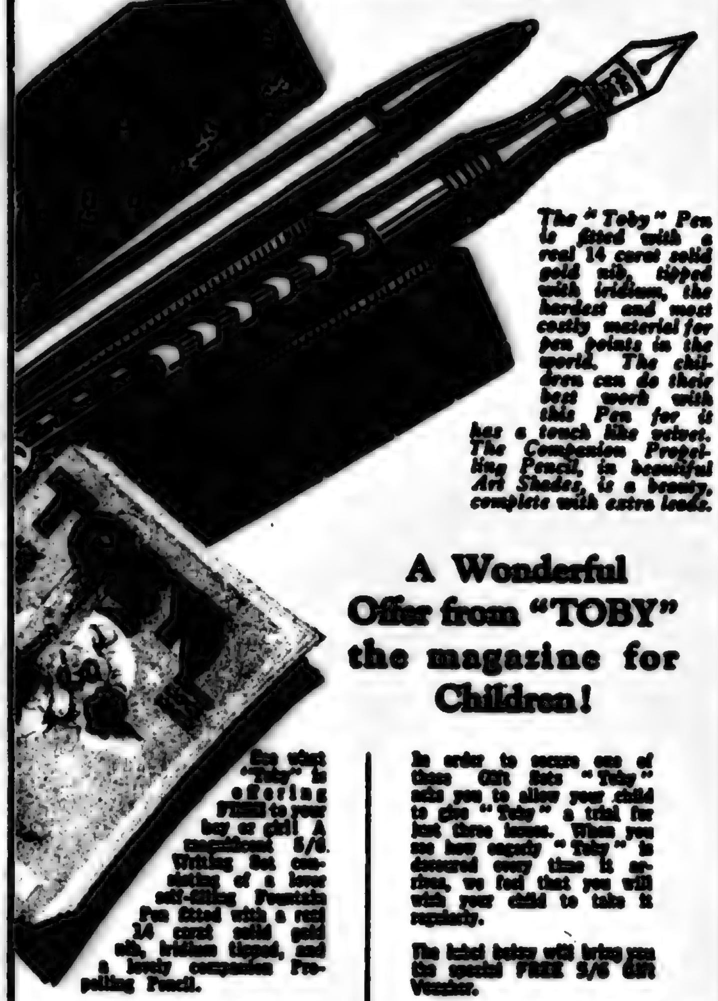
"He should emulate his betters take warning," I said sternly.

"What warning?" exclaimed Wi Jones.

"The gypsy's warning," I rep seizing the crucial moment and carel placing a fine specimen of Grecian wo manship (depicting Zeus sending h thunderbolts) in my overcoat pocket.

This Magnificent Writing Set FREE

to boys and girls



The "Toby" Pen is fitted with a real 14 carat solid gold nib, tipped with iridium, the hardest and most costly material for pen points in the world. The children can do their best work with this Pen for it has a touch like velvet. The Companion Propelling Pencil, in beautiful Art Shades, is a beauty, complete with extra leads.

A Wonderful Offer from "TOBY" the magazine for Children!

See what "Toby" is offering FREE to your boy or girl! A magnificent 5/6 Writing Set consisting of a lovely self-filling Fountain Pen fitted with a real 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, and a lovely companion Propelling Pencil.

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"Toby," which is only sixpence monthly, is just the kind of magazine that you would like your youngster to read. It contains good, wholesome stories of adventure, the jolliest pictures imaginable and lots and lots of competitions.

In order to secure one of these Gift Sets "Toby" asks you to allow your child to give "Toby" a trial for just three issues. When you see how eagerly "Toby" is devoured every time it arrives, we feel that you will wish your child to take it regularly.

The label below will bring you the special FREE 5/6 Gift Voucher.

THIS label MUST be filled in by you with your name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed to blank square provided.

Cut out the label now and post in an unsealed envelope bearing a ½d. stamp to:

"TOBY," Dept. J/H, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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All the Rage!

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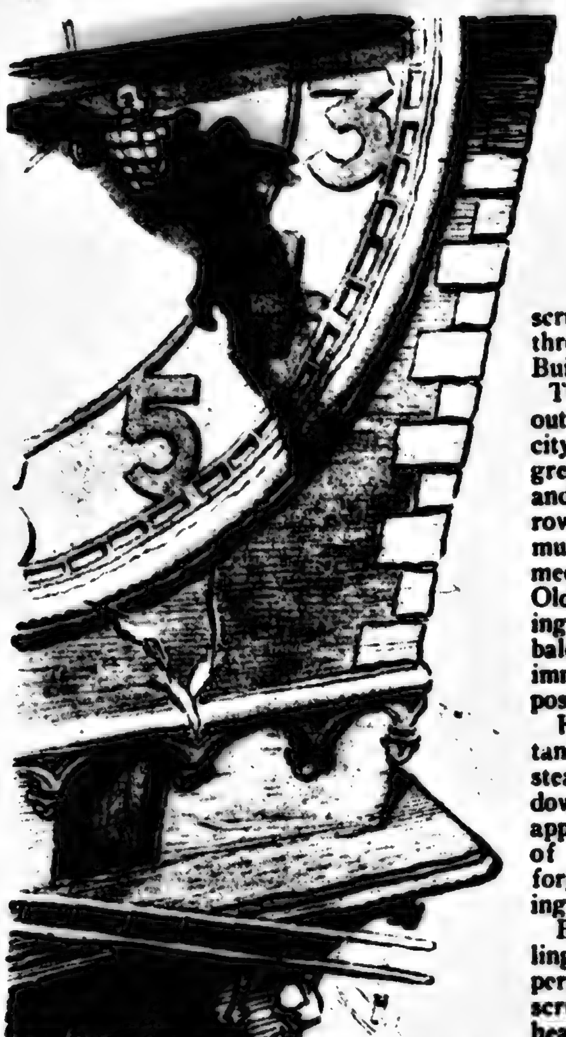
WHO are your favourite film stars? Pay them the compliment of obtaining some of these magnificent enlarged portraits which are all the rage just now. Every one a "speaking likeness," size 9½ in. by 7 in., black and white "glossy" finish, mounted on heavy card. Put them on your mantelpiece, and be constantly reminded of the happy moments you spend with them at the "pictures." Choose your portraits from the list opposite. Price 1/- each, post free 1/2; or 5/- per half dozen, post free. Address: "Picturegoer" Salon, 41, Drury Lane, London, W.C.2



ONE CROWDED HOUR OF LIFE

by RALPH PLUMMER

Old Hebblethwaite's adventure wavered between Comedy and Tragedy.

THEY told old Hebblethwaite quite distinctly that if it happened again, young Amos could find a job elsewhere. The authorities were fed up with young Amos. They said they were fed up.

"I'll larn him," announced old Hebblethwaite tersely. "He aren't no use to God, man or beast, that lad; I'll take it outer his hide again, sirs, I will. He ses he won't forget again every time I wallops him for fergettin'. That lad——"

"Quite," said the powers-that-be, testily. "The point is that he makes a mess of everything, Hebblethwaite. He is slipshod and thoughtless. We employ you to take charge of the great belfry. In response to your suggestion, your son was taken on to act in the capacity of assistant to you. What happens is—but, no enlargement on the position. Hebblethwaite, if he forgets again, well, he goes. Remember, Hebblethwaite."

Old Hebblethwaite's horny palm smote the tightest expanse of his son's trousers that same night.

"That'll larn you," he growled ferociously. "An' if you forget again—it's the sack, my lad. Six times the last fortnight you've been and gone and went an' forgot. The Directors is furious with you."

Old Hebblethwaite, at two p.m. next day, decided that the face of the huge clock needed a clean. Further, he decided that it would be as well to make a start on it that day. The washing of a vast dial, forty yards in diameter, demanded many days' attention. Yes, he would make a start on it that same afternoon.

He secured a ladder and pail, a lengthy scrubbing mop, and made his way up through the tower of the great City Building to the actual clock structure.

The tremendous clock, famous throughout the country, and the pride of the city, faced over the river. Beneath the great, staring dial with block numerals and massive outflung hands, ran a narrow balcony, railless but directly communicating via a small door to the mechanism of the public chronometer. Old Hebblethwaite climbed up the twisting external iron stairway leading to the balcony, and, coolly indifferent to the immense height, reared his ladder into position against the clock face.

From far, far below came the distance-thinned hoot of an up-river steamer. Hebblethwaite didn't glance down for long. He had tried lengthy appraisal of the sheer six hundred feet of façade once before. He had never forgotten the few seconds awful swaying which controlled his body.

But the old man banished that. Whistling blithely he climbed up the almost perpendicular ladder and commenced scrubbing with his mop far above his head. As the reverberating thunder announcing the quarter past two o'clock almost shattered his ear-drums and made the ladder tremble, Old Hebblethwaite hummed carelessly and reached out sideways to obliterate a particularly dirty patch sullying the dial on the right.

The mop slipped suddenly in his grip. He grabbed quickly, leaned out too far, and with a sharp scream felt the ladder scrape and cant sideways. He clawed at the smooth face of the clock, found no hold; the mop went whirling dizzily into space, and hurtled downwards in its six hundred feet drop sheer to the river below.

Old Hebblethwaite shut his eyes in one second's agony of desperation. The ladder shifted definitely, reeled. Opening his eyes in glaring fear, Hebblethwaite, as he was swung in a descending arc, flung out wildly groping hands at the first thing crossing his vision.

The massive hour-hand, a little past two on the dial and fairly comfortably horizontal.

Twenty seconds later he had clawed and strained to a sitting position on the great black arm. With perspiration streaming from his forehead, he stretched forth gripping arms and wound them as far as he could around the metal pointer to ensure his balance. With awful intensity he prayed and cursed alternately. Mockingly, the ladder lay precariously, half on and half overlapping the narrow balcony some thirty feet below. To drop meant a clear fall, or a bounce from the balcony into eternity . . . .

Old Hebblethwaite remained moveless, stomach flat along the hour hand, legs curled and gripping, and arms hugging its girth.

The immensity of the height seized his imagination. He found himself gazing wildly downwards, conscious of the way the wall-precipice seemed to incline inwardly as well as downwards. The river, and it seemed miles away to his fevered gaze, seemed smiling evilly—waiting for a prey that was inevitable.

Inevitable. Old Hebblethwaite shuddered, shut his eyes and strove to think. Aid? Whom? The river seemed deserted this afternoon. Besides, would a casual glance from far below discern his fly-like proportions huddled against the great black pointer?

Very unlikely. And Amos was away in the town on an errand. No one would think of coming up.

THE clock crashed out the half-hour in echoing thunder. Old Hebblethwaite sobbed aloud and clung till his limbs tortured in pain.

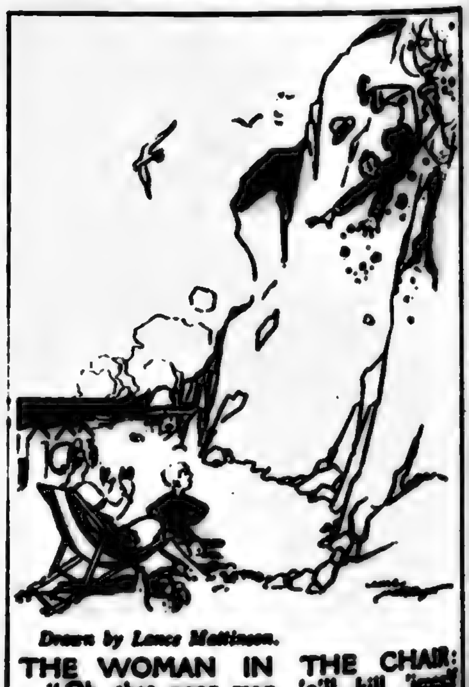
Away below a tug fussed impertinently against the tide. Old Hebblethwaite shouted involuntarily for help. Realising the utter imbecility of his pleas, he laughed with a numbed sense of horror and pressed his face against the slowly downward-propelled bar which held him from the jaws of eternity.

Old man Hebblethwaite lay in a merciful state of semi-consciousness. He concentrated on nothing save maintaining his balance.

The great metal beam reached the perfect horizontal.

The clock thundered forth its chimes. The chimes concluded, there was a few seconds' silence. Then came three ca-

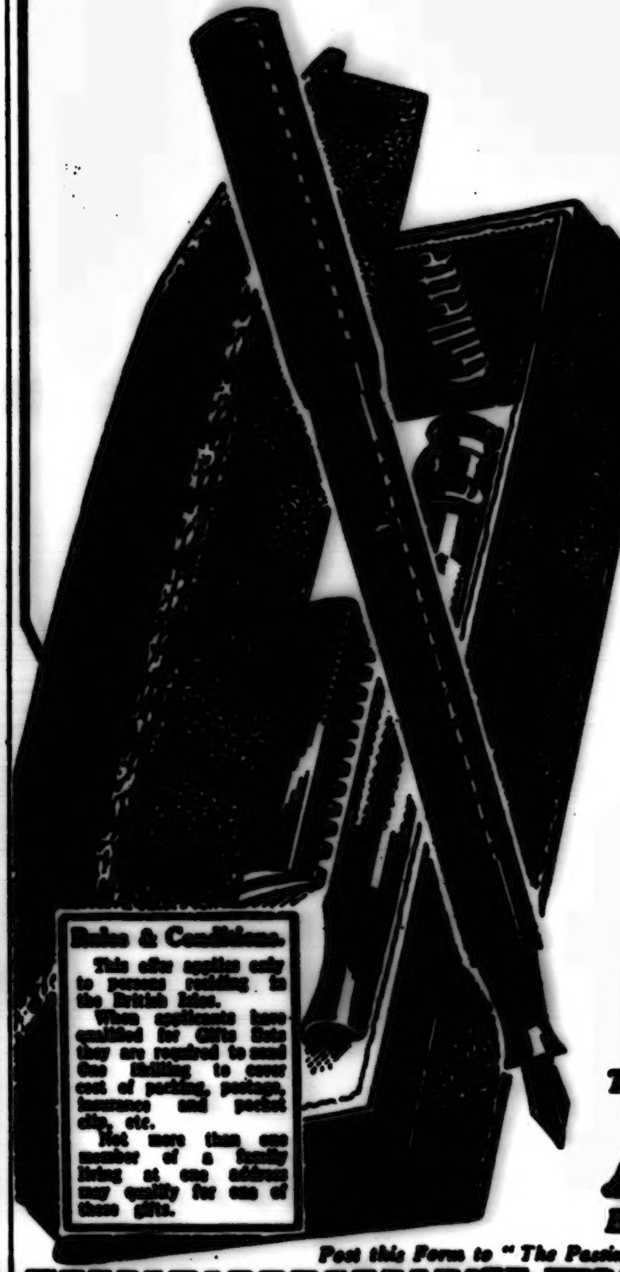
(*Continued on page* 66.)



Drawn by Lance Mattinson.

THE WOMAN IN THE CHAIR: "Oh, that poor man, 'e'll kill 'isself" (suddenly recognises that it is her husband) "Well, if it isn't our Joe! The great soft fool!"

A
15/6 Gift Free
to every lover of a joke!



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When applicants have qualified for Gifts here they are required to send One Shilling to cover cost of packing, postage, insurance and packet clip, etc.
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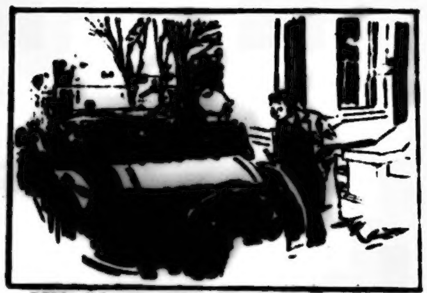

SON: "I say, mater, you remember you said the dentist was painless?"
MOTHER: "Well?"
SON: "He isn't. When I bit his finger he yelled like mad."
A typical joke from "The Passing Show."

HERE is an offer which we believe is quite unprecedented in the history of journalism—one which for sheer magnificence and liberality dwarfs anything ever before attempted by a weekly periodical.

If you are NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give "The Passing Show" a trial for thirteen successive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a superb double gift consisting of a genuine Half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with a 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. In order to qualify for your 15/6 Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix thirteen consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent to you on receipt of the Reservation Form below. Directly your Gift Voucher properly completed is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded to you without delay. There is no catch. There are no hidden conditions. The full rules and conditions are printed on the left.

Obviously we could not afford to make an offer of this nature were we not reasonably certain that after you have taken "The Passing Show" for thirteen weeks you will then wish to remain a regular reader.

There is no other paper quite like "The Passing Show." It is the silver lining to life. It is the best thing in black and white for the blues. Once you become a regular reader you will find more smiles in life than you ever found before.

Fill in the forms below To-day. Hand the Order Form to your Newsagent. Post the Reservation Form to "The Passing Show." Upon receipt of the Reservation Form, a Gift Voucher will be posted to you and at the same time a 15/6 Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. ACT NOW!

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N.B.—Do not forget to enclose a half-penny stamped addressed envelope to cover return postage.
☞ PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. (J.B. H.A.).

Kindly cut the above form out neatly round the dotted line.

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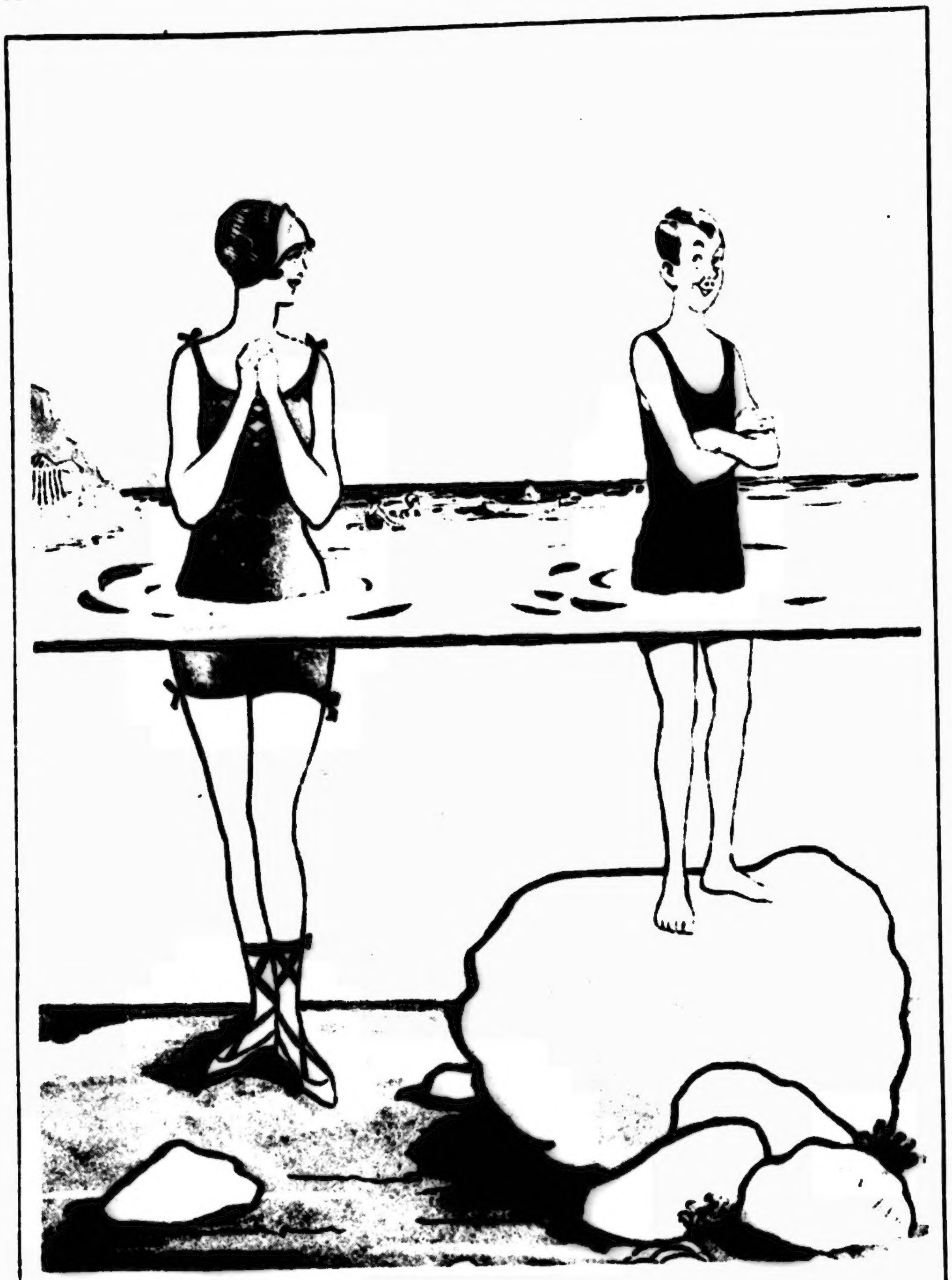
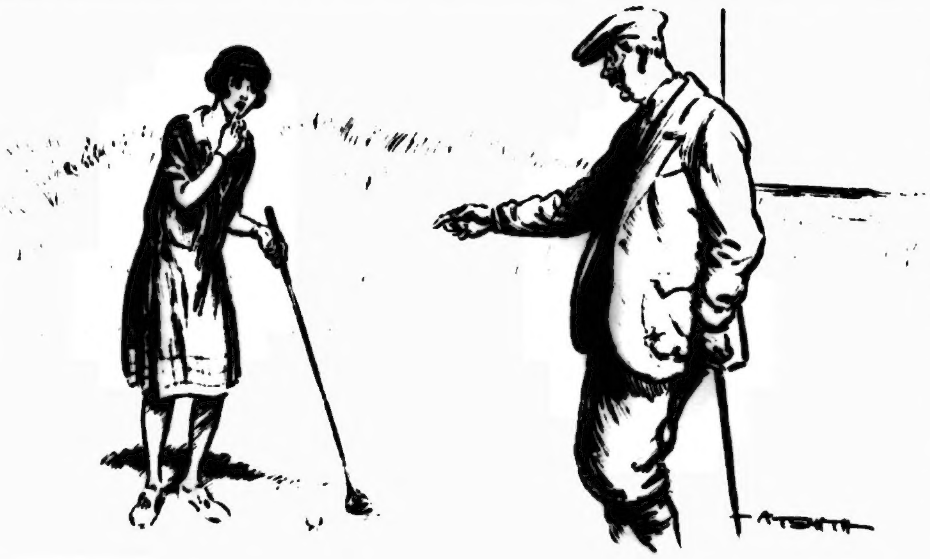


Drawn by Lupton M. Webb.

THE FRAUD.



Drawn by A. T. Smith.

PROFESSIONAL: "Now, miss, you must NOT take your eye off the ball at the moment of impact."

NOVICE: "But when I hit the ball the bang frightens me!"

One Crowded Hour

(*Continued from page* 64.)

non-like roars in announcement of the hour.

One . . . Two . . . THREE!

Three o'clock. Old Hebblethwaite gazed up. The vast minute-hand was already passing the twelve mark. It had commenced on its downward journey.

Then it was that old Hebblethwaite shrieked aloud in the terror of a child. His own hour-hand would gradually incline downwards now. There was no ornamentation at the tip of the finger to which he might hold on desperately for precious moments when the angle meant a steady slip down to the end of it. A bar . . . simply a plain bar. Nothing more. But, squirming feverishly, Hebblethwaite knew that no such length of grace would be his. He could hope to maintain balance till four or even five o'clock in the course of things—BUT THERE WAS THE MINUTE-HAND COMING DOWN NOW. AND THE MINUTE-HAND PASSED ALMOST FLUSH WITH THE HAND ON WHICH HE CLUNG WITH ARMS AND LEGS; an inch, possibly, not more, would separate them.

HEBBLETHWAITE was laughing like a madman as the quarter rang out deafeningly from the clock. Two minutes to live . . . . two minutes.

Still the warning death-pressure was withheld. His agony invoked a wild prayer that it would come quickly, would soon be over . . . .

It was at that moment that angry tones drifted up from the metal staircase leading up to the balcony.

"I tell you, Amos Hebblethwaite, that this time you have exhausted our patience. We shall dispense with your services."

A director, angry and voluble appeared on the balcony. With him was a diminutive Amos, impertinent-looking and casual.

"Great God!" Amos had looked up, taken in his father's predicament, and, as he reared the ladder into position right alongside his parent, his face was a study in mixed expressions.

"All right, guv'nor," he called cheerfully. "You can come down and take your time about it. The minute-hand has stopped at a shade past the quarter!"

For Amos had forgotten once again! Forgotten to wind up the clock which was the pride of the city and the apple of the eyes of the City Board of Directors.

* * *

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WOULD you like a shilling magazine to take away with you on your holidays absolutely free? In order to introduce to you the finest collection of stories ever gathered together under the one cover, we offer to send you free a specimen copy of the "20 Story" Magazine (price One Shilling—no serials).

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is half....
done
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